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FRONTIERS AND PROTECTORATES.

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It does not often occur to the home-keeping English citizen, who dwells securely behind his inviolable unchanging sea barriers, that the British Empire, in its largest sense, is largely surrounded by frontiers that are more movable, more debatable, and often no less exposed, than those of any other civilized State in the world. He knows the British Islands to be the citadel and treasury of a vast dominion; he does not always consider that this dominion has every kind of border, runs through almost every kind of country and climate, is confronted across its boundaries by neighbors of every sort and condition. Although on each Ash Wednesday the Anglican Church pronounces its annual curse upon the man who removes his neighbor's landmark, the Englishman has long been in the habit of pushing forward his own.

Now the landmarks of the national
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property are, of course, its frontiers; and I doubt whether many of us duly appreciate the continual widening of them that goes on, the processes by which the movement operates, its character and its consequences. The object of this paper is, first, to examine briefly that system of protectorates to which the incessant expansion of our territorial responsibilities is mainly due; secondly, to take a rapid survey of the frontiers of the British Empire on the Asiatic mainland; and, lastly, to make some remarks upon the general working and probable consequences of the system in other parts of the uncivilized world.

The system of protectorates has been practised from time immemorial as a method whereby the great conquering and commercial peoples masked, so to speak, their irresistible advance, and have regulated the centripetal attraction of a greater

over lesser masses of territory. It was much used by the Romans, whose earlier relations with Asia and Africa were not unlike our own. The motives have been different—sometimes political, sometimes military, sometimes commercial; the consequences have been invariably the same. It is used politically as a convenient method of extending various degrees of power, of appropriating certain attributes of sovereignty, without affirming full jurisdiction. It has become the particular device whereby one powerful State forestalls another in the occupation of some position, or scientific frontier line, or intermediate tract that has a strategical and particularly a defensive value. It is employed to secure command of routes, coaling stations, or trading posts whenever one nation desires to be beforehand with an enterprising competitor. Under this system, applied in these various manners, the extra-territorial liabilities of England all over the world are rapidly increasing, and our frontiers are rapidly expanding.

Now, the origin and extension of our protectorates on the Asiatic mainland (I am at present speaking of these only) follow a clear and almost uniform process of development. Just as a fortress or a line of entrenchments requires an open space around or in front of it, so it is manifestly advantageous for the security of an outlying frontier province to keep the foreign territory adjoining it free from the intrusion or occupation of powerful neighbors. There is no great objection to neighbors who are merely troublesome, such as tribes who may be turbulent and predatory, or even petty States that may be occasionally unfriendly, if they are not strong enough to be seriously dangerous. It is always a question whether the most unruly barbarian is not, on the whole, a much better neighbor than a highly civilized but heavily armed State of equal calibre with your own. In the case of the free tribe or the petty disaffected ruler, the tranquillity of your border may suffer, but it is possible to bring them gradually into pacific habits and closer subordination. In the case of the civilized State, you will undoubtedly obtain a well-defined and properly controlled frontier on both sides of it; but it will be also a frontier that needs a vigilant patrol, that will probably require fortifications, garrisons, and constant watching of all movements, diplomatic and military,

beyond the exact line of one's own possessions.

It is probably due to our insular traditions that the English are very susceptible about the distrust and danger inseparable from a frontier that is a mere geographical line across which a man may step. They have no such border-line in Europe, except perhaps at Gibraltar; and they have always been naturally reluctant to come to these close quarters with any formidable rival in Asia. Upon this principle it has long been our custom in Asia to bring under our protective influence, whether or not they desired it, the native States, or chiefships, or tribes, whose territory has marched with our own boundaries; the reciprocal understanding being that we undertake to safeguard them from foreign aggression on the condition that they shall have no dealings with any foreign Power other than England. We surround ourselves, in this manner, with a zone of land, sometimes narrow, sometimes very broad, which is placed under political taboo so far as concerns rival Powers whose hostility may be serious; and thus our political influence radiates out beyond the line of our actual possession, spreading its skirts widely and loosely over the adjacent country. The particular point, therefore, that I wish at the beginning to set out distinctly is, that the true frontier of the British dominion in Asia, the line which we are more or less pledged to guard, from which we have warned off trespassers, does not by any means tally with the outer edge of the immense territory over which we exercise administrative jurisdiction, in which all the people are British subjects for whom our governments make laws. The true frontier, according to my view, includes not only this territory, but also large regions over which the English Crown has established protectorates of different kinds and grades, varying according to circumstance and specific conditions. This protectorate may involve the maintenance of internal order, or it may amount only to a vague sovereignty, or it may rest on a bare promise to ward off unprovoked foreign aggression. But, whatever may be the particular class to which the protectorate belongs, however faint may be the shadow of authority that we choose to throw over the land, its object is to affirm the right of excluding a rival influence, and the right of exclusion carries with it

the duty of defence. The outer limits of the country which we are prepared to defend is what I call our frontier.

In order to apply this principle to our Asiatic frontiers, and to explain why they have been so movable, I will now run rapidly along the line which demarcates them at this moment. Passing over Egypt, which presents a very complicated case to which I will refer later, we may begin our Asiatic protectorates with Aden, at the bottom of the Red Sea. From time immemorial the movement of the sea-borne trade between India and Egypt has pivoted, so to speak, upon Aden. It is now the first stepping-stone across the Asiatic waters toward our Indian Empire; the westernmost point of English occupation on the Asiatic mainland; and it furnishes a good example in miniature of the manner in which protectorates are formed. We have taken and fortified Aden for the command of the water-passage into the Red Sea; but our actual possession is only a projecting rock like Gibraltar, and so we have established all round it a protective border, within which the Arab tribes are bound by engagements to accept our political ascendancy and to admit no other. Not far from Aden lies protected the island of Socotra, a name in which one can barely recognize the old Greek Dioscorides; and from Aden eastward, right round Arabia by Oman to Muscat and the Persian Gulf, the whole coast-line is under British protectorate; the police of these waters is done by British vessels, and the Arab chiefs along the seaboard defer to our arbitration in their disputes and acquiesce in our external supremacy.

But these scattered protectorates in Western Asia are merely isolated points of vantage or long strips of sea-shore; they depend entirely on our naval superiority in those waters; they are all subordinate and supplementary to our main position in Asia, by which of course I mean India. It is there that we can study with the greatest diversity of illustration, and on the largest scale, the curious political situations presented by the system of maintaining a double line of frontiers; the inner line marking the limits of British territory, the outer line marking the extent of the foreign territory that we undertake to protect, to the exclusion, at any rate, of foreign aggression.

To the long maritime frontiers of India

I need not refer, unless indeed it be to point out a kind of analogy between the principle upon which a sea-shore is defended and the system of protectorates as applied to the defence of a land frontier. In both cases the main object is to keep clear an open space beyond and in front of the actual border-line. We do this for the land frontier by a belt of protected land which we throw forward in front of a weak border; and our assertion of exclusive jurisdiction over the belt of waters immediately surrounding our sea-coasts is founded upon the same principle. We English are accustomed to consider ourselves secure under the guardianship of the sea. Coleridge says—

And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island child—

although in fact the safety comes not from the broad girdle of blue water but from the strength and skill of the English navy that rides upon it. And for a nation that has not learned the noble art of seamanship, no frontier is more exposed to attack, or harder to defend, than the sea-shore.

The principle of defence, therefore, for both land and sea frontiers, is to stave off an enemy's advance by interposing a protected zone. If a stranger enters that zone he is at once challenged. If he persists, it is a hostile demonstration.

It would thus be a mistake to suppose that our Asiatic land frontier is continuous with our Asiatic possessions, with the limits of the territory which we administer, and which is within the range of our Acts of Parliament. It is not, like our Canadian border, or the boundary between France and Germany, a mere geographical line over which an Englishman can step at once out of his own country into the jurisdiction of another sovereign State. What I call, for the purpose of this paper, a frontier, is the outmost political boundary projected, as one might say, beyond the administrative border; and I desire it to be particularly observed that I say the *outmost* boundary, because British India—the territory under the government of India—has interior as well as exterior boundaries. In such countries as France or Spain, and indeed in almost all modern kingdoms, the government exercises a level and consolidated rulership over a compact national estate, with a frontier surrounding it like

a ring fence. But our Indian Empire sweeps within the circle of its dominion a number of native States, which are enclosed and land-locked in the midst of British territory. Many of these States were built up out of the dilapidated provinces of the Moghul Empire by revolted governors or military leaders, who began by pretending to rule as delegates or representatives of the emperor, and ended by openly assuming independence, as soon as the paralysis of central government permitted them to throw aside the pretext. With the fall of the Moghul empire came the rise of the British dominion, and in the course of a century some of the imperial provinces were again absorbed by conquest or cession into British India; while others were left as self-governing States under our protectorate. There is also an important group of Rajpút chiefships which have always been independent under the suzerainty of the paramount Power.

In all these States the rulers are debarred from making war and peace; but they make their own laws and levy their own taxes; and we treat their territory as foreign, although the dividing border-line can hardly be called a frontier, because most of these States are entirely surrounded and 'shut in' by British India. Nevertheless, their history—and in fact the general history of the expansion of British dominion from the sea-shore to the Himalayas and far beyond—illustrates at every turn the bearing upon our frontier of this system of protectorates; and what is going on now is chiefly the continuation of what went on from the beginning. It will be found that from the time when the English became a power on the mainland of India, that is, from their acquisition of Bengal in 1765, they have constantly adopted the policy of interposing a border of protected country between their actual possessions and the possessions of formidable neighbors whom they desire to keep at arm's length. In the last century we supported and protected Oudh as a barrier against the Marattas; and early in this century we preserved the Rajpút States in Central India for the same reason. The feudatory States on the Sutlej were originally maintained and strengthened by us, before we took the Punjab, as outworks and barricades against the formidable power of the Sikhs. The device has been likened to the invention of buffers; be-

cause a buffer is a mechanical contrivance for breaking or graduating the force of impact between two heavy bodies; and in the same way the political buffer checked the violence of political collisions, though it never prevented them. It may even be suspected that the system rather accelerated than retarded the rapid extension of the English frontier; because, whereas after each collision with our rivals we annexed fresh territory, so we constantly threw out our protective border beyond the actual line of annexation, and thus we have always made a double step forward, keeping the strategic or political boundary well in advance of the limit of our administrative occupation. The lines of our earlier frontiers, now left far behind in the interior of India, may often be traced by the survival of some petty principalities, that escaped being swallowed up by a powerful neighbor because it was originally our policy to protect them.

Upon this system of pushing forward protective outworks until we were ready to march beyond them, the British dominion has advanced right across India. But as soon as we had reached the geographical limits of India—the range of mountains which separate it from Central Asia, and which form perhaps the strongest natural barriers in the world—one might have thought that the protectorates, which are artificial fortifications of our exposed border, would be no longer needed. On the contrary, they have grown with the expansion and rounding off of our dominion; and the empire in its plenitude seems to find them more necessary than ever. We have run our administrative border up to the slopes of the hills that fringe the great Indian plains; but on the northwest we are not contented with the guardianship of a mountain wall. We look over and beyond it to the Oxus, and we see Russia advancing across the Central Asian steppes by a process very like our own. She conquers and consolidates, she absorbs and annexes, up to an inner line; and beyond that line, in the direction of India, she maintains a protected State. The Oxus divides Bokhara from Afghanistan, the Russian from the English protectorate. Here is a rival and possible enemy far more formidable than any of those whom we have hitherto discerned on our political horizon; and consequently our protective border has taken a wider cast than ever. Two coun-

tries whose broad extent and physical conformations adapt them admirably to be strong natural outworks, *Beluchistan* and *Afghanistan*, lie beyond our western border, full of deserts and mountains, hard to traverse and easy to defend, inhabited by free and warlike races, to whom liberty is, as to ourselves, the noblest of possessions. Both these countries we have brought within the range of our political ascendancy, and thus we have assumed a virtual protectorate over that vast tract of country that stretches from the confines of India to Persia and the Oxus River. From the Oxus southward to the Indian Ocean, the whole western boundary line which separates Afghanistan and Beluchistan from Russia and Persia has been marked out under our supervision, and secured by treaty or agreement. I do not mean that we have any formal compact with the States inside the line, with Beluch Chiefs or Afghan Amirs, for we have none. I mean that we have fixed this outer border in our own interests, and have induced the States beyond on the west and northwest, Persia and Russia, to recognize it.

Here, then, on the extreme northwest of India, we may survey the system of protectorates operating on a grand scale; and we may find the strongest illustration of my theory that the true frontier delineates not only the land we administer but the lands we protect. On that side we are not content with fencing ourselves round by a belt of free tribal lands or a row of petty chiefships; we have barricaded the roads leading from Central Asia into India by two huge blocks of independent territory, Afghanistan and Beluchistan. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the Kingdom of Persia and the Moghul Empire of India were nominally conterminous; for Kabul and Kandahar were held by the Moghul. But in the great political convulsions of the eighteenth century the highland country interposed between Persia and India was rent away, and formed into the separate chiefships which we now uphold as our barriers; they are the boulders or isolated masses that remain to attest the latest period of territorial disruption. Now, as both Russia and England have been employing the same political tactics in their advance toward each other, throwing forward protectorates, and occupying points of vantage, it has long been certain that Afghan-

istan, which lies right between the two camps, must fall into one or another of these spheres of influence. If England did not protect Afghanistan that country would undoubtedly be brought under the wardship of Russia, which has already taken under strict tutelage Bokhara, just across the Oxus. For the Afghan mountains dominate the Indian plains and command the roads from the Oxus to the Indus; and a country of such natural strength, a weak and barbarous kingdom overhanging the frontiers of two powerful military States, must always fall, by the law of political gravitation, on one side or the other.

It may perhaps be asked why this must be—why we do not adopt the European method of dealing with a country that is too weak to stand by itself—why we do not neutralize Afghanistan, as Belgium and Switzerland are neutralized, by a joint agreement to respect its integrity and independence. The answer is, that neutralization has never been a practical method of statecraft in Asia. An ill-governed Oriental kingdom left as neutral ground between two European Powers, neither of which could interfere with its internal affairs, would rapidly fall into intolerable disorder, and probably into dilapidation. The native ruler would be distracted by the conflicting demands and admonitions of two formidable and jealous neighbors; he would listen alternately to one or the other, and would be constantly giving cause of offence to both; he would find himself between the upper and nether millstone; and his end would probably be as the end of Poland, which became a focus of intrigue and anarchy, and was finally broken up by partition.

A very curious historic parallel might be drawn, if space allowed, by comparing the existing position of Afghanistan between the Anglo-Indian and the Russian Empires with the position of Armenia between the Roman and the Parthian Empires during the first two centuries of the Christian era. The Armenian ruler held the mountainous country and the passes between Europe and Asia; his kingdom was the barrier between the territories of two great military States; it was a cardinal point in the frontier policy of Rome to maintain her influence over the ruler, and her protection over his country. The Armenian chiefs leaned alternately toward Rome

and toward Parthia; they tried to save their independence by maintaining the balance; but whenever they allied themselves with Parthia they were attacked by Rome, precisely as the Afghan Amir was attacked by England in 1879, when he made a treaty with Russia. Armenia, like Afghanistan, owed all its importance, not to its intrinsic strength, for it was weak and barbarous, but to its geographical situation; and the history of its relations with Rome—of the setting up and pulling down of client kings, of the efforts of the Romans to maintain exclusive control over its government without occupying its territory—must remind one very forcibly of the English connection with Afghanistan.

That connection, which is now closer than ever, represents the grand climacteric and the broadest development of the protectorate system; and its efficacy may before long be brought to a decisive test. The demarcation of the Western Afghan frontier by a joint commission of Russians and English in 1886 is plain evidence that the spheres of Russian and English influence, which have been long approaching, have at last touched each other. It will be recollected, as an example of the delicate handling required by modern political machinery, that the first contact very nearly produced a collision, and was felt in a vibration that reverberated through all the Cabinets of Europe. A slight difference in regard to the laying down of the boundary across the slopes of the Hindu Kûsh brought on a skirmish between Afghans and Russians at Penjdeh in 1885, and filled all Europe with rumors of war between England and Russia. Lord Dufferin, a diplomatist of great skill and invaluable experience, was then Viceroy of India, and the affair was compromised; but it showed to the English, as by a sudden flash, where lay their true frontier, and what kind of possibilities were involved by its demarcation. The fact that for a breadth of some hundred miles between the disputed boundary line and the border of India proper the territory is ruled by the Afghan Amir, went for nothing; our frontier is always commensurate with our responsibilities for protection.

Taking, therefore, this view of the operation of our system of protectorates, it is worth while to survey the immense sweep of the radius which describes the

outer circumference of our Asiatic frontier. For those who may apprehend that it has been pushed too far and too fast, there is at any rate this reassuring consideration, that it can hardly go further; after more than a century's continuous expansion it must now come to a standstill, because it has at last struck westward and eastward against hard ground; that is, it has met in both directions the solid resistance of another well-organized State. When this point is reached, the moving and fluctuating border-lines begin at once to fix and harden; the protectorates settle down into orderly dependencies, disputes fall under the cognizance of regular diplomacy, and questions of war or peace become the concern of civilized governments. The Indian Empire and its allies or feudatories now virtually occupy the whole area of Southern Asia that lies between Russia and China, on a line drawn from the Oxus in the northwest down to the Cambodia River in the southeast. On the northwest, where the proximity of Russia inevitably suggests special precautions, the line of advance into India from Central Asia is barricaded by protectorates, Beluchistan, Afghanistan, Kashmir, and the petty States beyond Kashmir up to the skirts of the Hindu Kûsh. Along the main northern line of the Himalayas we have few protectorates because we have no need of them; we have there a triple chain of almost impassable mountains, backed by the high table-land of Central Asia; and on the other side is the Mongolian desert. But it is only upon this section of our outer line—between Kashmir and Nepal—that we are satisfied even with the stupendous mountain barriers of the Himalayas. We should allow no interference from the north with Nepal—and farther eastward the encroachment of the Tibetans upon the protected State of Sikkim produced a little war only two years ago. As on our northwestern frontier we are very sensitive to the vicinity of Russia, so on our border-line in the northeast of Burma we begin to feel vaguely, beyond the mountains and untravelled highlands, the presence of that great organized State, the most ancient upon earth, which has so long dominated on that side of Asia—I mean the Chinese Empire. Here, as toward the northwest, we are filling up the vacant spaces on the map, we are enlarging our dominion and setting forward our land-

marks. And here, also, our method of political exploration and reconnoissance is the protectorate in advance of the administrative boundary. Five years ago we made a great and important stride eastward; we were compelled to annex Burmah, whose ruler not only showed symptoms of open hostility, but was bargaining for the protectorate of France. Here, again, the acquisition of that kingdom carried us far beyond its limits, for at once the double line began to form; and our real frontier eastward has been thrown forward up to the Cambodia, enclosing a line of semi-independent chieftainships, which serve as buffers between Burmah proper and China. We are at this moment engaged in framing our relations with these chieftainships, and in extending our influence over the border tribes; we are, in fact, planning out and consolidating the intermediate zone, which, as I have said, is invariably left between the two lines, the inner limit of actual jurisdiction, and the outer political line of protection and defence.

And thus, on the east as on the west, we are slowly drawing into contact with rival Powers of equal political magnitude; our extreme boundary line reaches up to China and Siam, and at one point the political outposts of English exploration from Burmah, and of French pioneers from Tonkin, are almost within hail. When all these boundaries are finally determined and ratified by the conventions of civilized diplomacy, the ground-plan of the future political settlement of Asia will have been laid out; and it is hardly too much to say that the whole of the Asiatic continent, outside the Chinese Empire, may eventually be either in the possession or under the protectorate of some European State.

There is one particular class of our minor protectorates which may be worth separate notice. We maintain within our extreme frontier, not only protected States, but long strips of debatable land, mostly mountainous or woodland country, inhabited by tribes more or less independent. To this class belongs the tribal country which may be said to run like an unbroken fringe along the skirts and outer ranges of the mountains that encircle and hem in the plain of Northern India from sea to sea, and thus separate India proper from the rest of the Asiatic continent. On the ex-

treme west, from the shore of the Indian Ocean northward to Afghanistan, this belt of borderland is the property of the Beluch and Brahui clans; and farther northward up to the Indus and the Black Mountains, where we have just been fighting, it is held by various sections of the great family or brotherhood of the Patháns; while all Kashmir is rounded in by petty tribal chiefships which occupy the higher valleys and keep the passes that lead northward across the Hindu Kúsh. Eastward of Kashmir, along the slopes of the Himalayas as far as Nepaul, the upland country is inhabited by peaceable mountain folk; and we rule quietly up to the Himalaya watershed; but from Nepaul eastward right round to the Bay of Bengal, the highlands that skirt India proper are held by unruly and predatory barbarians, who trouble our peaceful district by constant invasions. So long as our real frontiers rested on these highlands, we were content to do no more than repel and punish the raids; we treated the line of savage tribes as a quickset hedge, which is at any rate good enough to keep out ordinary trespassers, but which we could jump over if necessary; although to jump into it, as was recently done at Manipur, is a false step leading to inevitable pain and local discomfort. In former times the tribal belt actually formed our outer barrier; it fenced off Afghanistan on the west, and Burmah on the east; for with these larger kingdoms beyond it we had little connection or communication. But now that our outermost political frontiers have, as I have endeavored to explain, been so laid down as to protect Afghanistan and include Burmah, stretching right across from the Russian protectorates on the Oxus to the debatable land that covers the nearest Chinese province, these rough highland tracts no longer hedge in the external limits of our dominion. On our north-west frontier they still form our inner line of defence, and we do not allow the Afghan ruler to encroach upon them. And on the northeast side there is a large reach of hill country, for the most part unexplored, which formerly served as a frontier zone between India and Burmah, but which, since we have taken Burmah, now only interrupts our communication between the two countries. It is like some of the hilly regions in Central India, which our frontier overleaped in its early

advance, leaving them independent and unsubdued in the midst of the settled and subordinate provinces, to be taken in hand and gradually reduced to order at leisure.

I have thought it possible that this brief account of the manner in which our Indian Empire has spread and been shaped out might be made interesting, because no process of the kind is now observable in Western Europe; although, as I have hinted, the same principles, with this same practical result, are plainly discernible in the gradual growth of the Roman Empire, and especially in the formation of that empire's political and military frontier. Our European continent has been long ago parcelled out into compact nationalities which afford no room for the system of intermediate protectorates, so that here the political and administrative frontiers always coincide. And where, as in the case of Belgium or Switzerland, a small country holds an important position on the political chessboard because it covers the vulnerable frontier of powerful neighboring States, such a country is kept clear of intruders, not by a protectorate, but by neutralization. One country, lying between Europe and Asia, presents the very singular and complicated case of a region which is neither neutralized, as in Europe, nor under the protectorate of a single powerful neighbor or overlord, as in Asia; but has been placed under the joint protection of several very jealous European governments—I mean Egypt.

Egypt is a land which has undergone almost every vicissitude of foreign domination, and has been a province successively of all the great empires, ancient and modern, that have swept round the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean. It is perhaps the most valuable strip of territory, for its size, upon the earth; it is an isthmus between two continents and two seas; its possessor holds the gate of avenues leading to the richest parts of North Africa and South Asia; but at this moment it is not easy to say who that possessor may be. We may say, roughly, that for the last two thousand years Egypt has always been under the dominion of foreigners; and the history of the present reigning family may stand as the type and true version of the fortunes of an average Oriental dynasty. Mehemet Ali was the rebellious viceroy who constantly starts up to turn his province into a kingdom; he

secured his independence and set out on the usual career of territorial extension; but the interference of European Powers brought his conquests to a stop. With immobility comes always decay. Mehemet Ali and his son Ibrahim, fighting pashas of the old school, were succeeded by Ismael, the cunning semi-civilized ruler who borrowed money on the pretence of developing his country's resources and spent it on his own pleasures; who was strong enough to keep down internal revolt, but weak enough to swallow the golden hook of European capital. Once fairly gorged, his destruction was sure. Yet Ismael at least knew how to rule his subjects and manage his soldiers. His successor, after being nearly overset by a military revolt, is still held up on his throne by the emulous solicitude of creditors and protectors, of whom the most considerable is England.

It is one result of this partial and divided authority that the territorial limits are still unsettled; the frontiers, indeed, have latterly contracted and receded. But it is certain that under a single and vigorous government they would rapidly expand. I am myself glad that Egypt has not fallen, as Bengal did in the last century, and the Cape of Good Hope in this century, under the sole dominion of England; for if that had happened, I believe that, as in the cases of the Cape and Bengal, our establishment on the coast would have been followed by a vast extension of dominion inland. We should have been forced to take in hand the wandering and slave-hunting tribes of the Upper Nile; we should have placed some under our protection, others we should have subdued; we should have pushed forward posts to keep open roads and to keep out the French, Germans, or Italians who might be working their way across to the Nile basin from the Red Sea littoral; and thus, as in Asia, so in Africa, our frontier would have been constantly moving. As a matter of fact this was at one time not improbable; for if General Hicks and his army had not been annihilated, or if we had rescued Gordon and placed a strong Egyptian garrison at Khartoum, we might by this time have been protecting the equatorial provinces and holding open our communications along the whole course of the Nile. It is even now not altogether incredible that the territories administered

and protected by the English in North, East, and South Africa may eventually, in some far distant future, become connected; and in that contingency it almost passes man's imagination to conceive the number and variety of subject peoples over whom we shall be compelled to assert an irregular jurisdiction or protection, or to measure the length of frontier upon which we shall be expected by vigilant and envious European rivals to maintain order and conform to international law.

To return to our Asiatic protectorates, I have now endeavored to sketch rapidly their present state and dimensions. With regard to the future, two things seem to be abundantly clear. The first is, that the system of protectorates—by which I mean the practice of throwing out a line of frontier round a wide tract of unsettled country in order to exclude rivals—this system, which, I think, was mainly invented in modern times by England in the building up of her Asiatic empire, is no longer our monopoly. So long as the English, like their predecessors the Romans, had the Asiatic world before them, where to choose—had come into contact with no other substantial rivals—the expansion of our dominion went on as steadily and easily as the extension in Asia of the Roman empire, which was pushed forward rapidly eastward until it met the Parthians, by whom it was fiercely resisted and finally driven back. Our great naval superiority enabled us to beat off rivals in the distant seas, and on land we had only ill-organized native States to deal with. But in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and particularly during the last twenty years of unbroken peace in Western Europe, there has sprung up a keen competition for territory and trade in Asia and in Africa, which has led to the wholesale imitation of the English system of protectorates, either direct or through chartered companies.

Under the pressure and competition of France, Italy, Germany, and Russia, protectorates are rapidly multiplying in all the outlying quarters of the old world—over Tunis, Egypt, Abyssinia, Zanzibar, and countless tribes and chiefships in the interior of the African continent; and in Asia over Cochin China, the Annamite kingdom, Tonquin, and various debatable border-lands.

The second thing which seems worth

notice is, that these protectorates are now formed under conditions and circumstances very different from heretofore. Whatever be the political status in which they are placed, whether they are subject States, spheres of influence, or merely tracts from which other intruders are warned off, they tend to become in reality, so far as rival and adjacent European governments of equal calibre are concerned, a part of the territory for which the protecting sovereignty is liable. It thus comes to pass that the sensitive frontier of Great Britain and of the other competing Powers is becoming continually extended, all over the two continents of Asia and Africa, under the operation of motive forces similar to those which have been pushing onward our Indian frontier. With increasing pressure on the unoccupied spaces of the world, with closer competition for fresh markets, this system is raising new and complicated questions of international law and conflicts of jurisdiction; and thus it is rapidly multiplying the risks of collision among the armed European nations that have begun to take a hand in the round game of commerce and conquest. They have all their client States, their protected chiefships, their treaties with the head-men of tribes and other fantastic and ephemeral potentates; and every such new relation, if it is liable to be challenged by another equal Power, really implies the eventual assumption of virtual sovereignty. For the ill-treatment of a Portuguese on the Zambesi, of a German in Zanzibar, or of a Russian in Afghanistan, the British Government, not the native chief or ruler, will be held immediately responsible in Europe. The inevitable consequence is, that whereas the old chartered companies and founders of settlements in distant lands desired above all things to be free from official interference, the new companies and local governors are obliged at every incident to refer to the central government for aid and support. When the French and Germans, the Russians and the Italians, diligently superintend and back up all the proceedings of their representatives, whether commercial or political, in Asian and African protectorates, it is impossible for the English Government to hold aloof; and the effect is to multiply the causes of international friction on frontiers of vast length, unstable, indefinite, and remote. It is not yet settled precisely what are the

reciprocal rights and duties of the superior State and the native ruler in one of these protectorates ; no one has definitely laid down what laws apply, within the vast grants of land held by chartered companies, to persons of different nationalities, or in what exact degree the rights and responsibilities of government are divided between the companies and the parent States.

There is nothing new, I repeat, in the system of protectorates ; the novelty lies in the delicate and multiple responsibilities created by the system as practised in the full light of these modern days. In earlier times the mother State undertook none of these liabilities for the ventures of her citizens ; nor did they make any such demands upon her maternal solicitude. In the last century the East India Company were so little desirous of placing their acquisitions under the guardianship of the English Crown, that they preferred swearing fealty to the Great Moghul. And although for three centuries the maritime nations of Europe have been contending over territorial possessions and protectorates in Asia and America, yet formerly the quarrel must have been very hot indeed, or the disregard of all international law very flagrant, before European Cabinets would trouble themselves about what happened in the backwoods or the jungles. The governments at home chartered their companies, licensed their expeditions, or gave letters of marque to privateers ; and then left the gentlemen adventurers to shift mainly for themselves in outlandish parts, beyond the very restricted sphere of regular diplomatic intercourse. The doctrine of local remedies for local disturbance was in vogue ; and the practice of a kind of private war was exceedingly convenient to all parties concerned. Nor did it appear in anywise necessary that civilized States should strike a formal attitude, demand explanations, or threaten rupture of amity because their subjects had been scrambling for settlements or knocking each other on the head in the American backwoods or on some Asiatic seaboard. People seem to suppose, in these days, that the German claim of *Hinter Land* is a new political idea ; but the quarrels between the English and French colonists in North America arose out of this very question whether the French in Canada should be allowed to

work down behind the English settlements on the Atlantic sea-coast. The difference is, that in the eighteenth century a desperate border war went on unofficially for some years, until both governments were ready to begin in the regular fashion ; whereas in the nineteenth century any slight breach of international etiquette or accidental collision brings upon the scene special correspondents, consular agents, and injured representatives of influential interests. The news flies at once to the capitals of commerce and diplomacy, and the atmosphere becomes dangerously charged with political excitement.

Indeed, the extent to which unofficial war was practised, from the sixteenth century onward, by the roving nations of Europe, is perhaps hardly appreciated in these law-abiding times. Many of the North American colonies were founded under charter ; but it was the contest for valuable markets that gave the strongest impulse to the system of chartered companies, in which the State held a position not unlike that of partner *en commandite*, taking no risks, owning no responsibility, and interfering merely to demand a share of the profits. That such companies should be able to fight their way and hold their ground was a necessary condition of their existence, since they had no help to expect from their own government, and nothing but open hostility from the ships of other European nations. If our merchants in India or the Persian Gulf had been obliged to refer home for remedy of grievances or settlement of disputes with Dutch, French, or Portuguese, they would have been very soon exterminated. They did no such thing ; they took to their own weapons, and their military operations were often upon a considerable scale. In 1622 there was profound peace between Portugal (which then belonged to Spain) and England ; but the English East India Company were at bitter war in the Indian Ocean with the Portuguese, who had disturbed their trade and molested the Honorable Company's ships. So the English company fitted out at Surat a small fleet, and sent it up the Persian Gulf with orders to assist Shah Abbas, the Persian king, in turning the Portuguese out of the Island of Hormuz, which they had held for a century, and which gave them exclusive command of the Gulf. (Readers of *Paradise Lost* will remember that Satan opened his

diabolic parliament from a throne "which far outshone the wealth of Hormuz and of Ind!") The business was done, with the aid of the Persians, very thoroughly; there was a regular bombardment of the fortress, and a naval action with the Portuguese royal fleet, until the island was surrendered, the fortifications razed, and the Portuguese garrison transported to Goa.

What was the upshot in Europe of this achievement, which would certainly have fluttered diplomatic pigeon-holes in the present day? Did the English Parliament ask questions, and did the English Government disown and denounce such an aggression upon a friendly State? All that we hear is, that Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was then Lord High Admiral, lost no time in demanding the Crown's share of the plunder. It was bruited abroad that the Company had made a great division of prize-money; so Buckingham desired to know, in modern parlance, where the High Admiral came in. It was "resolved with one consent by the Court to offer £2000 in order to sweeten him for their future occasions." But the Duke insisted on a larger sum; and the King, who was backing him, actually called the Honorable Company a set of pirates. Much bargaining followed; and although the Company protested that they had made very little on the whole transaction, they had some difficulty in persuading the King and the Duke to compound the public claim by each accepting £10,000 for his private pocket.*

If, now, we compare this affair, which is not more than a sample of the class, with the comparatively insignificant collision on the Zambesi River last year; if we consider the noise and fury excited, the despatch of the English fleet to the Tagus, the indignation of the Portuguese, the parliamentary debates, the clamor of European journalism, we may perhaps congratulate ourselves on the fortune that allowed us to shape out and settle our transmarine dominions in the old times, when we could rough-hew our ends, and try conclusions with interlopers, without bringing half Europe about our ears. For in these days commercial and colonial expansion is just as active as formerly, but

it has to deal with the jealousies and rivalries of vigilant competitors; and the Governments are directly responsible for all that is done by their subjects. The telegraph wires that ramify all over the world are like nerves that convey instantly to the heart of the political organization every slight shock felt at the extremities; our frontiers have become as sensitive as the skin of a civilized being; and our chartered companies, instead of acting as elastic buffers, rather serve to accelerate collisions of which the Government shares the damage and takes all the responsibility.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding these risks and difficulties, the process of sweeping wide territories within new borderlines, under the form of protecting them, for reasons political, strategical, and commercial, is going on more vigorously than ever. The English, in particular, are constantly taking in new lands and new races; we make almost annual additions to the ethnology of the Empire, while our African and Asiatic frontiers seem to be constantly moving. Hitherto they have never gone back. I am much disposed to hope that they will not go forward. Undoubtedly this increase of our territorial responsibilities must weigh on the minds of reflective Englishmen. St. Augustine, looking out from his City of God over the still vast domain of Rome, debates the question whether it is fitting for good men to rejoice in the expansion of empire, even when the victors are more civilized than the vanquished, and the wars just and unprovoked. His conclusion is, that to carry on war and to extend rulership over subdued nations seems to bad men felicity, but to good men a necessity. This conclusion seems to me about the best that we English can adopt. I am afraid that continual expansion has become part of our national habits and modes of growth. For good or for ill, England has become what she is in the world by this kind of adventurous pioneering, by seeking her fortunes in the outlying parts of the earth, by taking a part in the unending struggle out of which the settlement of the political world is evolved, as the material world is evolved out of the jarring forces of Nature. It is this constant opening of new markets, exploration of new countries, organizing of fresh enterprises, the alternate contest with and pacification of rude tribes and rulerships, the necessity of guarding our

* See a description of the Island of Hormuz, by Lieut. A. Stiffe, H.M.I.N., in the *Proceedings*, Geographical Society. The story will also be found in Purchas's *Pilgrims*.

possessions and staving off our enemies, that cause the steady enlargement of our borders. And it seems to me, though the prospect is a very melancholy one, that these are the steps by which the strong nations are making a partition of the lands of the weaker races, and by which all uncivilized countries will finally be distributed under the ascendancy of the three or four powerful capitalist communities who are monopolizing the world's commerce. In Europe all these States, except England, are for the present restrained, and their forces diverted, by the supreme necessity of guarding their home frontiers from each other, by mutual distrust, by the enormous standing armies, and by the system of conscription, which pursues emigrants into the farthest corner over which their State claims authority. But, if ever there come a general disarming on the Continent, leaving an immense population free to turn their energies and capital toward

what is humorously called peaceful enterprise, we may expect to see the contest for mines, markets, and valuable tribal lands become much more acute; and then England will no longer have such an easy time upon her innumerable frontiers. The old continents will be parcelled out into protectorates; the inveterate feuds among the European nations will break out over new causes and upon fresh fields, while the antique societies and the inferior races will run much risk of being trampled under foot by the inexorable progress of our latest civilization. For although we may be sincerely endeavoring to stave off and delay this consummation by various dilatory and benevolent expedients, it is difficult to resist the conclusion from experience that the system of protectorates implies nothing less than the gradual assumption of all the risks and responsibilities of ever-growing sovereignty.—*Nineteenth Century.*

THE ANTIPODEANS.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

I.

It is many years since I saw a sight which so pricked and stirred my blood as the final episode of the procession on Eight Hours' Day in Melbourne. The day was wintry and dismal. Early rains had threatened the dispersal of the patient crowds which lined the roads, the pavements were muddy, and the sky was lowering. The march of the trades bodies did little to dispel the gloom of the day for the one onlooker concerning whose sentiments I am authorized to speak. The vast crowd gave each trade a reception as it passed, and sometimes the marchers paused below the Treasury windows and cheered the Governor. There was plenty of noise and enthusiasm, but I was unawakened until the tail-end of the procession came. Two brakes drew up below the Governor's standing-place, and some score of gray-bearded men rose up in these vehicles and waved their hats with vigor, while the whole orderly mob roared applause at them, and Lord Hopetoun himself clapped his hands like a pleased boy at the theatre. All the men in the two

brakes were elderly and grizzled, but, so far as I could see, they were all stalwart and able-bodied, and the faces of a good many were bronzed with years of sun and wind. Over the leading vehicle was suspended a strip of white cloth, and on this was painted the words, *THE PIONEERS*. These men were the makers of Victoria, the fathers of the proud and populous city which lay widespread about us. There is no need to be eloquent about Melbourne. Too many people have sung its praises already. But it is one of the marts of the world; it has a population of over half a million; it has its churches, its chapels, its synagogues, its theatres, its hotels; it is as well furnished in most respects as any other city of its size; and these gray men, yet stanch in body, bronzed and bright-eyed, were among the beginners of it.

When I first visited Melbourne I was introduced to a gentleman who, between the present site of the Roman Catholic cathedral and the present site of the town hall, had been "bushed" for a whole day, lost in the virgin forest. I knew already how young the city was, how strangely rapid its growth had been; but I had not

realized what I knew, and this elderly stranger's bodily presence made my thought concrete. That beautifully appropriate and dramatic finish to the trades procession struck the same chord of splendid wonder, but with a fuller sound.

The city is commonplace enough in itself, but the Victorian, quite justifiably, refuses to think so. Men come back from London, and Paris, and Vienna, and New York, and think Melbourne the finer for the contrast. In reality it is very, very far from being so; but it is useless to reason with patriotism and its affections. The men of Victoria run devotion to their soil to an extreme. I was told an exquisite story, for the truth of which I had a solemn voucher, though it carries its internal evidences of veracity, and needs no bolstering from without. An Australian-born—he came, of course, from that Gascony of the Antipodes which has Melbourne for its capital—visited the home country. An old friend of his father's was his cicerone in London and took him, among other places, to Westminster Abbey. And—"There, my young friend," said the Englishman, when they had explored the noble old building, "you have nothing like that in Australia." "My word," said the Colonial Export, "no fear! You should just see the Scotch Church at Ballarat!"

The tale is typical. I would tell it, in the hope that he would find it an Open Sesame to many things, to any fair-minded observant man who was going out to Victoria. It is a little outrageous to the stranger, but in it the general public sentiment is drawn in grand outlines, magnified many times, but not in the least caricatured. The patriotic prejudice goes everywhere. It lives at the very roots of life. Truthful men will tell you that London is vilely supplied with cabs in comparison with Melbourne. They believe it. They will tell you that the flavors of English meats, game, fishes, fruits, and vegetables, are vastly inferior to those they know at home. And they believe it. To the unprejudiced observer, Melbourne is the worst cabbaged city in the world, or among the worst. A gourmet would find a residence in Australia a purgatory. For my own part, I have learned in a variety of rough schools at whatsoever meat I sit therewith to be content. In matters of gourmandize I am contented wi' little an'

cantie wi' mair. But, shade of Savarin! how I relish my morning sole after two years' banishment from that delicious creature! How I reverence my sirloin! How I savor my saddle of mutton! What a delightful thing I now know an English strawberry to be! But to the New South Welshman my doctrine is a stumbling-block, and to the Victorian it is foolishness. Mr. Sala preached it years ago, and the connoisseurs of the Great Britain of the South have never forgiven him.

Another patriotic delusion is the glorious climate. The plain fact is, that in Melbourne there is no such thing as a climate. They take their weather in *laminæ*, set on end. You walk from the tropics to the pole in five minutes. A meteorological astonishment lies in wait at every street-corner. It blows hot, it blows cold, it scorches, it freezes, it rains, it shines, and all within the compass of an hour. Yet these wonderful Australians love their weather. Other people would endure it. They brag about it. I think they must be the happiest people in the world.

By the way, I must qualify, before I forget to do so, the judgment expressed above with respect to the Australian table. I tasted in Adelaide a favorable specimen of the wild turkey, and I believe it to be the noblest of game-birds. Its flavor is exquisite, and you may carve at that bounteous breast for quite a little army of diners. And remembering one friendly feast puts me in mind of many. Is there anywhere else on the surface of our planet a hospitality so generous, so exuberant, so free and boundless as that extended to the stranger in Australia? If there be, I have not known it. They meet you with so complete a welcome. They envelop you with kindness. There is no *arrière pensée* in their cordiality, no touch lacking in sincerity. This is a characteristic of the country. The native-born Australian differs in many respects from the original stock, but in this particular he remains unchanged. You present a letter of introduction, and it makes you the immediate friend of its recipient. He spares no pains to learn what you desire, and then his whole aim and business in life for the moment is to fulfil your wishes. Your host will probably be less polished than an Englishman living in a like house and boasting an equal income, but his *bonhomie* is unsurpassable. I used to

think there was nothing like an English welcome. Australia has killed that bit of English prejudice.

This very openness of welcome, the sincerity of heart in which your host stands before you, is the means whereby the traveller first learns to be dissatisfied. He has come out with his own judgment of things raying from him in all directions—a very porcupine of preconception. He is not merely persuaded that the colonies are loyal, but he is certain that they are loyal after his own conceptions of loyalty. So long as he encounters only the old folks he will find his preconceptions flattered, but he will not go long before he meets a member of the A. N. A. (which letters being interpreted signify the Australian Natives' Association), and then he must be prepared to be hurt and astonished beyond measure. In awhile, if he be a man of sense, he will begin to see how natural the position of the Australian native is, and then he will cease to be astonished, though he may still be grieved. The Association is large and powerful. It includes within its ranks a great number of the most capable of the rising men, and of the younger of those already risen. Speaking broadly, its aspiration is for a separate national life. It will "cut the painter"—that is the phrase—which ties it to the old ship of state. In its ranks are many who love the old country, and reverence its history and traditions, and these an Englishman naturally regards with the readier excuse for what he must esteem an error. But there are others, and the melancholy fact, too long concealed or slighted, is, that they are many and growing in numbers, who hate England and all things English. There are men, not stigmatized as dullards or as fools, who publicly oppose the teaching of English history in the State schools. The feeling against England is not a fantastical crank, it is a movement growing yearly in strength. I have seen men keeping their seats in serious protesting silence when the health of the Queen has been drunk at public banquets, and have found in private converse that hundreds approve their action, but do not follow it because they fear to be thought singular. The out-and-out journalistic supporters of this body vilify and traduce the Mother Country as a trade. They belittle its history and besmirch its rulers. Loyal Australians

pooh-pooh these prints, and entreat the stranger within their gates to believe that they are despised and without influence. The stranger has only to travel to learn better than this. The strongest current of Australian feeling is setting with a tide of growing power against the Mother Country.

That this statement will excite anger and derision in the minds of many Australians is certain. They live entrenched in the fortress of their own opinion, and are blind to the growth of the power which is mustering against them. They are as little instructed as to what is going on around them as we are here at home, and our ignorance of our great dependencies is shameful and criminal. Our Colonial Governors, from some of whom we suppose ourselves to learn something, and many of whom have been men of especial capacity, do not come in contact with the crowd. Lord Carrington saw more of the people among whom he lived than any Governor before him, and I had from him a single story of a man of the country who expressed in drunken Saxon his opinion of existing forms of Government, but the tale was jocularly told, and was not supposed to have any importance. It could have had no importance to one who found it a single instance, as a Governor would be likely to do. The Governor sees smooth things. All sorts of people (except the working sort) frequent his receptions—the fashionable classes, who are far more loyal to England for the most part than the English themselves, their fringe, and then the wealthier of the tradespeople. It is proven every day that a democracy is the happiest hunting-ground for a man with a title. The very rarity of the distinction makes it more precious to those who value it, and the titled Governor of one of our great colonies occupies a position which is vastly higher in public esteem than that of any of his fellow-noblemen at home. He is the local fount of honor. To sit at his table, and to be on terms of friendship with him, is to gratify the highest social ambition. He is the direct representative of the Crown, and the people who desire to associate with him must not have views which are inimical to existing forms of Government, or if they hold them, must keep them carefully concealed. The Governor responds to the toast of his own health, and

talks of those ties which bind and must bind the Mother Country and her children. His hearers are at one with him and cheer him with hearty vigor. Absence from the dear old land has made their hearts grow fonder. Their loyalty is perfervid. Everybody goes home in a sentimental glow, and the native-born workman reads his *Sydney Bulletin* over a long-sleever, and execrates the name of the country which bore his father and his mother.

The journal just named is very capably written and edited. The brightest Australian verse and the best Australian stories find their way into its columns. Its illustrations are sometimes brilliant, though the high standard is not always maintained. And having thus spoken an honest mind in its favor, I leave myself at liberty to say that it is probably the wrongest-headed and most mischievous journal in the world. People try to treat it as a neglectable quantity when they disagree with it. But I have seen as much of the surface of the country, and as much of its people as most men, and I have found the pestilent print everywhere, and everywhere have found it influential. For some time past now it has been telling blood-curdling stories of the iniquities of prison rule in Tasmania, with the tacit conclusion that nothing but the power of the working classes makes a repetition of those atrocities impossible. It compares the Russian Government with the English, and compares it favorably. It loses no opportunity of degrading all things English as English. England and the Englishman are as red rags to its bull-headed rage. Of course, its writers are not all sincere, though doubtless some of them are. Vast numbers of people who do not agree with it read it for its stage and social gossip; but there is a class of working-men who take its absurdities for gospel, and it is one of the factors in the growing contempt for the Mother Country which is noticeable among uneducated Australians.

Another and a more potent factor is supplied by Englishmen themselves. I have never in my life known anything more offensively insolent than the patronizing tolerance which I have seen a travelled Cockney extend to a man of the colonies who was worth a thousand of him. I have seen an Englishman unintentionally insult a host at his own table, and set

everybody on tenterhooks by his blundering assumption that colonists are necessarily inferior to home-bred people. Nobody likes that sort of thing. Nobody finds himself feeling more kindly to the race which sends out that intolerable kind of man. "Met a little girl th' other day," says the eye-glassed idiot, beaming fatuously round the table. "Little colonial girl, don't you know. She'd read George Eliot. Never was more surprised in my life." And this to a company of Australian ladies and gentlemen born and bred.

This kind of person has his influence, and on that ground he is to be regretted. The student of men and manners finds him as good as meat and drink; but we can't all be Touchstones, and perhaps, on the whole, it would be as well if he were buried.

Yet another and a still more potent factor is found in the habit which prevails among English fathers and guardians of sending out their incurable failures to the colonies. "You shall have one more chance, sir, and it will be the last. You shall have a hundred pounds and your passage to Australia. This is the last I shall do for you. Now go and never let me see your face again." So the whiskey-bitten *vaurien* goes out to Melbourne, has an attack of delirium tremens aboard ship, finds his alcoholic allowance thenceforward stopped by the doctor's orders, swaggers his brief hour on the Block in Collins Street, hangs about the bars, cursing the colonies and all men and things colonial in a loud and masterful voice, to the great and natural contentment of the people of the country, pawns his belongings bit by bit, loafs in search of the eleemosynary half-crown or sixpence, and finally goes up country to be loathed and despised as a tender-foot, and to swell the statistics of insanity and disease. The most loyal and friendly of Australians resent *this* importation. The uneducated and untravelled native accepts him as a pattern Englishman, and the satirical prints help out that conclusion in his mind. There is no signboard on the Australian continent indicating that rubbish of this sort may be shot there, and the English tendency to throw its waste in that direction has never been regarded in a friendly spirit. We gave them our convicts for a start, and now we gift them with our most dangerous incapables. They

do not like this, and will never be got to like it.

At the Bluff in New Zealand people show the stranger the southernmost gas-lamp in the world, and it is the correct thing for the stranger to touch this in order that he may tell of the fact thereafter. The traveller may take the spirit of Sheridan's excellent advice to his son, and say he has touched it, but as a rule he takes the trouble to go down and do it. I was escorted for this festal ceremony by a resident, and leaning against that southernmost lamp-post was a Scot in an abject state of drunkenness, and, as Stevenson says of a similar personage, "radiating dirt and humbug." Night at hand was another drunkard, sitting pipe in mouth on an upturned petroleum tin, and the two were conversing. "Et's a nice liddle coal'ny," said the man against the lamp-post, "a vera nice liddle coal'ny indeed. But it wants inergy, and it wants interprise, and it wants (hie) sobriety." He spoke with a face of immeasurable gravity, and I laughed so that I forgot to touch the lamp-post.

There are countless little matters which help the growing distaste for English people in the Australian mind. Our London journals, for the most part, leave us in profound ignorance of the colonies. We see now and again a telegram which is Greek to most of us, but we get no consecutive information about our kindred over seas. The *Daily Chronicle* is the one newspaper I know of which makes a feature of its Australian news. As for the rest of the dailies one might read their columns for months together without guessing that the southern colonies had an existence. The colonists are perhaps even curiously tender to the feeling of the Mother Country, and they resent this indifference. It is difficult to express the varying sentiments of a community, but in many respects the Australia of to-day resembles the America which Charles Dickens saw on his first visit. There is an eager desire to ascertain the opinion of the passing English visitor, of however little worth it may be, and this exists, inexplicably enough, even among the people who despise the visitor, and the land from which he comes. They ask for candor, but they are angry if you do not praise. A good many of them, while just as eager for judgment as the rest, resent praise as

patronage. It is certain that in a very little while this raw sensitiveness will die away, and leave a feeling of national security, which will not need to be shored up by the prop of every wanderer's opinion. At present the curiosity for the traveller's judgment is a little embarrassing, and more than once I was reminded of a drawing of Du Maurier's in *Punch*, where a big man standing over a little one declares, "If any man told me that wasn't a Titian I'd knock him down, and I want your candid opinion."

There is a stage of national hobbledehoyhood, and Australia has not yet grown out of it. Vanity, shyness, an intermingling of tenderness and contempt for outside opinion, a loud but uncertain proclamation of equality with the best, a determination to exact consideration before yielding it—all these are characteristics. The working-man is surly to the man who is better dressed than himself, not because he is naturally a surly fellow, but because he has not yet found a less repellent fashion of asserting independence. I shall come to the consideration of the great colonial labor question by and by, but the attitude of the workman is curiously consonant with the momentary characteristics of the land he lives in. Labor is growing toward such a manhood of freedom as has never been achieved elsewhere. It, too, has reached the hobbledehoy height, and has all the signs which mark that elevation, the brave aspirations, the splendid unformed hopes, and the touchy irascibility.

I have said what I can to justify the dislike of England, but have by no means exhausted the explanations of the fact. There are explanations which do not justify, and the most important of all seems to me to come under that head. The gravest danger to the continued union of the empire is the product of a selfishness so abnormal as to excite anger and impatience. But since anger and impatience are the poorest weapons with which it is possible to fight for any cause of reason, it will be wise to lay them by, and to discuss the question unemotionally.

Australia is governed by the working-man. The working-man has got hold of a good thing in Australia, and he is resolute to keep it, and, if he can, to make it better. He has got it into his head that the one thing he has to be afraid of is the

influx of population. He takes no count of the fact that all the wisest men of the country admit a crying need of people—that labor is everywhere needed for the development of giant resources. His loaf is his, and he is quite righteously determined that no man shall take it from him. He is not in the least degree determined that he shall not take away another man's loaf, but that is a different question. England is the one country in the world which could, under existing circumstances, or under circumstances easily conceivable, seek to send any appreciable number of new people into the colony. Therefore England is to be feared and hated, and any scheme which may be promulgated in favor of further emigration is to be resisted to the uttermost. Men talk of war as the answer to an attempt to deplete by emigration the overcrowded labor markets of the home country.

No public man who sets the lightest value upon his position dares discuss this question. The feeling is too deep rooted, and its manifestations are too passionate. The scheme propounded by "General" Booth afforded an opportunity for a striking manifestation of this fact. Long before the nature of the scheme was known or guessed at, before any of the safeguards surrounding it were hinted, it was denounced from one end of the country to the other. It is not my present business to express any opinion as to the feasibility of the plan. The point is that the mere mention of it was enough to excite an intense and spontaneous opposition. Australia will never, except under compulsion, allow any large body of Englishmen to enter into possession of any portion of her territories. The ports for emigration on a large scale are finally and definitely closed.

The population of Australia is 3,326,000. These people have an area of 3,055,000 square miles from which to draw the necessities and luxuries of life. Suppose it be allowed that one-half the entire country is not and will not be habitable by man. Australians themselves would resent this estimate as being shamelessly exaggerated, but the supposition is, so far as the argument goes, in their favor. Take away that imagined useless half, and every man, woman, and child in the community would still have very nearly half a square mile of land if the country were equally

divided. It is evident that the populace is unequal to the proper exploitation of the continent. Let them multiply as the human race never multiplied before, and they must remain unequal to the task before them for many centuries.

The cry raised is that of "Australia for the Australians." Well, who are the Australians? Are they the men of the old British stock who made the country what it is, or the men who had the luck to be born to the inheritance of a splendid position, for which they have not toiled? It is the honest, simple truth, and no man ought to be angry at the statement of it—though many will be—that Australia was built up by British enterprise and British money. It is a British possession still, and without British protection, British gold, and the trade which exists between it and Britain, would be in a bad way. Looked at dispassionately, the cry of "Australia for the Australians" seems hardly reasonable. The Mother Country has a right to something of a share in the bargain.

The argument would be infinitely less strong if the Australians were using Australia. But they are not. The vast Melbourne of which Victoria is so proud holds half the population of the colony, and produces little or nothing. Melbourne is the city of brass-plates. There are more brass-plates to the acre in the thoroughfares which diverge from Collins Street than can be found in any other city in the world. The brass-plate, as all the world knows, is the badge of the non-producer—the parasite, middleman, agent, call him what you will—the man who wears a tall hat and a black coat, and who lives in a villa, and lives on and by the produce of the labor of others. As society is constituted he is an essential when he exists in reasonable numbers. In Melbourne his numbers are out of reason. For almost every producer in Victoria there is a non-producer in the capital. In the early days men went into the country and set themselves to clear and till the soil. That impulse of energy has died out, and a new one has succeeded it which is infinitely less profitable and wholesome. The tendency is now toward the city. The one source of permanent wealth is neglected, and commerce and speculation occupy the minds of men who fifty years ago would have raised mutton and wool, corn and

beef and wine. With every increase of growth in the great city there is a cry for rural labor to preserve the necessary balance of things. The call is not listened to or answered, and Melbourne is a hundred times more abnormal than London. London deals with the trade of the world, and a good half of its population could not be dispensed with. Within its limits five and a half millions do the business of a hundred millions. In Melbourne half a million do the business of another half-million, and the country necessarily suffers. No student of social economy can deny the position, but the working-man will have it otherwise.

He is the ruler of Australia, and the destinies of a people pointed out by Nature for greatness are stunted in his hands. He is worth studying, therefore, and to convince him might mean the salvation of a continent. There, as here, the workman is the victim of a prodigious blunder, a mistake so obvious, that the onlooker wonders at his blindness. A month or two ago he was in the thick of a struggle, which was everywhere called a fight with capital. The real battle, however, was never with capital for a moment. The one engagement—and it raged hotly all along the line for months—was between organized and unorganized labor, between the unionist and the non-unionist. Wherever a workman of the union declared against the conditions imposed by the employer a workman outside the union accepted those conditions. The capitalist changed his staff—that was all. The unionists were thrown permanently out of employment in large numbers, and when at last the strike fizzled out, their leaders made a melancholy proclamation of victory, which deceived nobody, not even themselves. The unionist clock in Australia has been put back a year or two. It is probable that the men will know with whom they have to fight before they are again lured into conflict.

It is an old adage, that much will have more. The Australian working-man is the best fed, the best paid, the best housed, and the least worked of all the workers of the world. In the great towns house-rent is dear, much dearer than it has a right to be in so new and so wide a country. This is a consequence of the rush for centralization, and the ensuing neglect of the resources of the land.

Clothing is dear, as a consequence of protective imposts. The Australian workman is a staunch protectionist, being somehow persuaded that it is essential to his interests that he should suffer for the benefit of his natural enemy, the middleman. But, except in the articles of house-rent and clothing, he lives in a paradise of cheapness. There are hundreds of restaurants in the second-rate streets of colonial towns where you may see painted up the legend—"All meals sixpence." For that small sum a man may have a sufficiency of hot or cold beef or mutton, bread, tea, and a choice of vegetables. I can testify from personal knowledge that the meals are well cooked, well served, and plentiful. I have eaten a worse luncheon in a London club or restaurant than I found at one of these cheap eating-houses in Sydney, and have paid five times the price, although it has to be confessed that for five times the price one can get a much finer meal. Wholesomer or more plentiful fare no man need ask for.

Well, as I have said, much will have more. The workman has got his whole programme filled up. There is one vote for one man, and about that fact almost the whole land is jubilant, though the practical good of it may as yet be a problem. The aspiration expressed in the old quatrain is fulfilled—

"Eight hours' work,
Eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep,
And eight 'bob' a day."

The eight hours' movement has been crowned with success, and there is a magnificent annual procession to commemorate it. It is announced that a movement is to be set on foot for the further reduction of the hours of labor. Six hours a day is to be the limit of the future. The comic journals, or, to speak by the card, the journals which study to be comic, prophesy four hours, two hours, and then no hours at all; but these celestial visions are out of the workman's eyeshot.

Here and there an individual might be found who, being entrusted with an irresponsible power, would not desire to use it tyrannically. But, since corporations are never so moral, so high thinking, or so forbearing as individuals, corporate bodies tend always and everywhere to the misuse of their powers, and demand constantly to be held in check by some influ-

ence outside their own. The workman of the Antipodes is told so often that all the power (as well as all the virtue and the honor) lies in his hands, that he is disposed to do strange things. A mere glance at the history of two phases of the great strikes which have lately shaken Australasian society may be of service.

In New Zealand, where, under conditions similar to those of Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, the laborer has grown to think himself more worthy of his hire than anybody else can possibly be, the fight between unionist and non-unionist, with capital as an interested spectator, began on a curiously trivial question. A firm of printers and stationers in Christchurch were ordered to restate or to discharge an employé. The firm declined to obey the mandate of the Union, and an order went forth from the representatives of the latter body to the effect that no man belonging to any of its branches should handle the goods of the obdurate company. This was all very well in its way, until the order touched the railway hands, who are in the employ of the Government. The Union appealed to the Railway Commissioners to "remain neutral," and *not to carry the goods of the offending firm*. The Commissioners responded that they were the servants of the public; that it was no part of their business to recognize the quarrel, but that it *was* their business to carry for any and every citizen who did not infringe their rules. The representatives of the Union renewed their plea for "neutrality." Why would these domineering Commissioners take the side of capital and fight in its interests? The Commissioners again represented that they were the public carriers, that they had no right to refuse to work for any law-abiding citizen, that they had no place or part in the quarrel, and intended simply and merely to do the duty for which they were appointed. The din which arose on this final declaration was at once melancholy and comic. Here was the Government lending all its power to crush the working-man. Here was the old class tyranny which had created class hatreds in the old country. This was what we were coming to after having emancipated ourselves from the trammels of a dead or effete civilization. Here was a Government so crassly wicked and purposely blind as to profess neutrality, and

yet refuse to fight our battles. What did we—the working-men of New Zealand—ask for? We asked that the Government should hold our enemy while we punched him; and while they traitorously proclaimed their neutrality, they refused this simple request for fair-play. Therefore are we, the working-men of New Zealand, naturally incensed, and at the next election we will shake these worthless people out of office, and we will elect men like Fish, who know what neutrality really means!

The Honorable Mr. Fish was one of the laborers' faithful. The palpable unfairness of the Commissioners wounded him profoundly.

The more recent strike of the Queensland shearers has afforded opportunity for the display of an equal faculty of logic and sweet reasonableness. The shearers, at loggerheads with the squatters, proposed to arrange their differences by arson. They threatened openly to fire the grass upon those vast northern plains where fire is the one thing to be dreaded among many and terrible enemies. They not only threatened, but they carried their threats into effect in many places; and, but for the exceptional rains, which mercifully interfered between them and their purpose, they would have created scenes of unexampled desolation. Here again a Government has no sense of fair-play. Troops were sent to watch the shearers' camps, and to prevent active hostilities. A natural thrill of horror ran through the country at this autocratic and unwarrantable act. Here at the Antipodes we have founded a democracy, and in a democracy the Government motto should be Non-Intervention. The unionist workmen roared with indignation at countless meetings. Why were not the shearers allowed to settle the dispute in their own way? Why were the poor men to be threatened, intimidated, bullied by armed force? A continent cried shame. When, in that Eight Hours' procession to which I have already twice alluded, the shearers' deputation rode by they were received with rolling applause all along the line, and a free people cheered the victims of oppression.

In the middle of all this madness it was good to see that the greatest of the democratic journals had the courage of honesty and spoke its mind plainly. The Melbourne *Age* is a very wealthy and powerful journal, but it risked much, for the

moment at least, in opposing the mingled voices of the populace and the Trades Hall. Excited leaders of the people denounced it in unmeasured epithet, and the crowd boo-hoed outside its offices in Collins Street, but the writers of the journal went their unmoved way, as British journalists have a knack of doing.

I find here an opportunity of saying the most favorable word I can anywhere speak for the Australian colonies. The Press is among the best and most notable in the world. The great journals of Melbourne and Sydney are models of newspaper conduct, and are nowhere to be surpassed for extent and variety of information, for enterprise, liberality, and sound adhesion to principle, or for excellence of sub-editorial arrangement, or for force, justice, and picturesqueness in the expression of opinion. It is not only in the greater centres that the Press owns and displays these admirable characteristics. Adelaide, Brisbane, Dunedin, Christchurch, Auckland, Wellington, have each of them journals of which no city in the world need be ashamed; and when the limitations which surround them are taken into consideration their excellence appears all the more remarkable and praiseworthy.

It is not unnatural perhaps that a man trained in English journalism, and having worked in every grade of it, should esteem it highly. But, allowing all I can for personal prejudice, and striving to look with an honest eye upon it and its rivals, I am compelled to think it far and away the best in the world. In Australia the highest traditions of the parent Press are preserved, and among many strange and novel and perplexing signs, one can but gratefully and hopefully recognize the splendid enterprise and the lofty sense of public obligation which guide the youngest school of journalism in the world.

In one respect Australian journalism surpasses English. We have nothing to show which will at all compare with the *Australasian* or the *Leader*; but it is easy to see that they and their congeners of other cities (which are all worthy of the same high praise) owe their especial excellences to local conditions. These great weekly issues give all the week's news, and all the striking articles which have appeared in the daily journals of which they are at once the growth and the compendium. They do much more than this,

for they include whatever the gardener, the agriculturist, the housewife, the lady of fashion, the searcher of general literature, the chess-player, the squatter can most desire to know. They provide for all sorts of tastes and needs, and between their first sheet and their last they render to their readers what we in England buy half a score of special journals to secure. The reason for their existence is simple. There is not population enough to support the specialist as we know him at home, and an eager and inquiring people will be served.

The first unescapable belief of the English traveller is that the Australian is a transplanted Englishman pure and simple. A residence of only a few months kills that opinion outright. Many new characteristics present themselves. To arrest one of the most noticeable—there is perhaps no such pleasure-loving and pleasure-seeking people in the world. I wish now that I had thought of securing trustworthy statistics with respect to the number of people who present themselves on the colonial racecourses within the limit of a year. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the population is given over to the breeding and training of horse-flesh and the riding of races. The Melbourne people exult—and not unjustifiably—in the Melbourne Cup, and on the spectacle presented at its running. That spectacle is quite unique so far as I know. Neither the Derby nor the Grand Prix can rival it for its view of packed humanity, and neither can approach it for the decorous order of its crowd. Is it Jane Taylor who tells the story of the creation of an English village? I am not quite sure, but I remember the genesis. You must have a church to begin with. For a church you want a parson, and a parson must have a clerk. From this established nucleus grows everything. In Australia they begin with the racecourse. This statement is not to be accepted as a satiric fable but as a literal fact. Nearly two years ago, travelling in the Blue Mountains, I came—miles upon miles away from anywhere—upon a huge great board reared in the bush. The board bore this inscription: "Projected road to site of intended racecourse." There was not a house visible or the sign of the beginning of a house, but half an hour later, in apparent virgin forest, I found another board

nailed to a big eucalypt. It had a painted legend on it, setting forth that these eligible building sites were to be let or sold. The solemn forest trees stood everywhere, and the advertisement of the eligible building sites was the only evidence of man's presence. It was for the benefit of future dwellers here that the road to the site of the "intended racecourse" had been "projected."

Again, there are more theatres and more theatre-goers to the population than can probably be found elsewhere. The houses and the performances are alike admirable. Like the Americans, the Australians endure many performances which would not be thought tolerable in England, but they mount their productions with great pomp and luxury. Whatever is best in London finds an early rendering in the great cities, and for serious work the general standard is as high as in Paris or London. The Princess Theatre in Melbourne has given renditions of comic opera which are not unfairly to be compared for dressing, *mise-en-scène*, and artistic finish to those of the Savoy. The general taste is for jollity, bright color, cheerful music. Comedy runs broader than it does at home, and some of the most excellent artists have learned a touch or two of buffoonery. The public taste condones it, may even be said to relish it in preference to finesse. The critics of the Press are, in the main, too favorable, but that is a stricture which applies to modern criticism in general. There is a desire to say smooth words everywhere, and to keep things pleasant.

Outside the southernmost parts of Victoria Australia has a climate, and the people can rejoice in midnight picnics. In the glorious southern moonlight one can read the small print of a newspaper. The air is cool after the overwhelming furnace of the day. The moonlight jaunts and junketings are characteristic and pleasant, and they afford an opportunity for the British matron, who flourishes there as here—heaven bless her!—to air her sense of morals in letters to the newspapers.

The creed of athleticism speaks its latest word here. The burial of poor young Searle, the champion sculler of the world, was a remarkable and characteristic sight. That he was a grand athlete and a good fellow seems indisputable, but to the outsider the feeling excited by his early and mournful death looked disproportionate.

Every newspaper, from the stately *Argus* down to the smallest weekly organ of the village, sang his dying song. He was praised and lamented out of reason, even for a champion sculler. The regret seemed exaggerated. At his funeral obsequies the streets were thronged, and thousands followed in his train. It was mournful that a young man should be struck down in the pride and vigor of his strength. It is always mournful that this should be so, but it is common, and the passion of the lament provoked weariness. The feeling was doubtless genuine, but it might possibly have had an object worthier of a nation's mourning.

Another fine athlete and good fellow is Frank Slavin, the prize-fighter. I have acknowledged a hundred times that I belong to a lost cause. My sympathies are with the old exploded prize-ring. Rightly or wrongly, I trace the growth of crimes of violence to the abolition of that glorious institution. I want to see it back again, with its rules of fair-play, and its contempt for pain, and its excellent tuition in temper and forbearance. I am an enthusiast, and being almost alone, am therefore the more enthusiastic. But I grew tired of the wild exultation in Slavin's prowess, the mad rejoicing over a victory, which meant less than it would have done in the days which I am old enough to remember. In Australia, better be an athlete than almost anything, except, perhaps, a millionaire.

Take the average native and ask him what he knows of Marcus Clarke, of James Branton Stevens, of Harpur, or Kendal, or the original of Browning's "Waring." He will have no response for you, but he will reel off for you the names of the best bowler, the best bat, the champion forward, the cunningest of half-backs. The portraits of football players are published by the dozen and the score, and the native knows the names and achievements of every man thus signalled out for honor. In England the schoolboys would know all about these people, but in Australia the world at large is interested. A bank-clerk who has a recognized position in a football team enjoys professional privileges which another man may not claim. His athletic prowess reflects upon him in his business. His manager allows him holidays for his matches, and is considerate with him with regard to hours for training.

From all this one would naturally argue the existence of an especially athletic people, but the conclusion is largely illusory. The worship of athleticism breeds a professional or semi-professional class, but it is surprising to note how little an effect it has upon the crowd of city people who join in all the rites of adoration. The popularity of the game of football is answerable for the existence of the barracker, whose outward manifestations of the inward man are as disagreeable as they well can be. The barracker is the man who shouts for his own party, and by yells of scorn and expletives of execration seeks to daunt the side against which he has put his money or his partisan aspirations. When he gathers in his thousands, as he does at all matches of importance, he is surprisingly objectionable. He is fluent in oath and objurcation, cursing like an inmate of the pit. This same man is orderly at a race meeting, curiously enough, and takes his pleasure mildly there.

The barracker and the larrikin are akin. The gamin of Paris, grown up to early manhood, fed on three meat meals a day, supplied with plenteous pocket-money, and allowed to rule a tribe of tailors, would be a larrikin. The New York hoodlum is a larrikin, with a difference. The British rough is a larrikin, also with a difference. The Australian representative of the great blackguard tribe is better dressed, better fed, and more liberally provided in all respects than his compeers of other nations. He is the street bully, *par excellence*, inspired to deeds of daring by unfailing beef and beer. When Mr. Bumble heard of Oliver Twist's resistance to the combined authority of Mrs. Sowerberry and Charlotte and Noah Claypole, he repudiated the idea of madness which was offered as an explanation of the boy's conduct. "It isn't madness, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, "it's meat."

There is the true explanation of the larrikin. He is meat-fed, and is thereby inspired to ferocity. Darwin, if I remember rightly, tells of a sheep which was gradually accustomed to a flesh diet. Its wool began to take the characteristics of hair, and the mild beast grew savage. The forerunners of the larrikin were never very sheep-like in all probability, for if one could trace his pedigree, it would, in most cases, be found that he is the de-

scendant of the true British cad. But he has improved upon the ancestral pattern and has become a pest of formidable characteristics and dimensions. The problem he presents has never been fated, but it will have to be met in one way or another before long. The stranger is forced to the conclusion that magistrates are absurdly lenient. I recall a case of some few months ago, where a gang of well fed ruffians assaulted an old man in Flinders Street, Melbourne. The attack was shown to have been utterly unprovoked, and the victim's injuries were serious. Three of the most active participants in the sport were seized by the police and were each sent to prison for six weeks. A sentence of six months, with a brace of sound floggings thrown in, would have gone nearer to meet the exigencies of the case; but there is a widespread objection to the use of the cat, the argument being that it is wrong to "brutalize" these refined young men by its application. The same spirit of false sentiment exists in England, but in a less marked degree.

Crimes of violence are of exceptionally frequent occurrence, and it is still felt necessary to punish rape by the imposition of the final penalty.

The democracy is determined to test itself completely, and female suffrage seems to be within measurable distance. It is conceivable that it may have a refining effect, and that it may act as a corrective, though the experiment is full of risk. The one man one vote principle, together with the payment of members of the legislative chambers, has not, so far, achieved the happiest conceivable results. The Parliament of New South Wales is occasionally notorious as a bear garden. The late Mr. MacEhllone (who once informed the Speaker that, when he encountered outside an honorable gentleman to whom the ruling of the Chair compelled him to apologize, he would "spit in his eye") has a worthy successor in the person of a Mr. Crick. Some time ago Mr. Crick was expelled by an indignant House, wearied of his prolonged indecencies of demeanor, but his constituency sent him back untamed and rejoicing—his mission being to prove that the Ministry was composed of thieves and liars. The miserable charges dwindled into nothing; but one, at least, of his constituents is persuaded that the debates, as printed in

the newspapers, would lose so much of sparkle if Mr. Crick were banished permanently from the House, that the breakfast enjoyment of the public more than atones for the shame of his presence there. Women are notoriously deficient in humor, and it is possible that, when they come to vote, the reign of Mr. Crick and his like will be over.

The best hope which lies before Australia at this hour is in the federation of her several colonies. Her determination to keep her population European in its characteristics can hardly fail of approval, but the immediate work to her hand is to consolidate her own possessions. The attempt to find material for six separate Parliaments in a population of three and a half millions has, it must be confessed in all candor, succeeded beyond reasonable expectations, but concentration will be of service. There will be a laudable rivalry between the colonies which will result in the choice of the fittest men, and a combination Parliament will be a more useful and dignified body than has yet been assembled within colonial limits. But this is one of the smallest of the results to be anticipated. The ridiculous tariff restrictions which now harass individuals and restrict commerce will pass away, and with them the foolish hatreds which exist between rival colonies. At present, if one desire to anger a Victorian he has only to praise New South Wales. Would he wound a Sydneyite under the fifth rib, let him laud Melbourne. There is a dispute pending about the proprietorship of the Murray River. It runs between the two colonies, and New South Wales claims it to the Victorian bank. When it overflowed disastrously a couple of years ago, an irate farmer on the Victorian side is said to have written to Sir Henry Parkes, bidding him come and pump the confounded river off his land, and threatening to agitate for a duty (per gallon) on imported New South Wales water. The dispute is nothing less than childish: but I have the personal assurance of the leading statesman of New South Wales that he is perfectly satisfied with the position. It is probable that he sees in the existing riparian rights a chance for a concession which may win concession in its turn. The Victorians are eminently dissatisfied and would seem to have a right to be so.

Federation is on all counts to be de-

sired, but it has yet to be fought for, and will only be gained with difficulty. Wise men long for it, but the petty jealousies of rival States will hold it back from its birthtime as long as delay is possible. How infinitesimally small those jealousies are nothing short of a residence in the land could teach anybody. Wisdom will have its way in the long run, but the belief of the veteran leader of New South Wales that he will live to see the union of the Australian colonies is a dream. It is a dream which only his political enemies will grudge him.

The wide and varied resources of the country, and the ups and downs which men experience, breed a careless courage which in some of its manifestations is very fine. During my first stay in Melbourne the waiter who attended to my wants at Menzies' hotel brought up, with something of a dubious air, a scrap of blue paper, on which was written, "Your old friend —." I instructed him to show my visitor in, and a minute later beheld the face of my old companion, a little more grizzled and wrinkled than when I had last seen it, but otherwise unchanged. When we had shaken hands, and he was seated, I found that he was dressed like a common laborer, and in answer to my inquiries he told me, bravely and brightly, that he had fallen upon evil times. "I should like a glass of champagne, old man," said he when I asked him to refresh himself, "and a cigar, if it will run to it. I'm strange to that sort of thing for a year or two, and I should enjoy it." We talked away, and he told me a history of success and failure, and at last he explained the purpose of his visit. He wished to hear the three lectures I was advertised to deliver, and he had come to ask me for a pass. "I sha'n't disgrace you, my boy," he added. "I've been down on my luck for a couple of years past, but I'm not going to stay where I am, and *I've kept my dress clothes.*"

I do not know that I ever met a finer bit of unconscious courage, and the incident gave me a certain faith in the spirit of the colonies which has never left me. There is a gambling element in it, no doubt, but the ever-present sense of hope is a great and valuable thing. It finds such a place in a new country as it can never have in an old one. The English gentleman who in England had fallen to

be a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, would never have "kept his dress clothes." He would have known that he was permanently under the weather, but here the British pluck had rational hope to feed it, and on that rational hope survived, and even flourished.

And this leads me back to that question of the self-confidence of the Australian-born colonial with which I started. Hope looks so sure that what Australia wants and has not it seems self-evident in a little while she will have. And so she might if she would go the right way for it, and instead of packing three fourths of her sparse inhabitants in towns would take the work which lies before her nose and subdue the land and replenish it, and instead of shutting the gates churlishly on rival labor, would draw the stranger to her coasts, and pour population on vast tracts of land which now lie barren and unproductive, but only wait for the hand of man to break into beauty and yield riches.

In a hundred ways timidity would have been criminal, and when one sees in what directions courage and hope have led the way, and to what effort they have prompted, a little over-confidence looks pardonable. Everywhere the colonists have worked for the future. They have made railways and roads which will not be fully used for many and many a day. Their public buildings are made to last and are of dimensions nobler than present needs can ask for. Generations to come will thank the wisdom and generosity of the

men of the last fifty years. In certain places there is an admirable spirit of emulation among private citizens who have set themselves to beautify the towns in which they live. This is very notable in Ballarat, where it has grown to be an excellent fashion to present the town with statues. Should that fashion continue, and should the same spirit of local patriotism prevail, Ballarat may grow to be the Athens of the southern hemisphere. The phrase is a little large, perhaps, but it is in the colonial fashion, and one would willingly believe in the chances of its ultimate justification.

The unborn generations will have to thank their predecessors for some of the loveliest pleasaunces in the world. Every town has its gardens, the property of the citizens. Those of Brisbane and Sydney and Adelaide are exquisitely beautiful. But more beautiful than the grounds themselves is the inscription which I found at the gates of the loveliest of them all. I wish I had the *ipsissima verba* of it, for it is characterized by an admirable simplicity and directness. The sense of it is this: These gardens belong to the public, and the owners are asked to protect their own property.

There, to my mind, speaks the true voice of Democracy, and that inscription afforded me the pleasantest spectacle I saw in the course of my two years' pilgrimage through the Australias.—*Contemporary Review*.

NAMES IN NOVELS.

BY W. P. J.

EVERY lover of Balzac knows the story of the famous search which ended in the discovery of the name Z. Marcas: how Balzac appointed Léon Gozlan to meet him in the Champs Élysées to do him an important service; how Gozlan, racking his brain to guess what this service might be, kept the appointment on a certain wintry day of June; how it turned out that what Balzac wanted was a name for the hero of a story he was about to contribute to the "Revue Parisienne." In the driving rain Balzac expounded his theory of names. He must have a name, he said,

that would fit his hero in every possible respect, and he had exhausted his own resources without being able to find such. Names, moreover, could not be manufactured; like languages, they were a natural product, a growth.

"If the name exists,"—began Gozlan, zealously.

"It does exist," Balzac broke in with solemnity.

So there was but one thing to be done, to start there and then upon a voyage of discovery. Gozlan suggested a scrutiny of the names in the streets, and they set

to work at once, Balzac taking one side of the road, his friend the other, both running, head in the air, into the passers-by, who took them for blind men. Street after street Gozlan kept offering the most appetizing names, which, however, Balzac steadfastly rejected: the Rue St. Honoré to the Palais Royal, all the streets abutting on the Gardens, Rue Vivienne, Place de la Bourse, Rue Neuve Vivienne, Boulevard Montmartre.—At this point Gozlan mutinied.

"Toujours et en tous lieux," cries Balzac; "Christophe Colomb abandonné par son équipage,"—then, turning to entreaty, pleads for just as far as St. Eustaché. St. Eustaché meant a detour through numberless streets, till they arrive at the Place des Victoires, "criblée de magnifiques noms alsaciens qui font venir le Rhin à la bouche." Again Gozlan threatens to abandon Balzac if he does not make an instant choice. "Just the Rue du Bouloi," urges the indefatigable discoverer; and off they go once more, until, in the last section of the interminable street, the novelist stood transfixed and quivering before the name *Marcas*.

"Arrêtons nous glorieusement à celui-ci. *Marcas*! Mon héros s'appellera *Marcas*. Dans *Marcas* il y a le philosophe, l'écrivain, le grand politique, le poète méconnu: il y a tout. *Marcas*!"

That was what Balzac sought—a name which should, as he said, at once explain and depict his hero, a name on a par with his lot in life, which should not be tacked on at random, but should fit organically. He impetuously demanded a name which should answer to his hero's face, his figure, his voice, his past, his future, his genius, his tastes, his passions, his misfortunes, and his glory.

I suppose all novelists and story-tellers, whether or not they are so exacting as this, take some proper godfatherly or godmotherly care in the christening of their creatures. If they go no deeper, they at least observe the more superficial and obvious distinctions between character of bourgeois and gentle blood. They seek names appropriate to calling or locality, and so forth. Most take some pains at least about the naming of hero and heroine. One class of novelists appeals to a sentiment of romance, with high-sounding, historic names; another betrays the inevitable significance of nomenclature by

scrupulously employing none but the most familiar. For myself, I own I like my lady-loves of romance to have names that the lips and the memory can linger over lovingly,—Lorna Doone, Lucy Desborough, Di Vernon, Beatrix Esmond; and there is sweetness as well as pathos in the simple signature of Clare Doria Forey, as Clare liked to write her name, because Richard's was Richard Doria Feverel. Nothing short of democratic training and Bostonian naturalism could have hardened Mr. Howells' heart into inflicting upon his Lady of the Aroostook and her many admirers, for the sake of whatever dramatic point, the revolting surname *Blood*. Beautiful and picturesque names are no small element in the picturesque beauty of romance. We revel in a luxury of graceful names in Arthur's court—among the Guineveres, and Yseults, and Tristrams, and Lancelots. They have the flavor of fruit on the lips, and haunt the ear like music. Or, to come back to novels, generations of hearts have beaten time to the syllables Wilfred of Ivanhoe or Lucy of Lammermoor. The degradation of name is a bit brutal, even for parody, in the diverting "Rejected Address" which transforms—

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley,
on!"

Were the last words of *Marmion*,
into

"'Od rot 'em,
Were the last words of Higginbottom."

Juliet was the daughter of a land of lovely names, or she would never have asked her hackneyed question. To northern ears the vowelled Italian names all sound beautiful and magnificent. One wonders, ignorantly no doubt, how an Italian Dickens would find himself in droll and grotesque names. There must be some temptation, one would think, to make all the boobies and villains Germans. Thanks to what Mr. Matthew Arnold termed the touch of grossness in our race, we are bountifully provided with names of all shades of vulgarity and hideousness. With us no booby or villain, at all events, need go inappropriately named. But it is unpardonable in fiction to burden a charming girl with a vile name, and to make heroes of Higginbottoms is a mere wantonness of Zolaism. Art exists to console us for the hardships and anomalies of life.

Glaring offences most writers avoid. They succeed in securing at all events the superficial proprieties of nomenclature. But what Balzac sought was a propriety of nomenclature going very much deeper than this. He was a believer in a mysterious affinity, and reciprocal influence between names and people in actual life. Philosophers and the mob, he claimed, were at one in holding this view, so that there was no room left for a single heretic without the pale.

"Except for me," interjects Gozlan.

What!—didn't he believe that there were names which recalled special objects—a sword, a flower? that there were names which at once veiled and revealed the poet, the philosopher, the painter? Racine, for example—the very name depicted a tender passionate poet.

On the contrary, to Gozlan it gave only the idea of a botanist or an apothecary.

"Well, Corneille? Corneille?"

No; from Corneille the stubborn heretic got simply the idea of some insignificant bird. And, unconverted, he joined, as a sheer act of good-fellowship, in the Columbus expedition, without a shred of faith in the promised land; nor, it must be confessed, was his scepticism shaken even by the superb discovery, which intoxicated the romance-writer. Balzac, equally unshaken, carried the courage of his conviction to the pitch of fearlessly guaranteeing actually at the man's door that the veritable Marcas would turn out to be a genius, a Benvenuto Cellini.

"Wasn't that going rather far?" hinted Gozlan.

"With a name like that," comes the sturdy reply, "it is impossible to go too far."

The real Marcas was a tailor. Balzac's head drooped for a few seconds. In a moment it was proudly raised again. "The man deserved a better lot," he said; "anyway, it should be his business to immortalize him."

Respectable authority might be quoted in support of Balzac's dogma from the days of the solemn naming and renaming among the Hebrews, down to the opinion of the immortal Mr. Shandy. But whether we accept it, or feel inclined rather to range ourselves with the Gozlanites, there can be little doubt that, in the world of art at all events, there should be some

subtle appropriateness in the naming of the *dramatis personæ*.

What should be the nature of the appropriateness? What should be the secret of the affinity? Should novelists permit themselves to manufacture names with an obvious meaning, like Fielding's Alworthy for instance? or, like Balzac, should they search for mystic meanings in real names? In the first place, can there possibly be any affinity, apart from the special associations of a book, between a mere meaningless proper name and a character? Gozlan said No. He accounted for the significance that Balzac found in such names as Racine and Corneille, by the fact that they had been borne by those great men. The characteristics of the poets had become associated in the mind with the sound of the names. This is no doubt largely true. The influence of association in matters of this kind is astonishingly powerful, and it is an influence difficult to discount. Of such associations of ideas have not philosophers been found to create worlds and systems, which they have themselves pronounced to be very good? Take such names as Keats and Chaucer, for example. Would they not sound poor and mean, could we once rob them of their glorious associations? And the influence of association is all the stronger in the case of the men and women in novels, because we know them so much more intimately than we know our friends and neighbors in real life.

Chadband, Miss Miggs, Micawber, Pecksniff, Sairy Gamp—were these names, then, really once absolutely non-significant? Surely, in the mere name of Micawber there already lurk suggestions of a waiting for something to turn up. Enthusiasts have been known to protest that from Silas Wegg's bare name they divined the whole man, wooden leg and all. Not a bit of it, retorts rationalizing common-sense; make the experiment in a properly scientific spirit, and see. Set a man innocent of Dickens to evolve from the letters of the word Pecksniff the character of the Salisbury architect, or from the data of a misshapen body and sly domestic cruelty, ask him to construct the name Quilp. Well, and suppose he fail, his failure is by no means fatal to the theory. To begin with, nature undoubtedly affords abundant instances of mysterious affinities between apparently hetero-

geneous things. There is the story, so constantly told by psychologists, of the blind man who, on his receiving his sight by a surgical operation, straightway pronounced scarlet to be like the sound of a trumpet. Heliotrope owes its popular name to a curious identity of scent and taste. Novel-readers who follow the fashion may recall the passage in one of those Russian novels which are twice as natural as life, where the capricious child Natacha tries to explain to her mother in bed how she thinks of her lover Boris as being quite narrow and pale gray, whereas Bésoukhov was blue, dark blue and red, and made her think of a square thing. In very truth, scents, sounds, and colors have infinite capacities of spiritual suggestion. Herein lies the secret of the potency of the sensuous arts. What analysis could exhaust the possible suggestiveness of names? There are forebodings in the mere sound of the syllables, and mysterious intimations in the mere look of the letters, which baffle all attempts at rational explanation. And on this groundwork association has woven intricate threads of suggestion, philological, historical, romantic. Then, additional effect is wrought by a subtle conjunction of names. Trace the associations in the two names, Clive, Newcome. Watch how the music of Ethel Newcome's name is troubled into discord by prefixing to the surname the monosyllable Barnes. Nonsense, interrupts common-sense. The monosyllable Clive had served just as well to trouble the music, if Thackeray had but distributed the parts differently, and made Barnes a hero. It is all the effect of associating man and name together. Well, but how comes it, then, that in so many names, in spite of association, we do not feel the affinity? To this day I am persuaded that Arabin was only an assumed name of the Dean of Barchester. Other names, again, there are which answer only to a part of the character. In Hetty Sorrel's name, for example, there is the kittenish grace and rustic charm; but where is the hard heart and vulgar vanity of Martin Poyser's niece? (Poyser, by the way, is an excellent name for that admirable couple.) And poor Major Dobbin's foolish name leaves out the gallantry and loyalty, preserving only and accentuating the notion of a certain thick-hided patience. If Balzac's faith ran something near to fanati-

cism, yet, so far as the world of art is concerned, it is surely founded on wisdom. It is true that it is only after name and character have been joined together by the inspiration of the author that they cannot again be put asunder; but the marriage only reveals, and does not beget, the elective affinity. There is a similar revelation of affinity, in spite of Schopenhauer's dogmatic utterance to the contrary, when music is married to immortal verse by a composer of dramatic genius. Common-sense would scarcely evolve Schumann's melody from Heine's *Ich grolle nicht*, or Heine's poetry from Schumann's music; yet that marriage of music and verse was none the less surely made in heaven.

Oftentimes, however, either there has been lacking the genius to create or discover names of the miraculous potency of Z. Marcas, or novelists have lacked faith in the discernment of their readers; and recourse has been had to manufactured names with obvious meanings. Dickens, who had a wonderful faculty for creating or discovering, at all events for his ludicrous or vulgar characters, droll and *bizarre* names of startling aptness, has given us also Lord Frederick Verisopht, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Dotheboys Hall, and a multitude of like inventions. How far is this a legitimate practice? There are people who go into ecstasies of admiration over the ingenuity and wit displayed in the invention of names like these. There are others who scornfully condemn the device as a symptom of poverty of imagination or mistaken art. Most readers, I fancy, will find themselves differently affected by different examples. Many a reader will be startled and offended by Wrench and Filgrave as names for doctors in George Eliot and Trollope, who would have an easy tolerance for Lord Frederick Verisopht, and would positively enjoy Jingle and the Veneerings. For myself, I revel in the Deuceaces and Bareacres, whereas it is a relief to me that Becky so soon merges her too significant name in that of poor Rawdon Crawley. And, upon reflection, the different judgments would seem to be due to no irrational caprice of taste. The kind of name felt to be appropriate depends upon the author's method of presenting his creatures. No sane reader quarrels with the Fidessas and Duessas, the Sausfoys and

Sansloys of the "Faerie Queene." Every reader of sense derives the keenest satisfaction from the names of the diverting population of Bunyan's *Vanity Fair*—Sir Having Greedy, my Lord Fair-speech, and Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Love-lust and Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady and Mr. High-mind. The reason is clear. Here we are in a world of allegory. The aim is to teach the reader, not to take him in with a show of reality. Here we are only one step removed from the old miracle-play, with its abstract virtues and vices brought on to the stage without any pretence of substantial personification. Bunyan's narrative may beguile us till we follow the combat between Christian and Apollyon with a zest like that with which we watch one of D'Artagnan's feats of swordsmanship, or Jan Ridd's prowess with his fists; yet all the while we remain aware that Christian is not a man, but a personified type.

Let us go a step nearer to the novel. Of the motley crowd who people the English comic stage, a large proportion are signed in the forehead with these directly significant names—from Madge Mumblecrust and Tibet Talkapace of Ralph Roister Doister, down to the Surfaces, Teazles, Crabtrees, Backbites, Absolutes, and Languishes of Sheridan, to come no later. What a world to live in, were it real! Carlyle had a vision of an unclothed world, where the robes should fall from king and courtier, leaving only so many forked radishes, with heads fantastically carved. But the ensuing chaos would be order compared with this world of exposed souls. The commerce of life would be at a standstill. What way could be found of being genial with Morose or confidential with Sir Giles Overreach, or with what countenance should we introduce Sir Amorous la Foole to the ladies of our family? We should have to stuff our handkerchiefs down our throats on being gravely introduced to Sir Fopling Flutter and Major Oldfox, unless, perchance, unseasonable mirth were checked by the reflection that our own style and title had to be given in exchange as Dame Pliant or Sir Epicure Mammon. Why do not such absurdities, such patent unrealities, mar our interest in the great comedies? Simply because the world of the comic stage is not, nor is it presented as, the every-day world of decently disguised souls and

bodies. This very unreality, the making transparent of opaque realities, is a chief element in the delightfulness of the comic drama. "The Comic Spirit," says Mr. Meredith, in his introductory remarks to "The Egoist," "has not a thought of persuading you to believe in him. Being a spirit, he hunts the spirit in men: vision and ardor constitute his merit." It is noteworthy that it is only in his comedy characters that Mr. Meredith allows himself the use of such significant names as that "masterpiece of scientific nomenclature," Sir Willoughby Patterne. For comedy, we settle ourselves in our seats and adjust our opera-glasses, and lay ourselves out to extract the uttermost measure of critical amusement from the sayings and doings of the cleverly constructed world beyond the footlights. Illusion of reality is not sought. Significant names are a part of the game, like the other conventions of the stage, from soliloquy to rouge and powder. They have many special advantages in comedy. They do for the comic dramatist what a well-known story did for the ancient tragedians, or for Shakespeare in his historical plays,—they give to the gestures and speeches of the actors pungency of irony and piquancy of revelation. But a comedy must be something more than an allegory. There must be a counterbalancing measure of realism. The comic dramatist must make you so far take his *dramatis personæ* for men and women, as shall enable you to sympathize with their feelings and lose yourself in their fortunes. A proper regard for young Absolute will not allow us to remember too rigorously Lydia's disparaging maiden name; and we are glad to be beguiled by the realistic touch given by old Absolute that she was not one of the Languishes of Worcestershire, but was the Miss Languish who came with her aunt, Mrs. Malaprop, into their country just before Jack was last ordered to his regiment.

According as the element of allegory or the element of realism predominates in the artist's method, will be the wisdom or un-wisdom of employing realistic or allegorical names. Where allegory predominates, where our attention is directed chiefly to the skill of the dramatists in showing up the foibles of humanity, and winding mean and vicious actions into situations of laughable entanglement, then names which point the character and ex-

plain situation come naturally in place. But where it is sought to stir pity and fear and sympathy with the sufferings and heroisms of men and women; where, as in tragedy, self-conscious observation of the writer's art should be lost in overwhelming feeling for the hero's destiny, there, so far as I know, such names have never been adopted. Ben Jonson, much of whose work is, as Mr. Swinburne has recently said, a study not of humanity but of humors, uses significant names almost exclusively in his comedies. Shakespeare, on the other hand, is sparing in his use of them. Justices Shallow, Slender, and Silence, with Fang and Snare the sheriff's officers—the majesty of the law always fares badly in the hands of satire; the constable, Dull; Froth, a foolish gentleman; Martext, a vicar; and that ragged regiment of Falstaff's recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf,—almost exhaust the list.

Have we not here the explanation of the instinctive shock which we feel on being introduced by George Eliot or Trollope to the doctors, Wrench and Filgrave? We are taking Middlemarch and the Middlemarchers in perfect seriousness and good faith. We know the people well, and understand their life; we need no prompting to divine the jar between the old humdrum practitioners and Lydgate with his modern science. To be told that the humdrum practitioner is named Wrench or Filgrave is like receiving a slap in the face. We are rudely awakened, the illusion of reality is brusquely dispelled. The names are so glaringly made up; it is too unnatural to find these names crying in the wilderness, preparing in the medical desert of Middlemarch a highway for a truer science. Where the aim is to produce by art an illusion of every-day reality, where the artist desires to keep himself and his artistic scaffolding entirely out of sight, or only presents himself for the purpose of commenting on people and things which are supposed to exist independently of him, then the flinging in the reader's face of palpably manufactured names is the unpardonable sin of art, inconsistency. It is not to be pleaded that names of this kind do actually occur in real life, sometimes with startling appropriateness. That truth is stranger than fiction, it has been said, is but another way of saying that fiction may not

dare to be so strange as truth. And the cleverest disciples of perhaps the greatest master of legitimate naturalism in fiction have recently admitted that the realists should rather call themselves illusionists, and must abstain from reproducing what is startling in reality. In George Eliot's case the explanation would seem to be, that she adopted significant names just for the smallest parts, to serve instead of the long description which they would not bear; just as at the end of the list of *dramatis personæ*, instead of "servings-men," "sheriff's officers," or a more unsavory retinue, the playwright sometimes puts "Fang, Snare, sheriff's officers." But, however legitimate for the playwrights, it is a practice really inadmissible in works like "Middlemarch" or Trollope's novels. There, small as the point is, it is a flaw. It makes the art obtrusive just where it should remain concealed; it wakes the reader's suspicious criticism, just where such criticism should be lulled to sleep. It is a reappearance in the least naïve of the arts of those scrolls, which issue so naïvely out of the mouths of the personages in old pictures.

It is not difficult to see with how much more of natural ease Dickens can introduce his Jingles and Veneerings. The art of Dickens is often the art of caricature, often it is the art of farce. His world is a grotesque, pathetic, lurid, ludicrous world of his own. He has brought together a teeming population of quacks and mountebanks, and waifs and strays, and monstrosities, for whom his most extravagant names are accepted as the only natural and proper ones. Another reason, no doubt, that many of his names fit the people with such convincing exactitude is simply that the people themselves have as little of a third dimension as the names. In his wonderful art Dickens found room for characters that are hardly characters at all—not men and women, that is to say, but rather phantasms, admirably suited to heighten the effect of his *mise-en-scène*; phantasms that crack their finger-joints like Newman Noggs, or play some other pantomime which will add just the ghastly, or droll, or *bizarre* tone which he needs for his effect.

But what shall we say of Thackeray and his Deuceaces and Bareacres and the rest? Thackeray is verily as great a realist as a great artist can be. He prides himself on

presenting life as it is, unseasoned by the hot spices of artificial romance. Nay, he employs devices to entrap the credulity of the reader—the device, for example, of making Arthur Pendennis, whom we know independently, tell the story of his young friend Clive Newcome, and the noble meek-hearted gentleman with whom he had seen the boy at the Cave of Harmony. Yes, Thackeray is a great realist, if ever there was one. His characters are no decorative figments to amuse our fancy. They have become some of the men and women we know best, personal friends or foes of our own. It consoles us for living in these late days of a reformed Parliament, that we have lived late enough to have known Colonel Newcome. They were no tears of unreal sentiment that we wept over his martyrdom; it was a very genuine itch we felt to kick Barnes. In Thackeray's case the justification of the artificial names, if it be right to speak of justification, lies in this, that with all the solid reality of the life portrayed, we are never allowed to lose sight of the author and his art in portraiture. He is ever at

hand to underline the snobbery or laugh off the pathos. There is a strong strain of the satirist in him, and satire is akin to allegory; there is even a strain of the caricaturist ready to emerge in the midst of his noblest art. He is especially fond of putting on the airs and graces of the showman. His preface to "Vanity Fair" is headed, "Before the Curtain;" and this great novel of real life concludes with "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." And we accept Thackeray's showman's humor. He chooses to treat a character as a puppet and call it Deuceace—that is his whim; we know the man, and believe in him none the less. We are not to be taken in with the made-up name. "The famous little Becky puppet," he wrote, "has been pronounced to be uncommonly flexible in the joints and lively on the wire." No: for my part, I cannot allow Thackeray himself to treat Mrs. Rawdon Crawley as a mere puppet; and that, I think, is why I resent her artificial maiden name.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

BY GERALD MORIARTY.

"Après une longue guerre,
L'enfant aîlé de Cythère
Voulut en donnant la paix
Venir à Vienne au congrès,
Il convoque en diligence
Les dieux qu'on put réunir,
Et par une contredanse
On vit le congrès s'ouvrir!"

THE graceful lines with which the Prince de Ligne welcomed the opening of the congress of 1814 well express the nature and spirit of that assembly. It was not merely a convention for the settlement of certain political questions. It was rather a grand united display of exultation on the part of the old European dynasties at the downfall of Napoleon; a kind of saturnalia in which the votaries of reaction met together to celebrate their return to power. The Congress of Vienna therefore surpassed all previous international gatherings, not only in the rank and number of its members, but in the gayety and splendor that attended their deliberations. There were present the Emperors of Aus-

tria and Russia; the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Bavaria, and Württemberg; fifteen other sovereigns and six mediatized princes from the smaller States of Germany. All the other European States, save Turkey, which took no part in the congress, were represented by their most eminent statesmen. Among the non-royal visitors were the two most celebrated diplomatists of the time, Talleyrand and Metternich; Pozzo di Borgo, the bitterest of Napoleon's enemies, so well known later on as Russian ambassador at Paris; Capo d'Istria, subsequently President of Greece; and the great and good man, whose work has had such an influence on the history of Germany, Karl von Stein. But the above list conveys little idea of the galaxy of rank and talent then assembled at Vienna. Nearly all the sovereigns and statesmen present were accompanied by their wives, families, and official suites; and it was to the presence of these latter that the social brilliancy of the congress was mainly due.

As entertainer in-chief to the distinguished crowd, the Emperor of Austria first demands a brief notice. There was little in the appearance of Francis to arouse interest or inspire loyalty. In figure he was small and spare with stooping shoulders; his face was very long, with shrunken features and cold blue eyes surmounted by a narrow forehead. His expression, which never changed, was one of listless indifference. The man's nature was too dull, his consciousness of rank too ever present to allow disaster or success to draw from him a sign of emotion. Francis had been badly educated, and his intellectual capacities were very low. He took no interest in the work of government or the details of policy. Of art, literature, philosophy, he knew nothing. Admirers have fondly recounted how this lord of many nations spent his leisure time in making varnished boxes and bird-cages. He liked mechanical toys, and in his model of a feudal castle at Laxenburg were dummy sentinels and dungeons, the mimic prisoners in which wrung their hands and groaned by clock-work. He was fond of gardening, and would work for hours at favorite flower beds; and he had some slight practical knowledge of natural history. His one political idea was a fanatical belief in the virtues of absolute monarchy. "The people," he used to say, "I know nothing of the people, I only know of subjects!" Lenient in other cases, he never pardoned a political offender. But, though the whole policy of the Austrian Government during his reign was one of blind repression, there was nothing in the manner of Francis that bespoke the tyrant. With the cunning that frequently marks very dull men, in his relations with his people he affected the extremes of simplicity and good nature. One day in every week he received private petitions from any of his lieges who chose to present themselves. He talked to them familiarly about their private affairs, instructed one how to deal with a scapegrace son, advised another about the marriage of a flighty daughter. This sham geniality gained its object to the full. The Austrian nobility, intellectually the most backward class in Europe,*

looked on their Emperor as a true chip of the old Hapsburg block; and the unthinking multitude vociferously saluted him with the title of Father Francis. He preserved his indifferent attitude through all the excitement of the congress. Metternich could be trusted to do his best for the Austrian interests; and Francis contented himself with acting the part of a figure-head, a sort of incarnation of patriarchal virtue, before which all men might bow down in grateful adoration.

Very different to Francis was the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I. The tall, strong figure; the broad, handsome face; the kindly, smiling eyes made up a personality as charming as it was noble. In social intercourse Alexander's manners were perfection.

"The Emperor Alexander," says a contemporary observer, Count Lagarde, "was adored by those who enjoyed the honor of his intimacy; and the simplicity of his manners, together with his easy politeness and gallantry, won all hearts in Vienna."

It is to be feared that Alexander's personal graces were more to be commended than his political character. On his accession men had hailed him as a knight-errant; before he had been long on the throne they had learned to revile him as a Greek of the Lower Empire.

"Alexander's assistance," wrote the Prussian Gneisenau after the treaty of Tilsit, "is as ruinous to the country he affects to protect, as the attack of the enemy, and he winds up by sharing in the spoil taken from his unfortunate ally."

In fact, the Muscovite Bayard was quite ready to break the most solemn engagements if his own advantage could be thereby secured. Moreover, though he on certain occasions showed a bias toward generosity and enlightenment, this was only in cases where his own interests were not concerned. On the entry of the allies into Paris in 1814 he restrained the fury

considering his wealth, his want of a career of honorable ambition, and his dignity, which enables him to trample with impunity upon those decencies which are held indispensable in a better regulated society." The women, says Lord Dudley, were very superior to the men. "Prince Metternich's daughter, who was a year or two ago married to Count Esterhazy, very properly began his education by destroying his numerous and valuable collection of tobacco pipes and by teaching him to read."

* See, among other witnesses to this effect, Lord Dudley's "Letters to the Bishop of Llandaff." "A great nobleman here (at Vienna) is in general a dull, ill-informed, and very debauched person, which is all natural enough,

of Blücher and compelled Louis XVIII. to grant a liberal constitution to his subjects. But he never introduced any reforms into his own dominions, and his foreign policy was one of consistent aggression. At the congress Alexander, to the secret amusement of those who had found him out, tried hard to maintain his favorite character of protector of the oppressed. The German patriot Stein and the Greek patriot Hyspilanti were both to be counted among his intimates. Noticing also that Eugène Beauharnais, ex-vice-roy of Italy, stepson of Napoleon, was rather coldly received at Vienna, he specially attached himself to that person, rode with him in public and singled him out for conversation at dinners or receptions.

Alexander came to Vienna with the Russian Empress Elizabeth, the Grand Duke Constantine and the Grand Duchesses Maria and Catherine; he was attended by an enormous suite and a full military staff of nine generals and a host of minor officers. He plunged with delight into all the amusements of the congress. To the ladies especially he paid great attention. They with one accord dubbed him "The handsome Emperor," in return for which compliment he drew up an amusing list of the reigning branches of the congress. "La beauté coquette" was represented by Caroline Szechenyi; "la beauté triviale," by Sophie Zichy; "la beauté étonnante," by Rosina Esterhazy; "la beauté céleste," by Julie Zichy; "la beauté du diable," Countess Sauerma; and "la beauté qui inspire seule du vrai sentiment," by Gabriella Auersperg.

The third great European sovereign present at Vienna was Frederick William, King of Prussia. A simple-minded, peace-loving, conscientious man, he had the misfortune to be born in an age in which his good qualities could only prove his ruin. Married when young to the beautiful Louise of Mecklenburg Strelitz, for the first nine years of his reign he had lived a life of ideal happiness. The young king and his lovely wife, we are told, used to spend the most delightful days together reading sentimental novels. Embowered in a romantic paradise, intrigue and war had no attraction for Frederick William. Once when the Tsar Paul pressed him very hard to join a coalition against France he quite lost his temper. "I will be and will remain neutral," he said; "and if

Paul compels me to go to war, it shall be only against himself." But the doom came in 1806, and with the disaster of Jena the glory of Prussia seemed departed forever. Frederick William had to fly from Berlin and take up his residence at Königsberg for three gloomy years. But the worst was still to come. In 1809 his beloved Louise, whose pure bright figure shines like a star through that age of brutal force and barefaced selfishness, was taken from him; and in spite of the great change subsequent events made in his political fortunes there was a shadow on his life for all time. A tall, grave figure with a solemn face rarely lightening with a smile, he was out of place amid the gayeties of the congress. Men of the world made cruel sport of his attempts at sociability. "The King of Prussia's disposition," says the satirical Nostitz, "is rather tender and sensitive, and he shows a very romantic feeling for Julie Zichy. The lady now knows by heart in what manner the troops are drawn up on parade at Potsdam, how the Prussian army was formerly dressed, and how it is dressed at present; in return for which she regales her royal admirer with sublimity and religion. These conversations often last whole evenings, in confidential but apparently very gloomy *tête à-têtes*."

Of the other monarchs present little need be said. The King of Denmark, the wit of the congress, was a small pale man, with fair hair and aquiline features. His cheerful manners and amusing conversation made him a universal favorite. The elderly King of Bavaria, of heavy build, with a dull, surly face, looked like a stout German farmer. The King of Würtemberg made up for the smallness of his dominions by the colossal bulk of his person. His stay at Vienna was cut short owing to an unfortunate incident. So enormous was his development that in all the dining-tables at home he had a semi-circular space cut out, to enable him to sit down to his meals with comfort. It seems that no preparation had been made for him in the Austrian court dinner-tables. One night a great banquet was given to which he was invited. In the course of the meal some remark was made which the king construed as a slight on himself. Wild with rage he jumped up with such suddenness that the table, caught by his protuberant bulk, was over-

turned, and all the dishes, plate, glass and decorations were hurled upon the floor with a fearful crash. His majesty fled from the room pursued by shouts of laughter, and left Vienna that very night.

All the royal personages, with their families and most important officials, were lodged in the Imperial palace. Francis also provided each of his guests with a superb state carriage, drawn by from two to eight horses, according to the rank of the visitor. No less than three hundred of these equipages, painted green and richly decorated with gold or silver designs, had been specially built for the occasion. To every carriage were attached outriders, guards of honor, and the necessary servants.

The native nobility, the foreign ambassadors, and the leaders of the financial world vied with one another in the splendor of their receptions. At an entertainment given by the Jewish banker, Baron Arnstein, in the middle of winter, the reception rooms were lined with fruit trees, specially imported for the occasion from the most distant countries, so that the guests might pluck their dessert from the branches. Every kind of amusement was devised to enliven the monotony of these entertainments. *Tableaux vivants* were very popular. Isabey, attached as court painter to the French legation, gave his advice regarding the details of costume and the disposal of light and shade. Another form of recreation much in vogue was the charade. A ludicrous description of one of these is given by Dr. Bright, an independent visitor to Vienna during the congress. "The word which was determined on was 'jumeaux.' Some of the actors, coming from their retirement, began to squeeze a lemon into a glass, calling the attention of the company very particularly to it by their action, thus representing the syllable 'ju.' Others came forward imitating the various maladies and misfortunes of life, thus acting the syllable 'meaux.' Then, finally, tottered forward into the circle an Italian duke and a Prussian general, neither less than six feet in height, dressed in sheets and leading strings, a fine bouncing emblem of *jumeaux*!" Gambling, though not pursued with such frenzy as in the decade immediately preceding the French Revolution, was still a very prominent

feature in social life; and there was a great deal of it at the congress.

But the chief amusement of the great world, the chief business of the congress, was dancing. People danced on every occasion and at every place. Every court dinner, concert or reception ended with a ball. Private balls, both plain and fancy dress, took place every night. On these occasions the monarchs themselves danced, not in the luxurious waltz, which would have been too familiar, but in more slow and stately measures, such as the polonaise. It became the fashion also for the most exalted personages to patronize the great public balls given in the Apollo Saal, and attended sometimes by 10,000 persons. No wonder serious people looked grave, and when they thought of the utter stagnation of public business in the midst of all this revelry, murmured with the Prince de Ligne: "Le congrès danse, mais il ne marche pas."

Owing to the season of the year, open-air fêtes rarely took place. On the 18th of October, however, the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, a great banquet was given in the Prater to 16,000 soldiers. The Emperor Francis presided at a special table and proposed three toasts, "the Visitors," "the Generals," and "the Allied Armies." Each toast was accompanied by salvoes of cannon and tremendous cheering from an immense crowd of spectators. Occasionally the whole court drove out on sledges to the emperor's villa at Laxenburg. The sledges, many of them carved into fantastic shapes, were drawn by richly caparisoned steeds, their heads surmounted by nodding plumes. They were preceded by a band of music and escorted by the emperor's guards. At nightfall the whole party returned in similar state by torchlight, the procession being much appreciated by the loyal Viennese. Great court battues also took place on the neighboring imperial estates. These, however, were very tame affairs. The members of the imperial family and a few exalted guests sat in a semicircle with attendants behind them to load their guns. The game, which mainly consisted of hares, rabbits, foxes, and occasionally a wild boar, was then driven in front of them. The general body of spectators sat on a platform behind the shooting party to applaud their prowess. The ladies of

the imperial family always took part in the battues, the empress's skill with her gun being very remarkable.

All the chroniclers of the time are full of a wonderful entertainment—"the most extraordinary spectacle ever witnessed in modern times," a friend of Lagarde called it—styled a "carrousel," which took place in the beginning of December. It was a sort of assault-at-arms held in the imperial riding-school. The number of spectators was limited to a thousand, all specially invited by the court. The seats at one end of the building were reserved for the royalties. Those at the other, for the patronesses of the fête, twenty-four young ladies of the highest families in Vienna, chosen specially for their beauty. They were divided into four companies, distinguished by the color of their mantles, one being black, a second scarlet, a third crimson, and a fourth blue. The competitors, attired in antique Spanish dress, were similarly divided into corresponding bands. The main body of spectators consisted of the chief members of the Austrian aristocracy and the *corps diplomatique*. Among those who attracted most attention were Prince Esterhazy, in a hussar uniform entirely embroidered with the finest pearls and diamonds, valued at four million florins; and Lady Castlereagh, tremendous as usual in tawdry finery, but specially conspicuous on this occasion with her husband's Order of the Garter worn as an ornament in her hair. The entertainment resembled the military tournaments of our own day, and consisted of tent-pegging, lemon-slicing, and riding at the ring. It concluded with a quadrille on horseback, in which all the competitors took part, accompanied by their squires. Every one then proceeded to the palace, where a great banquet and ball took place.

Besides those officially concerned therein, the congress attracted crowds of visitors from every country. Vienna during the winter of 1814 became a sort of *rendezvous* for the European aristocracy. They thronged to the Austrian capital, partly to share in the gayeties of the congress, partly to congratulate one another that the bad times were over at last. Owing to the extraordinary changes of the last twenty-five years, friends who had been separated for many a long day were now able to meet again and talk over their vicissitudes. Some who at the beginning

of the period had been wealthy French nobles were now penniless adventurers, earning a precarious living as underlings in the service of some foreign state. Others, especially military men, had prospered beyond their wildest dreams. General Tettenborn, of the Russian staff, was an example of the latter. In 1809, after the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise, he had been sent to the Austrian embassy in Paris as military attaché. "I need not enter into any detail of the gay life I led in Paris," said he in a *naïf* confession to Lagarde, "France was then in the zenith of her prosperity and glory, and the Austrian embassy enjoyed the marked favor of the court. Amid the universal revelry, I unfortunately neglected to balance my expenditure with my receipts. My creditors became impatient, and I soon found that the only means of extricating myself was to quit the scene of temptation." However, this proved to be the beginning of greatness. Tettenborn returned for a time to his regiment, then stationed in an Austrian village, where life was very dull. When therefore war broke out between France and Russia, the young soldier, like a true condottiere, offered his sword to the Tsar. He distinguished himself greatly in the campaign of Moscow. His first stroke of luck was the capture of Napoleon's military chest, "a considerable part of its contents falling to his lot by way of reward." He was given the command of Hamburg after the expulsion of Davoust; and so high was the value set on his services that at the end of the war he was raised to the rank of general, and received an estate in Westphalia valued at 40,000 florins a year. It is pleasant to notice that Tettenborn's first act on coming into his good fortune was to pay his creditors in Paris to the full.

Few of those present at Vienna had gone through such a strange career as the Countess Rosalie Rezewoffski. Her mother, Princess Lubomirski, had at the time of the French Revolution been resident in Paris. Rashly remaining there during the Reign of Terror, she had been arrested as a spy and placed in the Conciergerie. After a hasty trial she was condemned and executed, leaving behind her, alone in the French metropolis, a daughter, Rosalie, aged five. The orphan found a protectress in the kind-hearted Citoyenne Bertot, the prison laundress.

At last peace came in 1801. Numerous foreign visitors began to appear at Paris, and among them was Count Rezewoffski, brother of Princess Lubomirski, eager to discover the secret of his sister's fate. He obtained full information as to her arrest, imprisonment, and execution. But the authorities of the Conciergerie had lost sight of Madame Bertot, and he was unable to discover the slightest trace of his niece Rosalie. One morning, however, while crossing the courtyard of his hotel, he met a young girl carrying a basket of linen. She bore such a striking resemblance to his dead sister that the count was amazed. He hurriedly demanded her name, and was delighted to receive the hoped-for answer—Rosalie. He then accompanied her to the dwelling of the Bertots, where he thanked the astonished laundress for her kindness to his niece. On returning to Poland with Rosalie, he took Madame Bertot and her children with him. The boys were educated at Wilna at his expense and received commissions in the Polish army. The girls, richly dowered by the count, were wedded to Polish gentlemen. Rosalie herself, on coming to years of discretion, married her cousin, the younger Count Rezewoffski.

Perhaps the most significant examples of capricious fortune were to be found in the ex-empress of the French, Marie Louise, and her little son, the young Napoleon, or, as he was styled in Vienna, the Prince of Parma. Having placed herself under the protection of her father after Napoleon's abdication, Marie Louise had come to Vienna with her child. She lived very quietly in the suburbs, at Schönbrunn, and took no part in the festivities of the congress. Marie Louise had inherited her father's cold heart and apathetic mind. She seemed in no way upset by the sudden change in her position, and was quite content to sit at home playing duets with Baron Neipperg, with whom she subsequently contracted a morganatic marriage. Her little son was naturally an object of intense interest. Visitors to the congress crowded to Schönbrunn to see him. He was a lovely child, with fair complexion, and silky golden hair falling in curls upon his shoulders, and charmed everybody by his gentle ways and artless prattle.

One of the best-known characters in Vienna at this time was Field-Marshal the

Prince de Ligne. Born in 1735, of an old and wealthy Belgian family, Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligne, had entered the Austrian army in 1752. He served with great credit through the Seven Years' War, and was made a major-general at the coronation of Joseph II. in 1780. He then entered the Russian service, and held a command at the storming of Oczakoff in 1788. He was a great favorite with the Tsarina, Catherine II., and accompanied her in her celebrated journey through the Crimea. In 1789 he resumed his duties in the Austrian army. He received the rank of field-marshal in 1808, and was also colonel of the regiment of Trabans. The Prince de Ligne was one of those persons who, though of independent character, have a natural genius for winning the esteem of sovereigns. A great traveller, he was equally welcome at Versailles, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. To a noble bearing and unsullied reputation he added the possession of great literary abilities. His *mélanges littéraires* are as conspicuous for extent of knowledge as for perfection of style. According to Madame de Staël, he is the only foreigner who has ever become a model to French writers in their own language. Though in his eightieth year, he was still remarkable for his fondness for society. He assiduously attended all the festivities of the congress, and was much in request owing to his knowledge of the world, and his skill as a *raconteur*. He loved the companionship of young men, and used to give them much advice, of the kind that would now be termed *fin de siècle*. "Enjoy your youth while it lasts," he used to tell them, "and adopt as your maxim, carelessness till twenty-five, gayety till forty, and philosophy to the end of life."

In the beginning of December, while the congress was still in full swing, he caught a chill which confined him to his room. Erysipelas set in, and the doctors were compelled to inform him that his time was come. The Prince de Ligne received the dread summons as gayly as he would have accepted an invitation to a dance or a challenge to a duel. "No one will be sorry," he remarked, "to relieve the monotony of pleasure by the funeral of a field-marshal." He drew up a dissertation in which fourteen reasons were given for not fearing death. He spoke approvingly of Petronius Arbitrator who,

"wishing that his death should be as voluptuous as his life, commanded soft music to be played, and fine poetry to be recited to him in his last moments;" and died on December 13th in the arms of his friends. His obsequies were celebrated with full military state, and in spite of the sincere regret felt for him, his kindness in providing society with so imposing a spectacle at that identical time was universally acknowledged.

As might have been expected, the list of visitors to Vienna included many persons whose social position and private character were not quite faultless. So brilliant a reunion of rank and wealth afforded a rich hunting-ground for adventurers of every kind.

The most singular of these was a certain George Aide, "ex-prince of Mount Lebanon." He was the son of an Armenian merchant, settled at Constantinople. The latter, in return for a rich donation to the Catholic monastery of Mount Lebanon, had received from the Pope the Order of the Golden Spur. He sent his son George to Vienna to study European languages and perfect himself in the details of commerce. But these possessed little attraction for the young man's aspiring mind. Nature had intended him to shine in the great world, and he was resolved to obey its promptings. Soon, therefore, after his arrival at Vienna, he assumed the title of Prince of Mount Lebanon; and by dint of a handsome face and figure, a fixed air of calm assurance, and an extraordinary promptness to avenge the slightest insult by an appeal to arms, he at length obtained a footing in Austrian society. After some time he received a summons home. On arriving at Constantinople he explained to his father the absolute impossibility of his ever settling down to a commercial life, and obtained leave to travel. He first visited Palermo, where he made friends with the Hon. Frederick North, son of the Earl of Guildford. From Sicily, armed with letters of introduction to various members of the English aristocracy, he passed to London. He there obtained a great reputation as a leader of fashion. At last his father refused any longer to answer his inordinate demands for money, and the Prince of Mount Lebanon found himself compelled, like Napoleon after the burning of Moscow, to beat a retreat. His genius naturally led him to Vienna,

where the congress was now in full swing. He here met an old friend, Mr. Merry, who introduced him to the English ambassador, Lord Castlereagh, with whom he became very intimate. He had by now dropped his title of prince, but by the exercise of his old arts still retained his position in society. There were few functions of the congress in which he did not take a prominent share. But he was coldly received, except at the English Embassy, and the Prince de Ligne, when introducing him to Madame de Stael, slyly whispered: "Je vous présente un homme qui n'est pas présentable." George Aide returned to England after the congress and married an heiress, Miss Collier. After his marriage he went to Paris, where he was shot in a duel, caused solely by his own rudeness, by a M. de Bombelles.

It would be impossible within the limits of a single short essay to recount even the names of all the striking characters whom Vienna gathered within its walls during the winter of 1814. It remains to say a few words about the political work of the congress. To one fresh from the heroism and bloodshed of Leipzig, the transition to the tinsel glories of Vienna is like the farce succeeding the tragedy. "Never," says Lagarde, "had such important and complicated interests been discussed amid so much gayety and dissipation." The universal frivolity penetrated to the political deliberations of the congress. Called on to settle the affairs of Europe after a period of unprecedented upheaval, the assembled statesmen knew of no modes of action save intrigue and chicanery, of no political ideal save the equilibrium of dynastic interests. As time passed on, and the diplomatic wrangle grew worse and worse, people began to wonder for what purpose the congress had met at all.

"All the base passions," wrote Stein to his wife, "seem to be unchained to destroy our hopes and throw us back into new complications. . . . It is now the time of littlenesses and mediocrities; they all turn up again, and reoccupy their old place, and those men who have risked their all are forgotten and neglected."

For this state of things no one was more responsible than Prince Metternich. That light-hearted genius had received the post of Austrian States-Chancellor (prime-minister) in 1810. Possessed of a graceful figure, a winning address, and a pair

of fascinating blue eyes, Metternich was in his youth the very model of a gay Lothario. He laid the foundation of his greatness by a marriage with the unlovely daughter of the all-powerful Kaunitz, in 1795. At Dresden, whither he was sent as Austrian Envoy in 1801, he surpassed all his competitors in gallantry. As Austrian Ambassador at Paris in 1806 he won the heart of Caroline Murat. At a time when politics and society were synonymous, the recommendations of his fair admirers greatly contributed to his advancement. But he also possessed an acuteness, vivacity and perseverance which, in the actual dearth of all first-class statesmen, amply justified his appointment to the highest post in the Austrian Empire. Metternich always held that in public affairs the only thing to be dreaded was failure. He disliked men of solid attainments. Zeal, patriotism, public spirit, were to him things to be sedulously avoided, save as means to an end. Metternich did not possess the constructive talents of Kaunitz. He had no sympathy with the generous ideals of Count Philip Stadion. But he was never capable of the colossal cynicism of his successor, Prince Felix Schwarzenburg; and in the attainment of a definite purpose by purely diplomatic methods he has never been surpassed. Metternich never had any real antipathy to France, with which he wished Austria to be allied, as a counterpoise to Russia. He therefore strongly supported the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise. His policy after the defeat of Napoleon in Russia, in its superb selfishness, its indifference to all side issues, and its masterly use of Napoleon's own errors, is a triumph of diplomatic genius. Now that the war was over, Metternich's position was assured. To his subtle mind the confusion of the congress was a matter of congratulation. Delighting in mystification and *finesse*, he loved to steer his way through its shoals and eddies, and found in the universal jealousy and distrust a fit field for the exercise of his skill.

From an artistic point of view it is to be regretted that the political exigencies of the congress placed Talleyrand on his side. A passage at arms between these two great adversaries would have been of surpassing interest. In spite of his long service under the Empire, Talleyrand's offers had been readily accepted by Louis

XVIII. There was something unearthly in the ex-bishop's glassy stare and sardonic humor. "Talleyrand will never die," Pozzo di Borgo used to say, "*parceque le diable en a peur*." Good Miss Berry drew her virtuous skirts close together when she met him.

"Talleyrand! Could you see him!" she writes in her diary. "Such a mass of moral and physical corruption as he appears in my eyes, inspires me with sentiments so far from those with which I look up to great minds and great exertions, that I should be very sorry to be obliged to express what I feel about him."

The Allied Powers had hoped to completely exclude France from the most important deliberations. But Talleyrand soon forced them to acknowledge her as an equal. The course of events increased his influence. The King of Saxony, in return for his alliance with Napoleon, had in 1807 received the Polish provinces of Prussia under the designation of the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw. In 1809 he had received a further accession of territory at the cost of Austrian Galicia. It was now proposed by Russia and Prussia that he should be punished by being deprived of his dominions; Saxony going to Prussia, the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw to the Tsar. This scheme was resolutely opposed by Metternich, who gained the support of the English Ministers. Talleyrand was delighted at the discord in the allied camp. He secretly inflamed the growing animosity which would naturally result in making France the arbiter of Europe. When the division was complete, he threw in his lot with Austria and England. But he did more than offer them material aid; he gave them a war-cry. Stein had passionately demanded the confiscation of Saxony as a retribution for her king's gross treason to the German nation. Talleyrand now declared that the French Revolution had inaugurated a struggle between Legitimacy and Jacobinism. The defeat of the Revolution in the person of Napoleon implied the triumph of Legitimacy. To rob a lawful king of his dominions therefore would be a fatal return to revolutionary principles. It is characteristic of the congress that Talleyrand's theory was only applied to cases where his special interests were concerned. The unhappy heir of Gustavus IV. vainly demanded his help toward restoring him to the throne of Sweden. But Bernadotte's

treachery toward Napoleon had been of too great service to the Bourbons to be overlooked; and the lucky French marshal was left in undisturbed enjoyment of his thirty pieces of silver.

The interest of the congress soon began to centre round the question of Saxony. Long and furious were the conferences between Metternich and the Tsar. Alexander, impatient of opposition, told everybody that the Austrian Minister was a miserable red-tapeist. He sneered at him in public, and exclaimed quite loud one day, in his hearing, "I despise a man who does not wear a uniform!" The English and Austrian Governments, with the assistance of Talleyrand, drew up a secret treaty, by which they bound themselves to go to war against Russia and Prussia, unless the two latter abated their demands. The treaty was sent to Paris for the French king's consideration. Suddenly, in March, 1815, Napoleon returned to France. Louis XVIII. had to post off to Belgium in such desperate hurry that he left the treaty behind him at the Tuileries. Napoleon, hoping to still further increase the dissension among the allies, gave it to the Russian envoy in Paris, who forwarded it to Vienna. Great was the astonishment of Alexander when he discovered that the hospitable Francis had for the past few weeks been making careful preparations for war against him. He immediately sent for Metternich, and confronted him with his handiwork. The

versatile States-Chancellor, for once in his life, was dumbfounded. But it would have been madness to quarrel when Napoleon was about to burst into Belgium at the head of 120,000 men. Alexander threw the treaty into the fire, promised never to refer to the subject again, and extended his hand to the exposed plotter in an affecting but hypocritical reconciliation. It is, however, almost certain that the return of Napoleon only prevented the congress ending in a general European war. The diplomatists were now compelled to conclude their differences. In June, 1815, Napoleon was finally crushed at Waterloo. In September the Holy Alliance was formed between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The last touches were given to the new map of Europe, and the golden age, as Alexander fondly deemed it, at last began.

Of the settlement made by the congress of Vienna not a vestige remains. From the cataclysm of the last twenty-five years the sovereigns and statesmen who met together in the winter of 1814 had learned nothing. The apostles of reaction, their object, so far as any object shines through the gloom of mutual distrust, was to restore the old state of things, and establish guarantees for its continuance. The Revolutionary Epoch had seen the birth of two great ideals, liberty and nationality. A system which affected to ignore them both contained within itself the seeds of its own ruin.—*Temple Bar*.

FRANCESCA'S REVENGE.

BY KATHLEEN LYTTELTON.

Who is there who has not felt the charm, after a day's sight-seeing in some foreign town, of going out of the glare and heat of the streets into the dimness and quiet of one of the old churches? For my own part, as a persistent sight-seer and visitor of churches, I have often been tempted, when there resting, to secure a further retreat from publicity in one of the dark little confessionals which line the walls. There is a strange attraction about them, partly because they are so cool and quiet, partly because of the experiences, the tragedies, the penitence which those brown wooden walls have listened to. But

the only time I gave way to the temptation I was punished for my indiscretion in a way which I can never forget, and was called upon to solve a problem in casuistry which might have taxed the skill of the experienced confessor whose place I had usurped.

I was travelling in Italy, and had come to Florence, meaning to remain only for a few days. The fascination of the place, however, which I had known well in years past, held me strongly, and the days grew into weeks. It was winter when I came, but now the spring was at hand, and the wonderful bloom of flowers was begin-

ning. One day, tired with roaming about, I had wandered into a church to rest. It was not one of the great show churches, sketched by artists and visited by tourists, but a little quiet building in a narrow back street, with nothing of much note in it except a beautiful tomb by Mino da Fiesole, on which my eyes were wont to rest with pleasure. I went close up to it, expecting to find a bench on which I could sit for a little while, but the church was being cleaned or prepared for some function, and the benches had all been moved and put aside in corners. I looked round for a chair, but none was to be seen, and at last I quietly opened the door of a confessional and sat down there, meaning to remain for a moment only. But I had walked far, the air was warm and relaxing, and the church dark, and I fell asleep. I know not how long I had slept, but suddenly I was aroused quickly and fully. It was no dream. I heard a voice close to me saying, "Father, I have forged letters which will ruin a woman's life!" Then a pause. I looked through the grating at the side of the confessional, and I could distinguish a woman's form kneeling there. She seemed to be waiting for something—the priest's response, no doubt—for she was silent for a moment, but afterward she began, "Father, hear me." I stepped hastily from the confessional out into the church. My movement surprised her, for she looked round, and then, on seeing me, started up. We looked at one another; there was no one but ourselves in the church. For a moment her anxiety as to what I might have heard, and my remorse at having thus surprised a secret, kept us silent. Then I said, "I am sorry, I am very sorry; there was no chair. I fell asleep. Will you forgive me?"

She looked at me, and there was an expression of pathos and terror in her eyes which drew me to her. "Did the Signora hear?" she asked.

"Oh, forgive me," I answered—and I put my hand on her arm—"forgive me; yes, I heard—something. I think I ought to tell you."

"What did the Signora hear?" she asked, still with the same curious calm.

I was becoming much interested. The woman's unusual behavior, and her look of misery, showed me that something more than a common confession must have been intended. I said, "I am afraid I heard

that you had committed a crime—a crime against another woman."

"Ah, you call it a crime! Then it must be—it must be—and I am guilty!" And she flung herself down in an agony of prayer and tears on the steps of an altar which stood close by.

I waited for a moment, then went to her and said, "Let me help you. You thought you would find a priest; I am not a priest, but I am a woman. Is there not something I can do? Tell me."

She raised herself and looked at me. "The Signora is good, I think; but . . . I am in great trouble and great difficulty. I thought I should find Father Girolamo. He is not here; I fear he may be ill. I heard something of it. And I must see some one, and ask for help."

"Then let me help you," I said, as gently as I could. "I will consider all you tell me as the deepest secret. I will say nothing, I promise. Come with me, and tell me what it is that troubles you."

The woman looked at me fixedly, then rose from her knees. "Yes, I will come," she said, simply. "I think the Holy Mother has sent you to me. I prayed so hard to her to send me help before I came here. I see that you are good; your eyes are kind; I will tell you my trouble."

Her voice trembled, and as she bent down to kiss my hand, a tear fell on to it. I drew her with me from the church, and in a few moments we were in my apartment. She followed me quite quietly, and expressed neither doubt nor hesitation. Evidently she had made up her mind to trust me with her difficulties, whatever they were. She was a small slender woman, with curly dark-brown hair, and large lustrous eyes;—not exactly pretty, but with a very refined face, a look and expression which told of a nature noble and generous, if also passionate and proud. I said, "I am going to ask you to tell me your story from beginning to end, and let me try to help you."

"I will tell you all, Signora, from the beginning, but it is a long story. Will you have patience?"

"Yes, I want to hear it all; tell me."

So she began, and this is her story.

Francesca was at this time about twenty-three years of age. Three years before she had married Andrea Vivaldi, a book-binder by trade, and they lived together very happily. Andrea's employment

brought him in a comfortable though small income, he had also a little money of his own, while Francesca was able to earn something by working at embroidery, for which she had a special talent. She had been well educated, and her marriage with Andrea had been considered hardly good enough for her. But she loved him passionately, and her choice had been justified, for they were looked upon by all their friends as models of married love and happiness. The only cloud on Francesca's sky was that Andrea had no religion. Francesca herself was a deeply religious woman, whose life was governed by her faith; but Andrea shared in the unbelief common in Italian towns at the present day, and always put aside good-humoredly, but firmly, her arguments and her efforts to induce him to attend Mass or to go to confession. He was rather wild too, and reckless sometimes, but she knew he was really good and upright; and she hoped and believed that in time, through his love for her, he might be brought to see things as she did. Meanwhile their love and happiness seemed sufficient for them both.

One day, some few months before I met her, she was surprised in her house by a violent knocking at the door. She hurried to open it, and found a small boy who had brought a note, written in Andrea's hand: "I am seriously wounded; come to me directly." She at once followed the boy, cross-questioning him on the way as to what had happened. He knew but little; he told her, however, that there had been some drinking, and a quarrel in a small, rather low wine-shop near the Porta Romana, and that her husband had been wounded—how badly he could not say. Francesca hurried through the streets, and on arriving at the wine-shop was met by the keeper of it, a low, cunning-looking man, who received her effusively and conducted her into the house. A police officer was standing in the room, where signs of the quarrel were everywhere apparent in the overturned tables and chairs, and pools of spilled wine. A man was lying on a bench with his head bandaged. Francesca approached him, thinking at first that he was Andrea; but the innkeeper laid a hand on her arm, saying, "This way; your husband is in here."

"Is the wound dangerous?" asked Francesca in a tremulous whisper.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It seems so," he said.

"But do they fear for his life?" she asked again.

"He is very bad; we have sent for a doctor, but—" and another expressive gesture followed.

"Has the doctor come? Does he give hope?"

"He does not," the man said slowly, his eyes cast down; "he says he is dying."

"Ah! Santa Maria, dying!" cried Francesca, pressing her hands to her heart. "Has a priest been sent for?" she continued eagerly.

"No, no priest; he said he would not see one, he wished only for you."

She rushed forward and entered the little squalid inner room. On a bed in the corner lay Andrea, and she saw at once that she had been told the truth, for his white drawn face and pinched look showed that the end could not be far off. She threw herself on her knees by his side.

"Andrea, what is this, how has it happened?" she said with a sob.

The dying man lifted his hand and let it rest on her shoulder. "Francesca, forgive me; I am dying; I have something to say to you before I die."

"Dying? Ah, no! it is impossible, Andrea. I cannot believe it."

"Dear, the doctor has told me that I cannot live above another hour. It is difficult to speak."

He paused for breath, and she moistened his lips with a cordial which stood in a glass close by. Then she laid her hand caressingly on his head—"Andrea, you will send for a priest?"

The dying man shook his head. "No; it is you I want, not a priest. I want to tell you something, to ask you to forgive me." The blood welled up to his lips, so that he had to stop once more. After a moment he went on. "Listen, Francesca, I have committed a sin against you, a great sin."

"Never mind, Andrea," she answered gently; "I do not want to know it now. I will forgive you; we have loved each other so well, let us think now of that alone."

"Perhaps you will not forgive when

you have heard what I must say," he answered, turning away his face. "Years ago, before I saw you, Francesca, I fell in love with Giovanna."

"Carlo's wife?"

"Yes, Carlo's wife. Her parents would not hear of the marriage. I was poor, and they made her marry Carlo. I was miserable, but then my uncle left me some money, and I saw you, and we married. I swear to you," and here he turned his eyes pleadingly toward her, "that for the first two years I never thought of Giovanna again. Then you went to Bologna to your mother when she died, and you were away several weeks. While you were away,"—he was speaking now with great difficulty,—"*Giovanna* and I met several times, and—and—I was unfaithful to you."

She was kneeling, her head bowed down on the bed, and only a little shiver now and then showed that she was listening. He went on: "I saw her often after that, and then you came home, and I refused to see her. She was angry and upbraided me, but I only met her again once. She wrote me letters, and I have kept some of them." The increasing difficulty of speech warned him to be brief. "There are three, in a secret drawer in my bureau; you will find them; press the spring at the back near the wall. Ah, forgive me! say that you forgive me."

She never raised her head, but said in a low voice, "I will destroy them if you wish it, Andrea."

"Yes, yes; but you must go now, at once," he said, "because the police will search the rooms. Some of the men I quarrelled with here are thieves in the town; the police will suspect I am one of them. It is not true; but they will search, and if they find the letters—"

"Ah, yes," she said, in a cold constrained tone; "we must not let this be known. I will go now, Andrea."

She moved as if to rise, but he caught her hand. "Say first that you have forgiven me."

"Yes, I forgive you," she replied, still in the same quiet voice. He sighed deeply, and his hand dropped on the bed. "Good-by," he said.

"Good-by, Andrea." She turned from him and went slowly to the door. He followed her with his eyes, but she

never looked round. The door opened, and she was gone.

Francesca left the room almost in a dream. As she passed out the landlord asked her how her husband was. She answered at random that he was much the same.

"Shall I send for a priest?" asked the man.

"If you like, but I do not think he will see him," she replied, and passed quickly out.

Francesca walked hastily on, and as she went her power of thought seemed to return to her. What was this horrible thing that she had heard? Her husband untrue to her—her husband whom she had loved with such single-minded devotion! And Giovanna too, who had been her friend, the wife of his best friend! It seemed an age since she had passed along these streets before; then she was anxious only; now she knew that all her fancied happiness had been a dream, that her idol was of commonest clay, that her trust had been shamefully abused. This was the truth, then, about their married life. It was the greatest failure—a thing for all to scoff at. And she had always been so proud of her happiness, her successful life. But at least every one need not know of her sorrow and her shame. The secret could be hidden; the letters could be destroyed; people should think that her husband was in truth what they all believed him to be. And then the thought flashed across her, What if she were too late,—if the police got there first? Supposing they found the letters, and it was discovered that the model couple, as the neighbors used to call them, were no better than the rest after all! The thought gave her wings; she hurried on along the narrow streets, over the bridge, and through the crowd which fills the piazzas and streets round the Palazzo Vecchio and the Duomo. It was a holiday, and loiterers were everywhere, impeding her progress, sometimes speaking to her. But she sped on, only just acknowledging their greeting, making her way steadily to her own home, hoping only to arrive in time. It was with a feeling of intense relief that she opened her door and went through into the bedroom where was Andrea's bureau. She knew it well, but had never suspected the secret drawer, for prying was far from

her nature, and her trust in Andrea had been complete. She pressed the lock as Andrea had told her to do, but no result followed. Suddenly the thought came to her, "Could the whole thing have been a figment of Andrea's brain—nothing but delicious raving?" It was like a ray of light in a dark room; but a moment's thought brought the certainty that there had been no trace of delirium or fever in his manner. She listened; there was a noise on the stairs; and this time, with renewed resolution, she bent herself to her task. She was successful. The spring was forced, and the drawer opened.

In it lay an envelope tied with silk. She took it out and looked at it. Should she open it? Francesca was an honorable woman, and her instincts were against reading the letters. But there came the thought that she might have misunderstood Andrea; that perhaps, after all, things were not so bad as she fancied. Who shall say what was her exact motive—whether it was good or bad? She opened the envelope and took out the letters. There were three. One was dated about a year ago, during the time she was at Bologna. It was an ordinary love-letter, rather long, containing expressions of affection, and railing at the fate which separated the writer from Andrea. The second was dated a few months back, and ran thus:—

"Will you never come back to me? Think of our happiness last year; do you no longer love me? Have some pity on me, I love you so. GIOVANNA."

The third, written a little later, was still shorter.

"MY LOVED ANDREA,—Carlo is away. I shall expect you to-morrow.

"Yours till death,
GIOVANNA."

Francesca stood with the letters in her hand, gazing at them. They seemed to be written in characters of fire, which burned themselves into her brain. It was the confirmation of her shame and misery; no doubt could now remain; all the past, with its love and happiness, had been no more than a mockery. But she had to decide at once, for the police were at hand; she hardly hesitated; the letters should be destroyed at all events. No one should know of the sorrow which had

befallen her, and Carlo's happiness should be undisturbed. She flew to the stove, where there was a small fire, and in one instant the letters were blazing. Then, hastily, she left the room, knowing that it would be best that the police should not find her there. When she returned from an aimless wandering through the streets an hour or two afterward, she found the police had come and had fruitlessly searched the room, and had gone away again without giving any further trouble.

The day of the funeral came, and at the funeral Mass, which took place in the little church where I first met Francesca, many of Andrea's friends were present. It was here that she first saw Giovanna. Carlo had been to see her at once; he had been kind and full of deep grief for the death of his friend, and of sympathy with her in her bereavement. It had all felt like a mockery, and it seemed to her that she could hardly bear his praises of Andrea as a friend or a husband, and his passionate expressions of grief. But the severest trial was still to come. Francesca was kneeling, trying to school herself to pray fervently, and to abandon the angry bitter thoughts which assailed her, when suddenly she looked up, and saw a woman's eyes fixed on her with a strange expression of curiosity mingled with contemptuous pity. She knew well those large dark eyes, set in a handsome, rather Jewish countenance, which was surrounded by a mass of coal-black hair. It was Giovanna, the woman her husband had loved—the only person besides herself who knew of his treachery. Giovanna withdrew her glance as soon as Francesca looked up; but it was too late, Francesca had seen the expression, and knew too well the feeling that it implied. "She is thinking that I am a poor credulous fool, weeping and praying for my husband, whose affection for me was only a pretence, while she had his real love." But in the midst of her bitterness and jealousy the old religious feelings reasserted their power, and there swept over her a sense of the sinfulness of her thoughts, and of the duty laid upon her, not of mere silence, but of forgiveness. She gazed at Giovanna for a moment, then, as the bell gave warning that the supreme moment of the service had come, she buried her face once more in her hands, and prayed for pardon. But she had not counted the cost. The victory was not

won; the struggle was only just beginning. Each meeting with Giovanna brought fresh jealousy with it—fresh torture. Whether it was imagination or not, Francesca believed that she assumed an air of superiority, that she always recollected Andrea's love for her, and his desertion of his wife. Giovanna was kind to her, and Francesca did not dare refuse her offers of hospitality, for Carlo believed them to be friends, and would have wondered had Francesca refused to visit his wife. He was a bluff, kindly man, very passionate and devoted to Giovanna; but he was inclined to be jealous, and Francesca knew that it would be easy to arouse his suspicions. So before him she was careful what she said; but, when alone with Giovanna, she could not refrain at times from making allusions and insinuations. One day she had gone to Carlo's little frame shop to leave a message, and had found only Giovanna. She gave her message, and followed Giovanna into the sitting-room. Her glance at once fell on a photograph of Andrea, which was standing on the table in an elaborately carved frame.

"Is this Carlo's work?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Giovanna; "he has just finished it."

"And you will keep it here?" said Francesca, quickly.

"Yes," observed Giovanna; "Carlo wishes to have Andrea's picture where he can always see it."

"And so do you, I suppose," said Francesca. Giovanna glanced at her, with a slightly uneasy look. But she rejoined at once, "Why should I not?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought, perhaps, you might wish to forget him." Giovanna was silent, and Francesca said no more.

Another day Carlo had insisted on her coming to take her mid-day meal with them. There was some desultory talk, and all went well till Carlo said, "Ah, poor Andrea! he used often to come here for his dinner when you were away a year ago,—let's see, at Bologna, was it? You had gone to nurse your mother. Poor Andrea! he was rather lonely, and liked coming here. You remember, Giovanna?"

Giovanna assented, and Carlo went on: "He used to say he would learn carving, and once he made a little frame. Where

is it, Giovanna? he gave it to you, I know. Have you got it still?"

"Yes, yes, somewhere," said she, hastily; "never mind now."

"Yes, but I want Francesca to see it. I recollect, it's up in the bedroom. I saw it the other day. I will get it;" and he was gone.

Giovanna half rose, as if to stop him, but Francesca said, "Let him get it; I should like to see the frame. You taught him, I suppose?"

Giovanna bit her lip. "Yes," she said, and she bent her eyes with a slight smile on Francesca; "and he was a clever pupil."

Francesca started; but at this moment Carlo returned with the frame. "It is hardly a work of art," he said, laughing, "but it has merits. Perhaps you would like to keep it. 'You will let her, won't you?'" he added, turning to Giovanna.

Francesca dropped it on the table with a crash. "Thanks! no, I will not rob Giovanna," she said.

"What is the matter?" said Carlo; "do you not like the frame?"

"Perhaps she is angry because Andrea did not tell her of his visits to us," said Giovanna.

Francesca felt that she had gone too far, and, incensed as she was, dared not trust herself to say more; so, muttering an excuse, she got up and took her departure. But such scenes as these were not uncommon; and while determined to preserve her secret, both for her own sake and for Carlo's, Francesca often allowed herself to dwell on the hateful words which she could not forget. What if she were suddenly to turn upon Giovanna with them? "Will you never come back to me? Have some pity on me, I love you so." "Carlo is away, I shall expect you to-morrow." And she let these thoughts take possession of her, brooding upon them constantly, and making no effort to conquer them. At length one day, after a longer absence than usual, Francesca had to go to the little frame shop. It was late in the afternoon, the workman had gone home; Carlo was out, and Giovanna was alone. She was dusting the frames and putting them away for the night, and Francesca offered to help her. For some time they went on, only an occasional remark breaking the silence. All at once

Giovanna said, "When does your sister come to see you?"

"In a few weeks," returned Francesca.

"You have not seen her for some time?"

"Not since I was at Bologna, a year ago."

"Ah, yes, you were at Bologna a year ago," said Giovanna in a slow voice.

"A year; it's a long time," and she sighed.

"You went to nurse your mother, didn't you?"

Something in her words or her manner irritated Francesca beyond endurance. The strain on her nerves had been great, and very little was needed to throw her off the balance. She went nearer to Giovanna, and looking fixedly at her, said, "Yes, I went, to my sorrow, and to my husband's. Had I known what the result would be, I should have let my mother die alone sooner than leave Andrea—and you."

Giovanna started. "What do you mean?" she said in a low voice.

"You know well enough what I mean. You know that you ensnared my husband; that you—"

"Stop, stop! you must not say it; what do you know? It is false."

"Is it?" sneered Francesca; "then why did you write to ask him to come back to you, and say you loved him till death?"

Giovanna stood pressing her hands hard together. "How do you know I said that?" she asked.

"Have I not seen the letters?" asked Francesca, with a mocking laugh.

"You have seen the letters! I told Andrea to destroy them, and he promised."

Giovanna's involuntary avowal roused Francesca thoroughly, and she was now quite reckless. "Ah, but what if he did not obey you—what if I have seen the letters? Oh, I cannot bear it! I must tell all to Carlo, you treacherous woman; false wife, false friend; I hate you, I hate you!"

Suddenly she felt a heavy hand on her shoulder, and a man's voice close to her said, "What is this? What do you mean by speaking like this to Giovanna?" It was Carlo.

Francesca turned on him and said: "What do I mean?—why, that I have

spoken at last, and told your wife what I know."

"And what is that?" said Carlo, with an indifference which still more exasperated Francesca.

"Why, that you are a fool with your belief in her. She and my husband knew each other well, too well; she was—"

"Stop!" cried Giovanna, who had mastered herself completely on seeing her husband. "It is a lie, Carlo—do not listen to her; come away," and she took his hand; but he hesitated, and Francesca cried—

"Oh, she will tell you lies in plenty if you go with her! But ask her to explain why Andrea came here so often."

"If that is all," said Carlo, with evident relief, "it is easily explained. You know what friends he and I were." And he went on with a half smile, "Are you jealous? There is no reason."

"There is reason," said Francesca. "I tell you that I know Andrea was your wife's lover."

Carlo fell back as if stunned, but recovering himself, seized Francesca by the wrist. "Woman!" he cried fiercely, "how dare you say such a thing? how dare you think it?"

"Think it!" retorted Francesca; "have I not burned into my own heart the words of her letters?"

"Letters! What letters?"

"The letters your wife wrote to my husband.—'Will you never come back to me? Have some pity on me, I love you so. Think of our happiness last year.'"

"Silence!" he shouted; "if you dare to make such charges you must prove them. You are lying; show me these letters."

Francesca paused for a moment in her passion. "You want them? You shall have them. I will send them at once—to-night, when I get back."

"Don't think I believe you. I will believe nothing but my own eyes; and if you are deceiving me, if you cannot make good your words, I will have my revenge on you."

He rushed out of the shop and down the street without another look at Giovanna, who had stood with set face, motionless, during the latter part of the scene. But as Francesca turned to go, she said, "You may be content, you will have

your revenge. I was trying to repent, to atone ; now it is not possible."

Francesca hardly listened ; she left the shop and walked back to her house in a whirlwind of tempestuous passion, feeling a mixture of fear and elation at the result of her daring. And she knew what she was going to do. She had a knack of imitating handwriting, and she remembered every word of the true letters. She knew that they had been written on ordinary paper, and had nothing peculiar about them. What could be easier than to imitate them—and where was the harm ? There could be none in just rewriting letters which had really existed, and which, but for her wish to preserve her husband's secret and to shield Carlo, would never have been destroyed. Without delay, therefore, she went home, and after carefully copying several times an old letter of Giovanna's which she possessed, she produced, after repeated efforts, copies of the letters which perfectly satisfied her. It was late when she had finished, and the post that night had gone. Besides, she did not wish to be hasty ; she wanted to look at her work in the morning light, to be sure it would bear inspection. When she did so, and compared them with Giovanna's own letter, she was sure that no eye could have detected any difference in the character. She omitted no precaution, taking them to the post-office, and registering the packet to Carlo's address for greater safety. She supposed they would arrive late in the afternoon, and she had decided to go to Carlo's house then, in case Giovanna should have intercepted them. There was a long time to wait after posting them, and she went home and tried to work ; but she was too restless to remain there, so she walked about the streets, pacing to and fro, waiting, waiting for the hours to pass. For the reaction had come after her long struggle. She had done her worst, she had been revenged ; but already the misgivings which follow on any unrestrained outburst of passion had begun to assail her. At length, after some time, she found herself in the Piazza di San Marco, and, tired of the pavements and of the crowd of jostling people, she entered the old convent. She went through the cloisters and the cells, looking vacantly at the frescoes, feeling them far remote from her present mood of passion. At length she found her way

into the chapter-house, and, utterly weary, sank down on a seat just in front of the great Crucifixion. She sat there quietly, letting her eyes rest upon it, and, more from habit than anything else, she murmured a prayer. Then as she looked her interest became awakened, and she gazed at the kneeling saints and at the figure of the Crucified with a new feeling, a deeper insight. There, before her, she saw the ideal of love and the ideal of worship, and they spoke their message to her passionate heart.

I have said that Francesca had been a deeply religious woman, but since her husband's death, and the shock to her inmost nature which his confession had produced, her religion had been little more than form, and a thick cloud of indifference seemed to have come over her. Now, suddenly the cloud rolled away, and in a moment, then, there, she realized what she had done. For her this pure and reverent devotion was impossible ; her sin had laid hold on her, she could not look up with those assembled saints to the cross. She saw clearly now the baseness of the motives which had led to her lie to Carlo, to her forgery of the letters. She knew that in Giovanna's last words to her there had been a ring of truth, and that it was she who had made her repentance next to impossible. She knew that Carlo's trust would be destroyed, even as hers had been—only that on him the effect would be far worse. "Oh, what have I done, what have I done !" she moaned. A wild thought struck her—could the letters be recovered ? But no, she knew too well that it was impossible. "Holy Mother, holy saints, show me what I can do to atone," she prayed as she sat with wide eyes gazing at the kneeling figures round the cross. A few moments later she knew what to do. She rose and went straight to the little church where I met her, hoping to find Father Girolamo, and to ask help and counsel from him.

And it was this story that she told me as we sat in my little room on the Lung' Arno, while the sun was setting in a cloud of glory. When she had finished, she looked up at me and said, "And now can the Signora help me ?"

I went to the window and looked out ; the spring air, fresh and strong, was blowing in, and brought to me the sense of reawakening life and unstained happi-

ness. And then my glance rested on the small slender figure dressed in black, with brown curls pushed off from her brow, and the wistful glistening eyes fixed on me. I knew what I had to say to her; but would she have strength to bear it? There was no help for it—I must try. I took her hand, and bent down to kiss her. Then I said, “Francesca, will you do anything, anything in the world to set right the wrong you have done?”

“Anything, Signora. I would give all the little money I have. I would take any trouble. But what can I do?”

I said, “It is not a question of money or trouble. Can you go to Carlo and confess that you have forged the letters?”

She started back. “That, Signora! oh no, not that. Think how he would hate me, despise me; and he would not believe me either. Giovanna will have confessed; it will be too late.”

“It may not be,” I answered; “Giovanna is sure to deny it. She may even suggest that the letters are forged.” She sat in silent despair for a few seconds. “Signora, anything else!—that I cannot do.”

“But it is the only thing that will be of any good,” I urged. “Father Girolamo would say so, I know, if you could see him. Think—you are wrecking two lives.”

“And what will become of me, Signora? Do you think that Carlo will not be revenged? He will tell the story, he will bring shame on me. No, I cannot do it—I cannot.”

It was terrible, and yet I felt quite clear that only by confession could she regain peace. But the struggle was long—she could not face the certain shame, the anger of Carlo, the contempt of her friends.

“It seems as if all the punishment will fall on me, and yet I have not sinned as much as the others,” she said. And then she went on, “Is it not right that the truth should be known? After all, it is the truth.”

“Not if it will only do harm,” I answered; “and what good can it do? Oh, it is hard for you, I know, but there is no other way; it is right that you should confess, Francesca. Do you not know it? can you not bear the suffering?”

There was a moment's silence, then she

looked up and I saw the battle was won. “I will do it, but you will come with me,” she said.

So we went together to the little shop, and once more Francesca entered it and asked the workman where his master was. The man pointed to the inner room, but muttered something about his being out of temper. I knocked, and hearing an inarticulate exclamation of some sort, entered, Francesca following close behind me. The scene which met my eyes made me rejoice that we had come at once. Carlo was standing by the table, his hand clenched, his features distorted with rage; while Giovanna knelt crouching on the ground a little way off, as if he had hurled her there in an access of fury. On the table the two letters were lying open. On seeing me, Carlo made an effort to compose himself, and began, “The Signora;” but as his eyes fell on Francesca, he sprang forward and cried, “Why have you come? is it to triumph over me with your cursed letters? Would to God you had left me in my ignorance, or that I had never set eyes on you and your husband! Curse you! keep away from me, or I shall do you a mischief.”

Francesca shrank back in terror, and I said, “Francesca wishes to tell you something, to confess something.”

“What can she tell me that I want to hear? She will only bring more of her proofs. She is hardly likely to tell me that the letters are forgeries, as that wretched woman there says they are. Lies, more lies! By the saints, I have had enough! God! I would have sworn by her truth and by Andrea's.”

There was a pause; Carlo had sunk down on a chair, his head on his arms. I looked at Francesca. She came swiftly forward and took up the letters. Then in a low hesitating voice, as if she were saying a half-learned lesson, she began: “Carlo, Giovanna is right. These letters—I—forged them.”

Carlo sprang to his feet. “You forged them!”

“Yes.”

“And why?”

“I was angry and jealous. I don't know,—oh, there was no reason. I imitated Giovanna's hand; I had a letter—here it is.” And she threw it down on the table.

Carlo seized it, glanced down the pages, and compared it with the other letters. With a sneer he said: "I compliment you; it is very clever." He turned to Giovanna, who had risen and was standing with her eyes fixed on Francesca. "Can you forgive me?" he said softly. "How could I have suspected you?" She came forward and put her hand in his, but said no word. He turned on Francesca: "So you were jealous, were you? You had lost your own husband, and our happiness made you angry. It was lucky Andrea died before he found you out. Ah! you tried to poison my life," he went on, with rising passion; "very well, I will poison yours; I tell you I will make your life a misery to you. I will make you repent this—I will have my revenge."

She hesitated a second. I stood there, my resolution almost failing me. I almost hoped that Giovanna might, in an impulse of repentance and generosity, confess all. She stood by the table silent, her eyes cast down, but with her hands nervously pressed together, her teeth tightly set.

Francesca made one effort; she drew a little nearer to her and said, "Giovanna, you will remember what you said to me yesterday."

Giovanna looked up; for a moment the eyes of the two women met. Then Giovanna made a slight movement forward; but if she would have spoken, it was stopped by Carlo. He turned in a fury, and sweeping Francesca back with his arm, he shouted: "Go! you are not fit to speak to my wife; leave the house. If

you stay here I think I shall kill you. Go!"

Giovanna had fallen back, her hands pressed to her face, shrinking from his passion. There was no more to say, no more to hear. So we went, Francesca and I, out of the room and the little shop. It was all at an end—her self-sacrifice was accomplished.

And here my story ends, or rather, as in reality is often the case, it has no end, but simply disappears into the sands of every-day life. For of the history of these three people very little remains to be told. Carlo fulfilled his threat, and spread the story of Francesca's wrong-doing as widely as he could. It was taken up and exaggerated with every kind of insinuation, till she was avoided and scorned by many of her former friends. The one consolation she had was that her sacrifice had not been in vain; for Giovanna atoned as far as was possible for her sin, and nothing ever again marred her husband's happiness. Sometimes, in after-years, when I have thought of Francesca's gray melancholy life, I have been tempted to regret the counsel I gave her—to wonder whether, after all, it was necessary for her to take on herself all the punishment. But such thoughts have been very fleeting; for my knowledge of her character as it was before and after her fault has convinced me that I was right, and has shown me the purifying and ennobling power which lies in an act of courageous repentance.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE RECENT AUDIENCE AT PEKING.

BY R. S. GUNDRY.

DIFFERENT peoples require to be judged by different standards, just as certain heavenly bodies require special methods of observation. The movement of a planet can be discerned easily enough, but it is only by means of fine threads drawn across the object-glass that it is possible to detect that the so-called fixed stars move at all. Japan goes ahead at a hand-galop; her progress is visible to the unassisted European eye; whereas China moves so slowly that it is only by using a sort of political parallax that we can be sure she does progress.

We need to widen, in her case, the basis of observation. Instead of judging by years we must judge by periods, and from various standpoints. And it has been suggested that, examined in this way, the audience lately accorded by the Emperor Kwangsu to the foreign representatives at Peking presents some features of general as well as political interest.

But we must indulge in a retrospect if we would judge of the significance of that ceremony. To note, merely, that certain conditions were observed would be simply

to emphasize the fact that the Empire is still exceedingly pretentious; whereas a comparison with the traditional ceremonies enforced at the Chinese Court before its vanity had been shaken or its attitude of political superiority assailed, may enable us to appreciate the significance of the change. The experiences of Lord Macartney and Lord Amherst, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, may explain why men familiar with the Far East discover so much interest in the interview just granted to Sir John Walsham and his colleagues.

All Asiatic sovereigns are pretentious. It is not long since British envoys were required to take off their boots in the presence of the King of Burmah, as Moses was desired to put his shoes from off his feet on holy ground, and as an Indian servant still leaves his slippers on the threshold when approaching his master. Until quite recently the Mikado could only be approached in an attitude of humility as abject as that required at the Court of Peking. But there was, perhaps, more justification for the assumption of the Hwangte. The superiority of China over the nations with whom she was acquainted was so manifest that it was not unnatural she should conceive herself equally superior to the rest of the world, and her ruler consequently superior to all other princes. All who sent missions accordingly were tributaries; the presents they brought were tribute; and the Emperor replied by issuing patents of investiture to their kings. The rest of the world was, indeed, in the opinion of the vast majority of Chinamen, of little significance. At any rate they considered their Emperor's dominion as virtually extending over the whole, and so scarcely distinguished the relations or duties of other nations toward him from their own.

These ideas existed in full force at the time of Lord Macartney's mission to Kienlung. He travelled, it is well known, across China with the words "Envoy bearing tribute from the country of England" inscribed on the flags floating above his boat; and his embassy is claimed as "tributary" in the Chinese records, which give a list of the "tribute" he presented, and expressly state that the Emperor gave letters and gifts in return.* Till the mid-

dle of the present century China had, indeed, no foreign relations in our own acceptance of the term. Envoys from Constantinople, or at any rate from Antioch, had visited her in the days of the Byzantine Empire; Arabs, Dutch, Portuguese and English had traded on her coasts, and emissaries from some of these nations had appeared at Peking. Mention is made in the Court records of "tribute-bearing" missions from the Dutch as early as 1664; a King of the West named A-feng-su (presumably Alfonso of Portugal) sent envoys in 1669; another "King of the West" sent an envoy (perhaps Cardinal Mezzabarba, who presented a letter from the Pope in reference to the disputes between Jesuit and Dominican missionaries) in 1720.* But all these seem to have complied with the Chinese ceremonial. A Russian envoy, who visited Peking during the reign of Kanghi, is said, indeed, to have refused the kotow† unless a pact were made for its return, upon occasion, to his own sovereign. But there had been no deliberate and sustained attempt to assert equality or to keep up diplomatic intercourse on that footing. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to affirm that, until within the last quarter century, or even less, the very idea of a foreign ruler approaching the Emperor otherwise than as an inferior would have seemed ridiculous. Nothing, however, can explain so well as the traditional "Regulations for the reception of tributary envoys," the full extent of the arrogance they imply; and the very quaintness of the picture may, perhaps, excuse its reproduction from the pages of the *China Review*, to which it was contributed some years ago by Mr. Jamieson, H. M. present Consul at Shanghai.

"If there should happen to occur one of the days when the Emperor holds Court, as birthday, New Year's Day, or one of the festivals, the envoys will have audience along with the officers of the Court, as follows:—The Guest Master and the director in charge of the envoys will conduct them to the south gate of the palace, where they will wait outside in one of the waiting-rooms. They enter by the

conferred, if not of honorific investiture. Vide "China and her Tributaries," *China Review*, September, 1883.

* *Ibid.*

† It is scarcely necessary to explain that the kotow consists in going down on the hands and knees and knocking the forehead on the floor.

* The idea conveyed being at least of honor

Chentu Gate of the Taiho Pavilion, where the Emperor gives audience. After the officers in attendance at the Court have finished their ceremonial, the envoys will be conducted to the open courtyard below the steps of the pavilion, where they will be placed at the foot of the file of officials on the west side. At the word of command they will kneel and kotow nine times.

"If no Court is being held at the time, the Board will memorialize and take his Majesty's pleasure in regard to an audience. If it should be granted, one of the presidents of the Board of Ceremonies will, at the appointed time, conduct the envoys, who must be in the court dress of their country, to the palace, where they will wait outside. His Majesty, in ordinary costume, will enter one or other of the audience halls, as may be convenient, attended by the Ministers of the Presence, the Ministers of the Body Guard, and the Ministers of the Household, arranged as in ordinary ceremonial. The President of the Board of Ceremonies will then conduct the envoys, attended by their interpreters, as far as the court-yard, on the west side of which they will kneel and kotow nine times. This being ended they will be conducted up the west steps, attended by one interpreter, to the door of the pavilion, outside of which they will kneel. His Majesty will ask in a soothing manner after their welfare. The President of the Board will communicate the question to the interpreter, who will pass it on to the chief envoy. The envoy will reply, the interpreter will translate the reply to the president, and the president will report it to his Majesty. The ceremony being ended, they will retire.

"If it is desired to treat the envoys in a more favored manner, the Manchu and Chinese officials who are on the roll of attendance for the day will assemble, wearing their embroidered robes, and take their positions on the right and left. The President of the Board of Ceremonies will conduct the envoys as far as the farther part of the court-yard of the pavilion, where they will perform the obeisance as above. That being ended, he will conduct them up the west steps to the pavilion, which they will enter by the right door, attended by their interpreters. They will take up a position at the rear of the officials, forming on the right. After standing for a short space his Majesty will graciously direct that all be seated. The Ministers of the Imperial Guard, the Ministers of the Household, and all the officials on duty will kotow once and take their seats in order, after which the envoys will kneel and kotow once, and take their seats. His Majesty will then graciously order tea to be served. Tea will first be handed to his Majesty, upon which all will kneel and kotow. Tea will then be served to the Ministers and the envoys in order; all will kneel to receive it, and kotow once. The drinking being finished, all kneel as before. His Majesty will then soothingly ask a question, which will be passed on by the President of the Board, and answered in the form and manner already stated. The ceremonies being ended, the

President of the Board will conduct the envoys back to one of the waiting-rooms, where refreshments will be graciously provided by order of the Emperor. That being ended, the director in charge of the envoys will conduct them back to their residence."

It is a tribute to Lord Macartney's bearing and diplomacy that he succeeded in getting a satisfactory audience in spite of these provisions. And few more interesting chapters have been written, in the history of our intercourse, than those in which Sir George Staunton* describes that first interview of a British envoy with the sovereign whom the Jesuit missionaries called the greatest monarch in the world, and the best literate in his Empire. The question of the kotow came, of course, very early to the fore. The Emperor was at Zehol; but the Mandarins began speaking of it at Yuen-min-yuen, trying, already, to induce Lord Macartney to "practise" it before "the screen"—a function which has, in Chinese eyes, the significance of personal homage.† Having, however, no intention of performing the ceremony, he naturally declined the rehearsal, urging that the ceremonies practised by subjects were not to be expected from the representatives of Foreign Powers, and that he would incur serious responsibility if he did, in his representative character, anything that could be construed as an act of homage. He seems to have taken a leaf, however, out of the Russian book. The difficulty might, he said, be obviated if the Emperor would order an officer of the Court equal to himself in rank to perform before the picture of his Britannic Majesty, dressed in robes of State, the same ceremony that he was asked to perform before the Chinese throne; otherwise he must be guided by English custom. A people keenly alive to humor must have been tickled by the suggestion, how extravagant soever it may have seemed. Lord Macartney was asked what form of respect, then, he could consistently adopt; and answered that on approaching his own sovereign he bent on one knee, and he was willing to demonstrate in the same manner his respectful sentiments toward the Chinese Emperor.

* *An Authentic Account of an Embassy from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China.* By Sir George Staunton, Bart. London, 1797.

† The King of Korea, for instance, kotows on receipt of an Imperial letter.

It is to the credit of Kienlung's good sense that the compromise was accepted; but an agreement was not improbably facilitated by the fact that the advent of the mission chanced to coincide with the Emperor's birthday, so that any concession in point of ceremonial might be obscured in the eyes of the people by the evidence of his arrival "from afar," on a visit of respect and congratulation. However that may be, the interview was held—in a great tent erected for the purpose in a garden of the palace; and we may quote Sir George Staunton's account of the ceremony. It is interesting to compare it with the regulations that have been quoted, and with the experience of later envoys.

"The Emperor, on his entrance into the tent, mounted the throne by the front steps consecrated to his use alone. The Chief Minister and two of the principal persons of the household were close to him, and always spoke to him upon their knees. The princes of his family, the tributaries and great officers of State being already arranged in their respective places in the tent, the President of the Board of Rites conducted Lord Macartney, who was attended by his page and Chinese interpreter, near to the foot of the throne." The other gentlemen of the embassy, together with a great number of Mandarins and officers of inferior dignity, stood in the great opening of the tent, from whence most of the ceremonies could be observed. "The Ambassador, instructed by the President, held the box of gold adorned with jewels, in which was enclosed the King's letter between both hands lifted above his head, and in that manner, ascending the few steps that led to the throne and bending on one knee, presented the box with a short address to his Imperial Majesty, who, graciously receiving the same with his own hands, placed it by his side and expressed in a few courteous words pleasure at the reception of the embassy and the presents."

It is scarcely surprising, after what we have seen of Chinese pretension, to learn that "the Chinese considered this reception exceptionally honorable and distinguished;" the privilege of delivering credentials into the Emperor's own hands being especially remarked. The condescension seems indeed to have been too much for the Court historiographer, who alleges the intervention of a Minister.

And here I venture again to draw on Mr. Jamieson, for the Chinese version of the transaction:

"In the 58th year of Kienlung (A.D. 1793) the English nation sent the envoy Ma-ko-er-ni and others to present tribute. His Majesty held court in a grand pavilion. The Ministers of the Grand Council and the Presidents of the Board of Ceremonies introduced the envoy, who respectfully presented the King's letter on his knees. The Emperor ordered one of the Ministers of the Presence to receive it, which was done, and the document was handed up for the inspection of his Majesty."

Englishmen will not be disposed to credit the Chinese record in preference to Sir George Staunton's; though it must be noted, in confirmation of its general accuracy, that no allegation is made of Lord Macartney's kowtowing, and that mention is even made of the well-known incident of the Emperor's gift of a purse to his page! After the ceremony came a banquet, not of the mere perfunctory kind prescribed in the Regulations, but in the very society of the Emperor. Certain Burmese and Turkoman envoys having been introduced, "repeated nine times the most devout prostrations, and been quickly dismissed," Lord Macartney and his companions were conducted to cushions on the left* of the Emperor, about mid-way down the tent, while the princes, tributaries, and dignitaries of the Court were seated, according to their rank, nearer to or farther from the throne. "A table was laid for every two guests; as soon as all were seated these were uncovered and exhibited a sumptuous banquet. On each was a pyramid of dishes or bowls containing viands and fruits in vast variety. A table was placed likewise before the Emperor, who seemed to partake heartily of the fare set before him. . . . The dishes and cups were carried to him with hands uplifted over the head in the same manner as the gold box had been borne by the Ambassador." The Emperor sent dishes from his own table during the repast, and his attentions culminated, at the close, in calling his guests to the throne and presenting with his own hands a goblet of Chinese wine.

The Embassy arrived, as we have seen, on the occasion of Kienlung's eighty-third birthday; and Sir George's description of a "prostration before the screen" on the

* In China the left is the place of honor.

festal day may perhaps be quoted in illustration of that ceremony :

"The festival really lasted several days. The first was consecrated to the purpose of rendering a solemn, sacred and devout homage to the Supreme Majesty of the Emperor. This ceremony was no longer performed in a tent, nor did it partake of the nature of a banquet. The princes, tributaries, ambassadors, great officers of state, and principal mandarins were assembled in a vast hall, and upon particular notice were introduced into an inner building bearing the semblance of a temple. It was chiefly furnished with great instruments of music . . . to the sound of which a slow and solemn hymn was sung by eunuchs, who had such a command over their voices as to resemble the sound of musical glasses at a distance. . . . During the performance, and at particular signals nine times repeated, all the persons present prostrated themselves nine times, except the Ambassador and his suite, who made a profound obeisance. But he whom it was meant to honor continued, as if it were in imitation of the Deity, invisible the whole time."

The exigencies of space forbid us to follow Sir George farther through his interesting narrative. Neither are we concerned with the political results of the mission : it will suffice to add that Lord Macartney seems to have been treated, during his stay, and on his return journey, with all the politeness he could expect. Nor need we dwell on the experiences of a Dutch Embassy, three years later, which is understood to have complied with the exigencies of Chinese ceremonial requirements, under difficulties heightened by the tightness of the nether costume, but without achieving any commensurate diplomatic success.

The next striking landmark is the mission despatched by George IV., when Prince Regent, in 1816. Lord Amherst's instructions seem to have been similar to his predecessor's, but his experience was widely different. The behavior of Kia-king, or at any rate of his courtiers, was as rude as that of Kienlung had been considerate and polite. Lord Amherst had no mind for the great overland journey from Canton. He went by sea to Tientsin, where he was hospitably received, but where the question of the kotow was at once raised. A screen had been arranged in the banqueting-room of the edifice to which he was conducted. Before it stood "a table covered with yellow cloth, and supporting a vessel of smoking incense, the whole being symbolical of the presence of the Emperor." Nearly two hours

were spent, according to the historian* of the mission, in the endeavor to persuade him to kotow before this simulacrum ; but his refusal at length prevailed, and the Chinese contented themselves with his promise to bow as often as they prostrated themselves. He "was placed accordingly, with Sir George Staunton, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Morrison, immediately before it, having six Mandarins of high rank on his right hand, and the gentlemen of his suite behind him. At a signal given by an officer, the Mandarins fell on their knees, knocked their heads three times against the ground and then arose : a second and a third time this signal was repeated, and a second and third time they knocked their heads against the earth ; the Ambassador and the gentlemen of his suite bowing respectfully nine times."

At Tungchow—which Li Hung-chang now wants to make the terminus of a railway toward Peking, but whither Lord Amherst was carried in boats bearing the "Tribute-bearer" flag—they were met by Duke Ho, whom Mr. Abel describes as President of the Foreign Board ; and the question of the kotow was again urged. The Chinese insisted ; Lord Amherst refused. The Duke "threatened to send him out of the Empire without seeing the Celestial face !" Lord Amherst declared his readiness to depart ; and his persistence at length prevailed. Word was brought that Kia-king would waive the kotow and receive him on his own terms. It was thought, naturally, that all difficulties were now removed, but the possibilities of Chinese official insolence are without bounds. Kia-king was at Yuen-min-yuen, and Lord Amherst was persuaded to start from Tungchow late in the afternoon, on the understanding that a halt would be made at Peking, which is only a few miles distant ; but he was carried past the walls, compelled to travel all night, and reached Yuen-min-yuen only at dawn of day.

"Arrived within a short distance of the Imperial palace, the Ambassador's carriage was stopped by some Mandarins in their dresses of ceremony, who requested him to enter the Imperial palace. His lordship at first refused, pleading fatigue and illness, and begging to be led to the quarters prepared for him ; but after repeated solicitations and assurances

* *Narrative, etc. etc., of Lord Amherst's Embassy to the Court of Peking.* By Clarke Abel, Chief Medical Officer, etc. London. 1818.

that he would only be detained to partake of refreshment, he alighted, and accompanied by a few of the gentlemen of his suite, passed through a multitude of Mandarins to the palace." The whole party were here pushed into a small room, which was at once crowded by Mandarins. "Lord Amherst threw himself upon a bench, much exhausted by fatigue, watching, and agitation of mind . . . but the Chinese would suffer no repose. In a few minutes the President of the Board of Works announced the Emperor's desire to see him and the other Commissioners. Lord Amherst replied that fatigue, illness, and want of the necessary attire rendered compliance almost impossible, and requested that his Majesty would allow him that day to recover himself; but his excuses were not received. The Emperor's wish was again and again urged as not to be rejected, while his Excellency adhered to his remonstrance. . . . Finding that their entreaties were unavailing, the delegates retired, but were immediately succeeded by Duke Ho, who entered the room with a determined air and, going up to the Ambassador, repeated the Emperor's desire to see him, adding that they would only be required to perform the English ceremony. On receiving the same answer, he caught his lordship rudely by the arm, beckoning at the same time to some surrounding Mandarins to assist him. They stepped forward, but before they reached him we started up and advanced toward him while in the act of shaking off his unmannerly assailant. This sudden movement stopped them, and they fell back with countenances full of astonishment. His lordship, freed from the Duke's grasp, protested with great firmness and dignity against the insult he had received, and claimed to be treated as the representative of a great and independent sovereign, declaring that force alone should carry him into the Imperial presence. The Duke at once altered his tone, endeavoring to make it appear that what we had considered an attempt to force the ambassador was only the Chinese mode of assisting a person unable to walk; and in the most persuasive manner entreated him to wait on the Emperor, who, he said, merely wished to see him on his arrival and would not detain him. Persuasion, however, if it could have availed at first, was now too late; and the Duke, defeated in his purpose, left the room in high displeasure."

To cut the story short, the party were at length conveyed to their intended quarters. Hardly, however, had they breakfasted and thrown themselves down, tired out, to get some sleep, when they were roused by a fresh turmoil. "The Emperor, incensed at the Ambassador's refusal to visit him, had commanded our immediate departure!"

Such was the upshot of this second attempt to open negotiations with a Chinese Emperor, and the narrative will probably do more than elaborate disquisition to ex-

plain the importance attached to the conditions of the recent ceremony. Nothing better than Lord Amherst's experience could exhibit the overweening pride which conceives China to be the central kingdom of the universe, and the Emperor, as its sovereign, to be so immeasurably exalted that there can be no question of aught but submission to his will. The degree of respect shown to foreign representatives at Peking constitutes, in fact, a sort of political barometer, indicating the degree of progress that has been made in overcoming these prejudices and in opening the eyes of the Chinese to their true relative position among the nations of the world. The difficulty lies as much, or perhaps more, with the great officials than with the Emperor himself. It is believed, for instance, that Kia-king was kept in ignorance of Lord Amherst having travelled all night and being unready in point of habiliment to enter his presence; and the fact that there ensued a wholesale infliction of penalties and degradation, immediately after his departure, appears to justify the surmise. It seems the literal truth that the Mandarins are, in China, more Imperial than the Emperor. It was the continued exhibition, by the provincial magnates at Canton, of the same overbearing insolence which had brought about the *fiasco* at Yuen-min-yuen, that led to Admiral Parker's expedition and the dictation, in 1842, of the treaty of Nanking. It was their failure to appreciate the lesson then taught which led, sixteen years later, to the capture of Canton and the dictation (in 1858) of the treaty which opened China and stipulated for the residence of an English representative at Peking.

Circumstances prevented, however, even then, a settlement of the audience question on terms consonant with the actual situation. The Emperor Hienfung fled to Zehol, and died there shortly after the conclusion of peace. His successor was a minor, and not till he came of age could the Foreign Ministers reasonably demand to be received.

Availing themselves of the opening effected by England and France, other great Powers had negotiated treaties on a similar footing in the interval; and so, when the Emperor Tung-che came of age, the Ministers of Germany, Holland, Russia, and the United States associated themselves with M. de Geofroy and Sir Thomas

Wade in proposing to offer their congratulations and deliver their credentials to him in person upon the occasion. Even the allied occupation of Peking had scarcely lowered the tone of the great majority of the Literati. The invader had come and had gone, as had happened before in Chinese history; but the Empire remained; the barbarian intruder was a barbarian still. Political education had, however, made so much progress among the chief statesmen of Peking that it was known refusal would be foolish, and that the kotow was out of the question. Tung-che assumed the reins of power in February 1873, and the publication of the following edict in the *Peking Gazette* of June 15 announced that the plunge would be taken:

"The Tsungli Yamén [Foreign Office] having presented a memorial to the effect that the Foreign Ministers residing in Peking have implored [us to grant] an audience, that they may deliver letters from their Governments, we command that the Foreign Ministers residing in Peking who have brought letters from their Governments be accorded audience. Respect this!"

There were objections to the edict, not the least of which was the statement that the Ministers had humbly begged, or "implored," an audience. There were others, incidental to the Chinese composition, which it would be tiresome here to endeavor to explain. Exception was taken, also, to the locality chosen, which was outside the sacred precincts of the palace. Not even yet have the Mandarins been brought to admit the wisdom of recognizing frankly the equality of Western nations; and Prince Kung and his colleagues were anxious, then, to derogate as little as possible from their traditional pretensions. It was not till ten days later that a memorandum of etiquette was agreed upon; but the audience was at last fixed for the 29th, and I cannot do better than avail myself of the British Minister's despatch* to Lord Granville for a description of the incident. The place appointed was the Tsu-Kwang-Ko, or purple pavilion, a large building in the grounds west of the palace; and it had been settled that the Ministers should rendezvous at a building known as the Pei-t'ang, a Roman

Catholic cathedral and mission-house, which stood not far from the spot. I take up Sir Thomas Wade's narrative at this point:

"We rendezvoused accordingly at the Pei-t'ang, and were thence escorted by a Minister of the Yamén to the north gate of the palace grounds in our chairs; the thoroughfare across the marble bridge, which spans the piece of water above mentioned, being closed to the public eastward by desire of the Emperor. We had come to the Pei-t'ang through the west of the outer city, large numbers of people being already on the alert to see the foreigners who were to be presented to the Emperor without prostrating themselves. A dense crowd was assembled in the vicinity of the Pei-t'ang for the same purpose. At the Fa-Hua-Mén, the gate by which the palace grounds are here entered from the north, we left our chairs and were received by the Grand Secretary and all other Ministers of the Yamén, the Prince [Kung] and the Ministers Pao and Shén excepted. We had been told that they would be in attendance all the morning on his Majesty. We proceeded, according to the programme, to the Shih-ying-Kung, or palace of seasonableness, a temple in which, as circumstances require, the Emperor prays for rain or for cessation of rain. Confectionery, tea, and Chinese wine from the Emperor's buttery were offered us, and, after waiting above an hour, we moved on with the Ministers to a large tent pitched westward of the purple pavilion.

"The Emperor did not arrive at the pavilion as soon as we had been led to expect. The reason assigned was the receipt of important despatches from the seat of war in the north-west. The Prince of Kung and the two Ministers with him were already waiting outside the tent to explain the delay, and returned again and again, as it were apologetically, to keep us company with the rest. The grounds were thronged with officials; but except a few men wearing Chinese sabres of antique form, I saw nothing like a soldier in our immediate vicinity. At length, after we had waited in the tent at least an hour and a half, the Japanese Ambassador was summoned to the presence, and, his audience ended, came our turn.*

"In front of the pavilion in which we were received is a great platform of stone, accessible on three sides by flights of steps. We ascended, as it had been agreed, after some debate, we should, by the steps on the western side, and, entering the pavilion, found

* China. No. 1 (1874). Correspondence respecting the Audience granted, etc., at Peking by the Emperor of China.

* The representative of Germany had, in the mean time, left Peking; but an Ambassador from Japan had arrived, and claimed to be received on the same footing as his colleagues. It was arranged, indeed, that he should have his audience first, partly on account of his rank as Ambassador, partly because the letter with which he was charged was one of congratulation. The five Ministers holding letters of credence succeeded.

ourselves at once in a large hall divided by wooden pillars in the usual northern style, into five sections. We came into this by the second section from the west, filing into the centre section until we were opposite the throne on which the Emperor was seated at the north end of the hall. We then bowed to the Emperor, advanced a few paces and bowed again, then advanced a few paces farther bowing again, and halted before a long yellow table about half-way up the hall, I should say some ten or twelve paces distant from the throne.

"The throne was, I think, raised above the floor of the dais on which it stood by a couple of steps. The dais itself was separated from the hall by a light rail broken right and left of the throne by low flights of three stairs each. The Emperor was seated Manchu fashion, that is, cross-legged. Upon his left were the Prince of Kung, his brother, known as the seventh Prince, and another Prince, the son of the famous Sangelinsin, who repulsed our attack on the forts of Taku in 1859. To the right of His Majesty stood two other magnates, the nearest being the senior of the hereditary princes not of the Imperial house; the other, I believe, a son-in-law of the old Emperor, whose name was Pao-kuang. Below on either side was a double rank of high officials, which spread outward from the throne toward us, until their flanks reached the columns marking the outer line of the centre section in which we were standing. In rear of these were others filling the flank sections east and west up to the walls. On the whole the spectacle was fair to see, although I should not go so far as to style it imposing.

"Our party having halted as I have described, the Minister of Russia, General Vlangaly, as Doyen of the Corps, read aloud an address in French. A Chinese translation of this was then read by M. Bismarck, Secrétaire Interprète of the German Legation, who had been selected to act as Interpreter-General at our Conferences. As soon as the address was delivered we laid our letters of credence upon the table. The Emperor made a slight bow of acknowledgment, and the Prince of Kung falling upon both knees at the foot of the throne, his Majesty appeared to speak to him—I say appeared, because no sound reached my ears. We had been told, however, that the Emperor would speak in Manchu, and that the Prince would interpret. Accordingly, as soon as his Highness rose, he descended the steps, and informed us that his Majesty declared that the letters of credence had been received. Then returning to his place, he again fell upon his knees, and the Emperor having again spoken to him in a low tone, he again descended the steps, and coming up to us informed us that his Majesty trusted that our respective Rulers were in good health, and expressed a hope that foreign affairs might all be satisfactorily arranged between foreign Ministers and the Tsungli Yamén. This closed the Audience, which may have lasted a little more than five minutes.

"We then all withdrew in the usual fashion, 'à reculons,' and bowing; with the ex-

ception of M. de Geofroy, Minister of France, who had a reply to deliver from his Government to the letter of explanations carried to France in 1870 by the Minister Chunghow. . . . It had been conceded, not without debate, that M. de Geofroy was for this second audience to be allowed the use of his own interpreter, M. Deveria. As we retired, therefore, that gentleman was introduced. The second audience was over as quickly as the first, and M. de Geofroy presently overtook us at the Shih-ying-Kung, whence, after a short session, we were conducted to our chairs by the Ministers of the Yamén, the Grand Secretary joining the rest at the gate."

So ended a ceremony which had been the subject of much anticipation, and which was at the time subjected to keen criticism. Obnoxious to criticism in some respects it undoubtedly was, but only the Ministers concerned probably are aware of the difficulties encountered in arriving even at a tolerable compromise; and while we criticise the remains of pretension actually displayed, we may remember that it was, in Chinese eyes, a remarkable concession for the Emperor to give audience at all to a number of foreigners declining not only to kotow, but even to bend the knee. We must remember, to quote again the language of Sir Thomas Wade's despatch, "the long standing pretension of the Emperor of China to this act of homage, and the tradition of isolated supremacy on which that pretension had been based. The Empire had, for the first time in its history, broken with that tradition; not perhaps with a good grace, but still broken with it past recall." It remained to be seen what would be the political outcome of the change.

One or two other interviews were, I believe, had, upon occasion, by other Ministers during the ensuing year; but another minority then intervened, to break off once more the thread of personal relations. Eighteen months later, in January 1875, the Emperor Tung-che "sped upward on the dragon to be a guest on high," and after a lively intrigue, with which we are not here concerned, a child of four was nominated in his stead. The Regency fell back into the hands of the Dowager Empresses, and fourteen years had to elapse before the formal accession of the now reigning monarch could bring the question again to the fore.

Much was happening, however, in the mean time, to break down the barrier of ignorance that separates China from the

West. I need hardly speak of Mr. Burlingame's roving mission, because that contributed more, perhaps, to soften the tone of Western diplomacy toward China than to enlighten the Chinese. But the so-called Tientsin massacre in 1870, entailed the despatch of a genuine Chinese mission of apology to Paris. The murder of our own countryman, Margary, on the borders of Yunnan, was made by Sir Thomas Wade the occasion for demanding that a Chinese Legation should be established permanently at St. James'. Chunghow was sent to St. Petersburg to procure the restitution of Kuldja. Ministers have since been accredited to the chief capitals of Europe and to Washington; and there has been a *va-et-vient* of envoys and *attachés*, of servants and underlings, who cannot but have contributed to enlighten home-staying Chinese, in some small degree, as to the actual facts about Western power and civilization.

Interest was therefore naturally felt as to the attitude which the young Emperor would have been taught to assume, and the recent audience may perhaps be taken as a fair indication of the progress made. Kwangsu came of age in 1889, and an intimation was, I believe, soon after conveyed that the foreign representatives would be pleased to offer him their congratulations on the event. The matter was, however, not pressed, and the Ministers themselves are said to have been somewhat taken by surprise by the decision expressed in the following edict, which appeared in the *Peking Gazette* on the 12th of December last:—

"Since the Treaties have been made with the various nations, letters and despatches under the seals of the Governments have passed to and fro making complimentary inquiries year by year without intermission. The harmony that has existed has become thus from time to time more and more secure. The Ministers of the various Powers residing in Peking have abundantly shown their loyal desire to maintain peaceful relations and international friendship. This I cordially recognize, and I rejoice in it.

"In the first and second months of last year (February 1888), when there were special reasons for expressing national joy, I received a Gracious Decree (from the Empress Dowager) ordering the Ministers of the Yamên for Foreign Affairs to entertain the Ministers of the foreign nations at a banquet. That occasion was a memorable and happy one. I have now been in charge of the Government for two years. The Ministers of foreign Powers ought

to be received by me at an audience, and I hereby decree that the audience to be held be in accordance with that of the 12th year of the reign of Tung Chih (1873). It is also hereby decreed that a day be fixed every year for an audience, in order to show my desire to treat with honor all the Ministers of the foreign Powers resident in Peking, whether fully empowered or temporarily in charge of the affairs of their Governments. The Ministers of the Yamên for Foreign Affairs are hereby ordered in the first month of the ensuing New Year to prepare a memorial asking that a time for the audience may be fixed. On the next day the Foreign Ministers are to be received at a banquet at the Foreign Office. The same is to be done every year in the first month, and the rule will be the same on each occasion. New Ministers coming will be received at this annual audience. At all times of national congratulation, when China and the foreign countries give suitable expression to their joy, the Ministers of the Foreign Office are also to offer a memorial asking for the bestowal of a banquet, to show the sincere and increasing desire of the Imperial Government for the maintenance of peace and the best possible relations between China and the Foreign States. In regard to the details, the Yamên is hereby ordered to memorialize for instructions on each occasion."

It will at once strike the most casual reader that this proclamation marks a distinct advance upon the curt edict of the Emperor Tung-che. Instead of a grudging assent, here is a willing proffer; and the conditions of foreign intercourse are recognized with frankness and cordiality. If there is still a flavor of concession and condescension, something may be allowed for the peculiarities of Chinese idiom. The reception itself, however, left more to be desired, and though I shrink from entering into details that become wearisome by repetition, I may be pardoned for indicating a few of the defects. The locality, for instance, was the same as in 1873; and if it be true that the foreign Ministers protested, requiring instead that audience should be given them within the precincts of the palace, but that the Chinese declared this impossible without the *kotow*, the inference seems irresistible that an audience in the grounds is considered an inferior function. The bald announcement, again, in the *Peking Gazette* of March 4, that "at half-past eleven on the morrow the Emperor would receive in audience, at the Tsu-Kwang-Ko, all the nations," would hardly distinguish the ceremony in Chinese eyes from a similar reception accorded a few days later in the same building to a crowd of Mongolian and

Thibetan emissaries. Nor would the notice published subsequently, that "at noon on the 5th, the Emperor [had] received in audience the Ministers of the various nations—Brandt, Denby, Walsam," etc., etc., do much to better the impression. There is said, also, to have been most unseemly crowding by the onlookers assembled near the pavilion, and who would certainly not have been permitted to press around and touch great Chinese Mandarins, as they seemed to have pressed around the Ministers and their suites.

There was an improvement in the ceremonial itself, though this still left something to be desired. The several Ministers were admitted in succession, instead of in a batch as in 1873; the table on which they had then to deposit their letters of credence was dispensed with, though the hand of a Minister of State was still used to transmit the credentials to the throne; and the further concession was made of admitting the Secretaries and principal Attachés of the Legations to a collective interview, after the audience-in-chief had been despatched. The Emperor, as on the former occasion, sat on a raised platform at the end of the principal hall, Prince Ching, the President of the Foreign Board, kneeling by his side. Each Minister, on entering, advanced to within about six feet of this platform, making on the way three obeisances. Prince Ching then introduced him by name, and he read a congratulatory address, which was repeated in Chinese by his interpreter. Advancing then to the foot of the platform, he was met by Prince Ching, who took the letters of credence and laid them on a table immediately in front of the Emperor. The latter bowed an acknowledgment, and addressed to Prince Ching—who listened kneeling and, descending the steps with his arms widespread in accordance with Confucian tradition, repeated to the interpreter for retranslation—a reply, which, if it meant little, was certainly unexceptionable in point of courtesy and cordiality.

"We desire [it ran] to convey to all the Ministers, *Chargés d'Affaires*, and Secretaries, who have presented congratulations to Us, that We truly appreciate, and are very pleased, with all your kind expressions, and We sincerely wish that your respective sovereigns may this year have all things according to their hearts' desires, and that their happiness and prosperity may daily increase. We also

hope that you Ministers will stay long in China in the full enjoyment of health, and that friendly relations between China and foreign countries will never cease."

The Emperor himself is described as having an air of decided personal distinction. "Rather pale and dark, with a well-shaped forehead, long, black, arched eyebrows, large, mournful dark eyes, a sensitive mouth, and an unusually long chin, he wore, together with an air of great gentleness and intelligence, an expression of melancholy, due, naturally enough, to the deprivation of nearly all the pleasures of his age and to the strict life which the hard and complicated duties of his high position force him to lead. He was dressed, like his Ministers, in a puce-colored silk robe, with dragon embroideries on the shoulders and breast, and a large felt hat of the ordinary official pattern."* He is said to have been pleased with the audience, and the Chinese Ministers in attendance expressed themselves gratified with its success. How it presented itself to the foreign representatives we shall learn doubtless in due time from their despatches to their respective Governments. But they are said to have been generally satisfied of the desire of the Imperial Court to make the ceremony as consistent with foreign ideas as Chinese prejudices would permit.

It will be remembered that the edict decreeing the audience ordered also that the Ministers should be entertained on the following day at a banquet at the Tsungli Yamên. That function also appears to have been celebrated with much *éclat*, and to have been marked by an interchange of speeches between Herr von Brandt, as Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, and Prince Ching, as President of the Foreign Board, which left nothing to be desired. Such ceremonies are criticised, however, in the East with a keenness which people in this country—who are attracted mainly by the quaint side of Chinese polity, and tolerate with difficulty any serious disquisition—hardly care, perhaps, to realize; and the question suggests itself: What would be thought, in Europe, of a sovereign ordering his Foreign Secretary to give the foreign representatives at his capital an official banquet at which he did not himself condescend to be present? Even

* Vide *Chinese Times*, March 1891.

Kienlung, it is remarked, a hundred years ago, not only remained, but showed personal courtesy to Lord Macartney and his suite, at the historical banquet at Zehol.

Differences of opinion exist on this as on most other subjects; but the prevalent feeling among foreign residents seems questionably one of disappointment at the divergence from European custom and the concession to Chinese assumption which were still tolerated. There are, of course, some who make allowances for Chinese conservatism, and who point to the fact that the Emperor is already accused of pro-foreign proclivities, as evidence of the difficulties he has to encounter. It suffices then that he does receive the representatives of foreign Powers without prostration or genuflexion, and that progress is being gradually made toward a more liberal goal; while others resent impatiently the vestiges of assumption which are still to be discerned. Foreign Ministers, it is urged, represent their sovereigns; and anything in the shape of an inferior reception is to maintain an affectation of superiority on the part of the Chinese Emperor which lowers foreigners generally in the eye of Chinese: nor can it but accentuate that impression, that European monarchs should accord Chinese envoys full and equal privileges while our own representatives are grudged similar recognition.

I halt, however, on the threshold of a political dissertation. I have been concerned rather to produce an historical sketch that might explain the interest attaching to the Rite. And so we have noted the ceremonial in force at a time when the Emperor's universal supremacy was a dogma of political faith; we have

seen Kienlung so far relaxing as to receive Lord Macartney on bended knee; and we have seen the courtiers of Kia-king outraging hospitality and persuading him to drive Lord Amherst contumeliously away. We have noted the blows by which these pretensions were shattered. We have been present with Sir Thomas Wade at the first audience under the new régime, when prostration and genuflexion were alike omitted; but when the Imperial edict was curt, and when an affectation of concession was still glaringly evident. And we have now beheld a further advance: all the foreign representatives at Peking have been invited, and politely received—not only they, but their full staff, in 1891. The etiquette observed may still fall short of what we conceive the circumstances to require; but it marks at least a striking advance since the Emperor ranked as the Solitary Man, and all the Princes of the world as his tributaries and inferiors.

[The very serious anti-foreign riots that have broken out in the valley of the Yangtze since this article was written, do not affect the evidence given of the progress of political education in high places, though they prove how very easy it still is to excite popular hostility against foreigners. It is worthy of note that these riots are ascribed to the influence of secret societies, who are accused, in some quarters, of acting in revenge because the new Viceroy refused to pay blackmail, and in others, of wishing to embroil the Government with foreigners in order to weaken its power of resistance to projected rebellion.]—*Westminster Review*.

AN EPISTLE.

So, into Cornwall you go down,
And leave me loitering here in town.
For me, the ebb of London's wave,
Not ocean-thunder in Cornish cave.
My friends (save only one or two)
Gone to the glistening marge, like you,—
The opera season with blare and din
Dying sublime in *Lohengrin*,—
Houses darkened, whose blinded panes
All thoughts, save of the dead, preclude,—
The parks a puddle of tropic rains,—
Clubland a pensive solitude,—

For me, now you and yours are flown,
The fellowship of books alone !

For you, the snaky wave, upflung
With writhing head and hissing tongue ;
The weed whose tangled fibres tell
Of some inviolate deep-sea dell ;
The faultless, secret-chambered shell,
Whose sound is an epitome
Of all the utterance of the sea ;
Great, basking, twinkling wastes of brine ;
Far clouds of gulls that wheel and swerve
In unanimity divine,
With undulation serpentine,
And wondrous, consentaneous curve,
Flashing in sudden silver sheen,
Then melting on the sky-line keen ;
The world-forgotten coves that seem
Lapt in some magic old sea-dream,
Where, shivering off the milk-white foam,
Lost airs wander, seeking home,
And into clefts and caverns peep,
Fissures paven with powdered shell,
Recesses of primeval sleep,
Tranced with an immemorial spell ;
The granite fangs eternally
Rending the blanch'd lips of the sea ;
The breaker clutching land, then hurled
Back on its own tormented world ;
The mountainous upthunderings,
The glorious energy of things,
The power, the joy, the cosmic thrill,
Earth's ecstasy made visible,
World-rapture old as Night and new
As sunrise ;—this, all this, for you !

So, by Atlantic breezes fanned,
You roam the limits of the land,
And I in London's world abide,
Poor flotsam on the human tide !—
Nay, rather, isled amid the stream—
Watching the flood—and, half in dream,
Guessing the sources whence it rose,
And musing to what Deep it flows.

For still the ancient riddles mar
Our joy in man, in leaf, in star.
The Whence and Whither give no rest,
The Wherefore is a hopeless quest ;
And the dull wight who never thinks,—
Who, chancing on the sleeping Sphinx,
Passes unchallenged,—fares the best !

—*Spectator.*

ELECTRICAL EVAPORATION.

RATHER more than twenty-five years ago the writer of this article saw, in a well-known London laboratory, a funnel with a perpendicular tube and a lateral branch. Mercury fell from the funnel through the tube, and air was sucked in through the branch, a vacuum being thereby produced in any vessel attached to this branch. This simple piece of apparatus had just been designed by Dr. Hermann Sprengel, and it was destined to immortality in the history of science under the name of the Sprengel Pump. Dr. Sprengel showed that the vacuum so produced was a nearer approach to perfection than had hitherto been obtained; and, although the pump has since been modified in detail, it retains its pre-eminence at the present time. It was rapidly adopted by scientific men, and to it we owe a brilliant train of discoveries. Graham's researches on the "occlusion" or absorption of gases by metals, Frankland and Armstrong's method of water analysis, the incandescent system of electric lighting, and, above all, Mr. Crookes's marvellous discoveries in the unseen universe of molecules, would have been impossible without the pump. Our present concern is with Mr. Crookes's physical discoveries, and particularly with the latest, which was communicated to the Royal Society a few weeks ago under the title of "Electrical Evaporation." In order to make these discoveries intelligible to the general reader it is necessary to state briefly the modern theory of the constitution of matter, which is now generally accepted, and which is in substantial harmony with known phenomena.

Matter consists of minute particles called molecules, which are always in motion. There is constant attraction between them, analogous to the attraction of gravitation, which results in what we call cohesion and adhesion. Of the nature of this attraction we at present know but little. The molecular motion is otherwise described as heat. The absolute zero of temperature would be matter without motion. In a solid the molecules move, perhaps vibrate, without their permanent position in regard to one another being altered. In a liquid the molecules move freely, incessantly changing their positions in regard to one

another, but through distances so short that they still remain within the influence of each other's attraction. Hence the liquid possesses cohesion, and is only to a very limited extent elastic. In a gas the molecules move through much greater distances, and are but little affected by each other's attraction. The sum total of the motions of the molecules of a gas produce its elasticity; for the smallest quantity of gas introduced into the largest vacuum will rapidly occupy the whole space, in virtue of the proper motion of the molecules.

The first of Mr. Crookes's discoveries is represented by the scientific toy called the Radiometer, a small mill enclosed in a vacuum, which can now be seen in numberless shop-windows. The metallic vanes of this mill are set in motion by solar rays, mechanical motion being here the direct outcome of radiant energy. Then followed the introduction into the Sprengel vacuum of electrical energy. A powerful stream of electricity was passed through two platinum wires into the vacuum. It is well known that with any ordinary vacuum a well-known and beautiful discharge of electricity takes place between the platinum wires; but by carrying the exhaustion to an extent previously unattempted a totally new phenomenon appeared. Reduced to a very small fraction of their previous number, molecules fly from the electrified points through considerable distances before, coming into collision, they produce light. A dark space in the exhausted vessel now becomes apparent, which is occupied by matter in rapid rectilinear motion. Matter in this condition is not improperly described as "radiant matter;" it represents a fourth condition of matter, as distinct from gas as gas from liquid, or liquid from solid. It is found that the stream of molecules can be deflected into a curved line by the attraction of a magnet, and that small mills inside the vessel can, therefore, be set in motion by the application of a magnet to the outside of the glass. The straight path of the molecules is only arrested by their impact against other gaseous or solid molecules, and luminous effects can be produced by allowing the molecular hailstorm to fall upon gems and

other foreign substances. It is impossible here to describe these phenomena, or to give any idea of their beauty and interest, still less to explain the practical uses of the electrified vacuum.

The latest outcome of this train of researches gives its title to the present article. Every one knows that solids and liquids frequently pass into gases by a process known as evaporation. Sometimes the solid melts—that is, becomes liquid—before it passes into the gaseous condition, as when ice melts and afterward evaporates; but sometimes the solid passes at once into the gaseous condition. The evaporation of camphor is a good instance of this. Now, during the electrical discharge in vacuo it is known that on the inside of the glass near the platinum wires, and especially near the wire known to electricians as the negative pole, a black deposit of metallic platinum is, after a time, formed. It is clear that the electrical energy produces a volatilization of the metal which is comparable with the evaporation of camphor. It is properly described as electrical evaporation. The hailstorm of gaseous molecules, to which reference has already been made, continues as before, but the molecules of the platinum now add to the torrent, and are deposited on any neighboring surface, particularly on the surrounding glass, once more assuming the solid state. It will be seen that this phenomenon produced by electrical energy is somewhat similar to that observed in a stoppered bottle containing a few lumps of camphor. Before long a solid crystalline deposit is seen in the upper part of the bottle; molecules have detached themselves from the solid mass below, and, passing as gas, have, by impact against the upper part of the glass, lost the greater part of their molecular motion and returned to the solid state. The molecular motion proper to the gaseous state being arrested, the force of cohesion again exerts itself. In electrical evaporation the energy of electricity plays the part of heat in ordinary evaporation. Electricity as well as heat can provide a stimulus sufficient to drive molecules out of the range of each other's attraction.

In the investigation of this new field of research Mr. Crookes appears to have started from the liquid. He describes the upper surface of a liquid in terms so terse and vivid that a few lines at any rate must

be quoted:—"If we consider a liquid at atmospheric pressure—say, for instance, a basin of water in an open room—at molecular distances the boundary surface between the liquid and the superincumbent gas will not be a plane, but turbulent like a stormy ocean. The molecules at the surface of the liquid dart to and fro, rebound from their neighbors, and fly off in every direction. Their initial velocity may be either accelerated or retarded according to the direction of impact. The result of a collision may drive a molecule in such a direction that it remains part and parcel of the liquid; on the other hand, it may be sent upward without any diminution of speed, and it will then be carried beyond the range of attraction of neighboring molecules and fly off into and mingle with the superincumbent gas."

Evidently any additional motion communicated to the molecules of a volatile liquid tends to increase the number which, escaping from attraction, fly off as gas. It is also easy to understand that the escape of molecules from the "stormy ocean" of liquid must be hindered by the more stormy gaseous ocean above. It is true that in the gas the number of molecules is less, but then their motion is far greater than in the liquid, so that a point may be reached when the propulsion of molecules from the liquid is balanced by their repulsion by the gas. Hence evaporation into a limited space is limited in quantity, and, under ordinary conditions, depends on the temperature; while evaporation into unlimited space, or into space from which gas is continuously removed by exhaustion, is practically unlimited. Of the evaporation of a liquid into a gas of a different nature—as, for instance, the evaporation of water into air—it is not necessary now to speak.

It will be evident that the promotion of evaporation from a liquid surface by electrical instead of by heat energy is a logical deduction from the previous reasoning. A simple experiment soon showed the close analogy between the two operations. Equal weights of water in two porcelain dishes were placed in two pans of a balance, the surface of each being touched by a platinum wire. One of these wires was insulated, while the other communicated negative electricity to the water. It was found that evaporation from the electrified water took place more rapidly than

from the other basin. A positive electrical charge had but very slight action in stimulating evaporation; a new illustration being thereby incidentally afforded of the difference, at present inexplicable, that exists between the two kinds of electricity.

That solids evaporate by electricity has long been known. The arc light, only inferior in brilliancy to that of the sun, is not caused by a mere passage of electricity, but is accompanied by a transference of carbon from point to point. The discharge of a Leyden jar and the production of sparks from a common electrical machine are also phenomena which are accompanied by transference of matter. All such transferences may properly be described as cases of electrical evaporation. They are clearly comparable with the evaporation and resolidification of camphor. Passing, therefore, naturally from liquids to solids, Mr. Crookes stud-

ied, and has reported upon, the comparative ease with which different metals evaporate—or, in other words, are distilled—under electrical stress. Cadmium was the metal first operated upon, and it was found that when six grains were electrified in the vacuum tube almost the whole evaporated in thirty-five minutes. Tables were afterward constructed showing the comparative volatilities of different metals under fairly uniform conditions, and by a very interesting extension of the system it was found possible to separate the metals present in alloys by taking advantage of their different volatilities. Thus, from an alloy of gold and aluminium pure gold can be distilled, aluminium being very slightly volatile.

We shall look forward with interest to further extensions of the remarkable application of electrical energy here very briefly and imperfectly sketched.—*Saturday Review*.

GOETHE'S FRIENDSHIP WITH SCHILLER.*

BY PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

OF the friendships of authors none is so illustrious as that of Goethe and Schiller, and none is more truly remarkable, for it was a friendship between two great spirits of opposite types; it overcame a long resistance, it resulted in the most strenuous co-operation for the highest ends, it bore the richest and the most abundant fruit.

In July, 1787, when Goethe, having returned from Sicily, was settling to his second and more deliberate study of Rome, Schiller visited Weimar. A deserted Weimar, for the Duke as well as Goethe was absent; but Wieland was to be found, and was willing to quit his translation of Lucian to greet a distinguished visitor. Herder was here, and was favorably impressed with what he had read of Schiller's latest play, *Don Carlos*; and in the presence of his friend and admirer, Charlotte von Kalb—ailing, unhappy, excitable, exacting—Schiller found an uneasy pleasure. In that year Goethe's age was thirty-eight; Schiller was ten years younger. He was already famous.

The Robbers had made a conquest of young Germany when he was only twenty-one; since then his reputation had been sustained and widened, if not by *Fiesko*, certainly by *Kabale und Liebe* and his lyrical poems. But in his reception at Weimar there was clearly no enthusiasm; the ex-medical student and revolutionary playwright was made to feel that he was admitted somewhat on sufferance to the aristocratic circle of the Court; despondency descended upon him, and, partly to resist its invasion, he worked fiercely at the *Revolt of the Netherlands*. Everywhere he was met and foiled by a kind of tyrannous *numen*, a spiritual presence of the absent Goethe, to which all paid unquestioning homage. Now he encounters the Duke's favorite, Knebel, and finds that he sets small store by a young poet's criticisms and æsthetics—prefers, indeed, to these the gathering of herbs or examination of minerals; too evidently Knebel is of Goethe's faction. Now the Court-singer, Corona Schröter, reads aloud to an admiring audience Goethe's classical *Iphigenie*. Now it is Goethe's birthday, and in the wanderer's garden his friends

* Read before the Manchester Branch of the English Goethe Society.

have gathered to drink his health ; Schiller must drink it, too, in a goblet of Rhenish ; " he little thinks, in Italy," wrote Schiller, " that he has me among his guests ; but fate brings men and things wonderfully together."

Schiller had already seen Goethe. When Goethe, in 1779, carried Karl August to Switzerland to work off some of his redundant energy, they stayed for a week at Stuttgart, and attended the distribution of prizes at the Military Academy. A lank, red-haired youth advanced to receive his three prizes and to kiss the hem of the Duke of Württemberg's garment. It was Schiller, and there, on the right of " The Anointed," stood Karl August, of Weimar, and on the left, in stiff Court suit, the illustrious author of *Goetz* and *Werther*, conscious that he was gazed at, and coloring visibly.

Before Goethe's return from Italy, Schiller had left Weimar for the little village of Volkstädt, where he could wander on hill-side and river bank in company with his beloved Lotte. " I am very curious to see Goethe," he writes to Körner (27th July, 1788) ; " on the whole, I feel well disposed toward him, and there are few whose abilities I so honor." And a little later : " I have not yet seen Goethe, but we have exchanged greetings. He said he should have paid me a visit if he had known he must pass so near me on his way to Weimar. We were within three miles of each other. I am told he has retired from active life." In September of that year Schiller's desire was gratified. At Rudolstadt, in the house of his future mother-in-law, Frau von Lengefeld, the meeting took place. There, beside Schiller's Lotte and her more intellectual sister Caroline, were Herder's wife and Goethe's sometime friend and confidant, Frau von Stein. The first meeting did not inspire Schiller with any strong wish to advance from acquaintance to intimacy. There was, indeed, no coldness nor formality on either side ; Goethe was in a happy mood, and spoke much and delightfully of Italy, and the manners and morals of its people ; his movements seemed to Schiller—himself nervously irregular in his gestures—somewhat stiff, and his countenance not open ; but his eye could beam and rivet attention ; there was an earnest kindness in his expression, and his voice was singularly pleasing. But as he spoke the

ladies fluttered or settled around him ; there was small chance for the new-comer, unless it might be once on a ramble by the Saale, to converse with him alone. Schiller had looked forward with ardent expectation to this meeting ; it was over, and nothing had come of it ; he could not but feel somewhat mortified. " The high idea I had conceived of Goethe," he tells Körner, " is not in the slightest degree lessened by personal acquaintance ; but I doubt if we shall ever draw very close toward each other. Much that still interests me, that I still wish and hope for, he has outlived. He is so far ahead of me—not so much in years as in experience of the world and self-development—that we cannot meet on the road. His whole life, from the very first, has run in a contrary direction to mine ; his world is not my world. . . . But from so short an interview it is hard to draw a conclusion. Time will show."

Goethe has himself explained why it was impossible for him at this time to approach Schiller with cordiality. He had brought back with him from Italy, a conception of art which made him look, with something like impatient scorn, on the movement of which he had, himself, once been a leader—the movement of storm and revolt—and in which Schiller, as a dramatist, was now the banner-bearer. " An energetic, but immature talent had poured over the country in full torrent, just those ethical and theatrical paradoxes from which I was endeavoring to clear myself. . . . The applause universally bestowed on those extravagant abortions, by wild students as by the cultivated Court lady, fell like a shock on me. All the pains I had taken with myself seemed to me entirely lost." A past self which we have transcended sometimes seems to us to revive as our most hateful adversary. The earlier plays of Schiller were turbid and revolutionary. *Don Carlos* was doubtless felt by Goethe to be rhetorical and doctrinaire. And, on the other hand, Schiller, on reading *Egmont*, was conscious that it cast him down from his heights ; here in *Egmont* was a veritable hero, fashioned by history for the drama ; how he, himself, could have exalted and idealized *Egmont* ! And this hero who might have declaimed so eloquently on the great truths of politics, on freedom and nature and virtue, had been degraded by Goethe into the cavalier of a

love intrigue ! The criticism of *Egmont*, published by Schiller, appeared to Goethe to prove that its writer knew more of morals and politics than of poetry. Perhaps, when, by his influence, Schiller was appointed to the Professorship of History at Jena, he supposed that he had rendered the young enthusiast a more than material service, that a better way was now opened for this crude intellect, and that out of a bad, or at least a mischievous, poet, he had helped to create a useful professor.

Schiller guessed that to this Pharisee of art he himself must appear irregular and riotous. *Don Carlos* had again drawn the eyes of Germany upon him ; but Goethe coldly averted his face. And he had the fatal power of binding other hearts in ice, for Moritz was also cold, and valued the smallest finished work of Goethe more than the most daring attempt of another. "It would make me unhappy," wrote Schiller, 2nd February, 1789, "to be much with Goethe ; he never overflows even to his closest friends ; nothing attaches him ; I believe that he is an egoist in a supreme degree. He possesses the talent of putting men under an obligation to him by small as well as great acts of courtesy ; but he always manages to remain free himself. He makes himself known by acts of beneficence, but only as a god, without giving himself. This mode of action seems to me a calculated plan to obtain the highest gratification for his self-love. Men should not tolerate near them a being of this kind. Hence he is hateful to me, though I love his intellect with all my heart, and have an exalted idea of him. . . . He has aroused in me a most singular combination of hate and love, a feeling not unlike that which Brutus and Cassius must have had for Cæsar. I could murder his spirit, and then love him from my heart." One more quotation from Schiller's letters to Körner will show how foiled he was by Goethe's unapproachable distance, and how, desiring to get rid of this mortifying sense of defeat, he gave it expression in bitter words that really meant more of disappointment than of wrath : "This man, this Goethe, is an impediment in my way ; and he reminds me too often how hard Fate has been to me. How tenderly was his genius led on by Fate, and how I have even still to struggle ! I cannot repair all I have lost—after thirty a man does not

refashion himself. . . . But I pluck up a good heart, and believe in a happy revolution in the future."

These words were written in the spring of 1789. Five years followed, during which no real advance toward friendship was made on either side. Goethe had returned from Italy an altered man. He saw his way, and would not be tempted to forsake it. He shook off the burden of miscellaneous public cares, and was resolved not again to give himself away to uncongenial tasks. Though still ready to advise and assist the Duke, he ceased to appear at the council table. The estrangement from Frau von Stein before long became complete. More and more Goethe secluded himself in his home. He had not gone forward with the stream of popular literature ; he was now in opposition. As a poet he was no favorite with the mass of readers, nor did he seek to please them ; he lived his life, and if his life yielded poetry, he wrote it down ; if not, he was silent. The collected edition of his poems was not warmly welcomed. He occupied himself more and more with scientific pursuits, and with the history of art. On his return from the disastrous French campaign, Goethe, saddened by the mournful events of the war, and oppressed by an unusual feeling of desolation, visited Jacobi at Pempelfort. Here, if anywhere, he would meet a genuine friend. A sorrowful change had indeed taken place in the household—Jacobi's bright wife ("one of Rubens' women," said Goethe) was dead ; but still there were some who would receive him with open arms. Alas, it soon appeared that even here Goethe's hermit spirit dwelt apart ; he was not less solitary than before ; nay, he was more so, for the sense of an impassable gulf between himself and his friend seemed a crowning proof of his isolation. They begged him to read aloud to them the *Iphigenie* ; he could not endure its pure and tender ideality. They produced the *Ædipus at Colonus* ; he could not get beyond a hundred lines. His mind had been hardened by the events of the campaign ; he was disposed to look on human affairs as a severe and satirical critic. But in the laws of nature, in the forms of plants, in the phenomena of light, he was profoundly interested. And to live with these he must return to solitude, or form a community, as it were,

from the faculties of his own many-sided intellect. In the quiet of his Weimar home Goethe founded, as Herman Grimm has put it, "an invisible university, where he filled every department himself—rector, professor in all the faculties, private tutor, pupil, and beadle; everything revolves about him, and he cares for everything separately."

The dream of perfect union of heart with heart had faded away. If any woman could be the companion of his spirit it was Charlotte von Stein; and now her love was but a memory or a pang. If there was any man on whose heart his own could find repose it was Jacobi, and in Jacobi's house he was not happy. Perhaps he could altogether dispense with friendship; to find a true comrade might be impossible, but in the place of such an one he might establish many ministers to his intellect. Herman Grimm, from whom I have just quoted, observes justly that at this time Goethe ceased to cultivate companionship as of man with man, and attached to himself a number of specialists, each of whom could yield something to some fragment of his mind. He became a general with his adjutants; a prince with ministers who accept their portfolios for this department or for that. He was far from unhappy; he was delightfully and profitably occupied; and yet one thing was wanting. Nor was a serious danger absent—that in gathered materials, in variety of studies, in optics, and osteology, and botany, and art history, Goethe might lose himself, might parcel out his mind into fragments, and cease to possess the force and momentum of one living character, or as he himself would have said, one living nature.

The incident which brought together Goethe and Schiller has been often told, but a brief notice of it is necessary here as an essential part of the story, and because its significance has not always been accurately perceived. Leaving at the same moment a meeting of Batsch's Natural Research Association, Schiller and Goethe entered into conversation. It was remarked by the former that such a fragmentary way of treating nature as that adopted by the lecturer must fail to interest such of the audience as were not specialists. In these words he touched the very heart of Goethe's method of envisaging external nature. "There might, in-

deed, be another mode of presenting nature," said Goethe, "not dismembered and in fragments, but operative and alive, and striving definitely from the whole to differentiate itself in the parts." And thereupon he plunged into his theory of the metamorphosis of plants. When they reached Schiller's door, Goethe followed him into the house, and, seizing a pen, sketched the type-plant. "That is not an observation," said Schiller, "that is an idea." "My surprise," adds Goethe, in relating the incident, "was painful, for these words clearly indicated the line that divided us."

Thus at the moment when the union was effected, it was wrought through opposition. "That is not an observation but an idea!"—Goethe, gazing at an actual plant and comparing one plant with another, held that he really divined, really saw within the visible forms that typical form which they were striving to manifest. To Schiller, who, in his own creations, started from an idea and proceeded to adapt his material to the idea which he desired to set forth, it seemed as if Goethe were but following a like method—that he had conceived the typical plant *à priori*, and was accommodating by aid of his intellect and imagination the actual forms of leaf and flower to his preconceived idea.

The incident took place at a fortunate moment. In the preceding year Schiller had made the acquaintance of a man whose name is most honorably associated with the literary movement of the time—the publisher, Cotta. The scheme of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, still a leading journal of Germany, was in Cotta's head, and he proposed that Schiller, whose interest in politics was deep and whose historical studies had given him a certain political education, should become its first editor. His delicate health forbade the acceptance of so arduous a post, but he would gladly undertake the conduct of a monthly magazine, from which politics and religion should be excluded. To his surprise Cotta gladly listened to the proposal. The name *Die Horen* was approved; the most distinguished thinkers and men of letters in Germany were to be invited to assist; if Kant, Jacobi, Herder, Klopstock, Voss, Lichtenberg, Fichte, Humboldt, Goethe could be secured all would assuredly go well.

On the 13th of June, 1794, Schiller for-

warded to Goethe a prospectus of the magazine, and respectfully invited his co-operation, promising that, if he joined, he would find himself in good company. Goethe let ten days pass before he replied; then gave in his adhesion to the scheme of *Die Horen*. "Keep me in friendly remembrance," he wrote, a month later, "and believe me that I am looking forward with sincere pleasure to a frequent interchange of ideas with you." Such cordiality from an Olympian had in it something overpowering. The attractions of Batsch's Scientific Association and of the new periodical drew Goethe more than once from Weimar to Jena, and in friendly communion with Schiller the league was almost cemented. We can picture to ourselves the meetings—on the one side the stiff Geheimerath, a middle-aged courtier, now grown somewhat stout and heavy-jawed, enjoying a tranquil self-possession, having a fund of varied experience, and bearing a reputation for Epicurean tolerance; we can imagine him as he allowed his true personality gradually to reveal itself through the masks and disguises of life; and on the other side the eager idealist, his tall, spare figure, his narrow chest, his restless energy, his aspiring gaze, his exalted air, his phrases from the Kantian philosophy; and now his head drooped upon his breast, his racking cough, a martyr to enthusiasm, looking, said Goethe, like an *Ecce Homo*. They discussed philosophical questions. Schiller, as a believer in a system, was armed at all points; Goethe's philosophy was a vague pantheism, fed from a mass of observations of nature, both poetical and scientific; systems he waived aside as having of necessity only a subjective or personal validity. It was easy to worst Goethe in argument, and he was himself at times disturbed by the force with which Schiller assailed the grounds of his convictions; but somehow in the end he escaped from the trammels of argumentative discussion, and Proteus stood free. Nor was his skill in argument the sole advantage on the side of Goethe's new friend. "Idealist" we name Schiller, and he is rightly so named. But it was soon apparent to Goethe that in the art of handling men the idealist was his superior. In all the deeper and broader wisdom about human life, Goethe was beyond measure the better instructed of the two; but in

this or that case where difficulties or perplexities had arisen, Schiller would be alive at all points, would deal skilfully with this person and that, and extricate himself cleverly from an untoward position. Goethe would accept things with a large carelessness, and would somehow outlive them in the end.

Soon after they parted in July, 1794, Schiller wrote a long and memorable letter, which may be looked on as the real starting-point of that correspondence kept up incessantly for so many years, a correspondence which covers the whole time from 1794 to the month of Schiller's death, May, 1805. The entire period of the union of these two eminent spirits was ten years. In Schiller's brief life, ten years counts as a great epoch, and they were the crowning years of his existence, those toward which all the rest had tended, those during which he was advancing in the race with a runner's speed. Had Schiller died before he gained the friendship of Goethe we should have known him as a young, ambitious writer of irregular imagination, and an intellect afflicted with a tendency to philosophical speculations which did not aid his genius as a poet; and Goethe would have appeared to us, through Schiller's letters to Körner, as cold, calculating, egoistic. Happily, Schiller's martyrdom was slow; and hence we are the possessors of *Wallenstein*, *Mary Stuart*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *The Bride of Messina*, *William Tell*, the ballads, and the later lyrics; hence we can observe him at work by means of that long correspondence, to read which is like looking into a glass bee-hive, and seeing the bees shape their cells, only that here the bees are poets, and the cells are filled with other sweetness than that of the heath-bell or the honeysuckle; hence, too, instead of Goethe the calculating egoist, we know Goethe the loyal and generous friend, such as he is described in a letter of Schiller (1800) to the Countess Schimmelmänn: "It is not the noble qualities of his intellect which bind me to him. If he had not the highest worth of all in my eyes—worth as a *man*, whom I have personally learned to know, I could only wonder at his genius from afar. I can truly say that for the six years during which I have lived in closest union with Goethe, I have never for a moment been mistaken in his character. There are in

his nature a lofty integrity and truth, together with the highest earnestness on behalf of what is right and good."

But let us return to the first remarkable letter of the correspondence. It is nothing else than an attempt on Schiller's part to set up a mirror in which Goethe may view his form and features, for "genius," he says, "ever remains the greatest mystery to itself." The chief impression left upon Schiller after their recent conversations was not that he had acquired a number of new ideas, but that he had been contemplating an extraordinary mind, and that this mind had a power to draw his own toward itself out of intricacies and extravagances, and into broad sane ways of feeling and of thought. "Your calm and clear way of looking at things," he writes, "keeps you from getting upon the by-roads, into which speculation as well as arbitrary or self-directed imagination is so apt to lead one astray. Your direct intuition grasps all things in their completeness which are sought for laboriously by analysis, and because this lies within you as a whole, the wealth of your mind is concealed from yourself; for alas! we know only that which we take to pieces. . . . You look on nature as a whole in order that you may obtain light as to each particular part." And so he goes on to point out how, getting as it were upon the track of nature, Goethe ascends from simpler organisms to more complex, until at last he arrives at man, and creates beautiful human forms and characters in the deep, silent, mysterious way of nature herself. "Had you been born a Greek, or even an Italian, and had you from the cradle been placed in the midst of choice natural surroundings and of an idealizing art, your path would have been infinitely shortened, perhaps even have been rendered quite superfluous. . . . But being born a German, and your Grecian spirit having been cast in this northern mould, you had no other choice but either to become a northern artist, or, by the power of thought, to furnish your imagination with what reality did not supply, and thus to create from within outward a land of Greece by a reasoning process." At first, in his romantic period of *Goetz von Berlichingen*, Goethe—so it is implied by the criticism—was a German, and in any attempt to correct this original Germanic nature there was a danger that he might

have remained in the region of abstract conceptions, and have never got so far as to translate these conceptions into intuitions and the concrete forms of art. From that danger Goethe had been most happily and completely delivered.

So runs on the letter, with its ingenious theory of Goethe's genius and its development—a singular opening to a series of friendly communications, but one characteristic of the whole correspondence in its conscious striving after the highest culture, its strenuous effort toward a clear comprehension of the conduct of a poet's mind. Schiller has more of system in his body of philosophic or æsthetic doctrine; Goethe is the broader and more penetrating in his glances. Both strive—and each in his own fashion—after things of the mind with rare intelligence and zeal, as others strive for worldly wealth or place and power. The correspondence is not easy reading; it taxes the patience of one who is fain to repose now and again in pleasant quietudes of feeling, or who would gladly overhear the gossip of daily life. We do not perceive its true value until we have formed acquaintance with the works of Schiller and Goethe which belong to these years, and study the correspondence partly as a commentary and partly as a document in the history of origins.

To Schiller's long letter of analysis and theory Goethe replied almost with effusion. Writing on the eve of his forty-fifth birthday, he tells his new friend how he regards the days of their first cordial intercourse as an epoch in his life; and how it pleases him to reflect that this union came in a natural, unforced way, "for it seems to me that after so unexpected a meeting we cannot but wander on together." He dares to hope that some of his manifold undertakings may be bequeathed to his young contemporary to carry to completion, and promises as soon as possible to place in Schiller's hands the proof-sheets of the book which occupies him at present. Nor can he be content that his friend should only hold an intellectual mirror up before him; rather let Schiller write about himself, the course of his progress, and the point to which it has brought him.

The approach of mind to mind is very grave and noble. They do not throw themselves into each other's arms, as new

friends were accustomed twenty or thirty years earlier, and shed the tears of sentiment. Each maintains himself in his place, and gives the other his right hand in pledge of helpful comradeship of mind with mind. What higher, what more moving spectacle does the world afford than such loyal alliance of strong man with strong man, such fellowship of athletes wrestling for the solid prizes of the universe!

Very beautiful in its tone of moderation is Schiller's next letter: "Our acquaintance—late, but awakening in me many a delightful hope—is for me another proof of how much better it often is to let chance have its way than to forestall it with too much officiousness. . . . The very different paths along which you and I moved could not, with any advantage to ourselves, have brought us together sooner than at the present time. I now can hope, however, that for as much of the way as remains we may travel as companions, and with so much more advantage as the last travellers on a long journey have always the most to say to one another." Then, having finely remarked that all Goethe's mental powers seemed to have agreed with his imagination that it should be their representative, while in his own little world of man the philosophical and the poetic minds embarrass each other in their operations, he goes on to refer to his bodily infirmity: "I can scarcely hope for time to accomplish any great and general mental revolution in myself; but I will do what I can, and when at last the building falls, I shall, perhaps, after all, have snatched from the ruins what was most worthy of being preserved."

The activity of the new friends has been represented by Herman Grimm in an algebraic formula; it was, as he says, much more than doubled; the new force, as he puts it, was not simply $G + S$, but rather $(G + S) + (S + G)$. A new Goethe reinforced by Schiller stood side by side with a new Schiller reinforced by Goethe. There were boundless possibilities and ever-opening vistas in this friendship, for the friends were constantly faring forward, fellow-travellers in untried ways of intellectual experience, fellow-pioneers in new worlds of the imagination. And in its character the friendship was thoroughly masculine; neither spirit rushed into the other to be absorbed and lose its identity;

each held its own. There was no feigned consent of opinions; each could protect himself, if needful, against the other's influence. The first fact recognized by each was that of his own individuality; the next, that each individuality supplied something wanting to the other. And as time went on each was aware of a great accumulated gain. "The change which your personal influence has wrought in me," writes Schiller (12th August, 1796), "I feel to be perfectly marvellous, and though as regards one's essential self and one's ability nothing can be altered, a great purification has taken place in me." And Goethe (6th January, 1798): "If I have served you as the representative of much that is objective, you have led me back to myself from a too exclusive observation of outward things and their relations. . . . You have given me a second youth, and made me once again a poet, which I might be said to have ceased to be." And once again Schiller (23rd July, 1799): "My being will receive quite a new momentum when we are together again, for you always know how to propel me toward the outer world and into wider latitudes; when I am alone I sink back into myself." When the public had failed to distinguish the separate authorship of certain writings which they had published in association, Goethe finds pleasure in the evidence thus given that each of them was escaping from mannerisms, and was attaining an excellence free from merely personal peculiarities: "It will then be for us to consider," he goes on (26th December, 1795), "what a glorious space may be spanned by our each holding the other by one hand, and stretching out the other hand as far as nature will permit us to reach."

Herder would willingly have transformed the rulership of German literature into a triumvirate. His jealousy of Schiller, and the painful breach with the Duke and Goethe, in which questions relating to money were involved, rendered alliance with him impossible. There was much that was lovable in Herder's nature, and yet his temper was easily irritated, and springs of bitterness made all the sweeter waters brackish. Goethe valued Herder's powers highly, but his moods of barren harshness were peculiarly alien to Goethe's feelings. "Herder's two new volumes," he wrote in June, 1796, "I have read

with great interest. The seventh especially seems to me admirably conceived, thought out, and executed; the eighth, although containing much that is excellent, does not impress me favorably. . . . A certain reserve, a certain caution, a turning and twisting, an ignoring, a niggardly dealing out of praise and blame, renders, more especially what he says about German literature, extremely meagre." And then follows a sentence which all who concern themselves with the appreciation of literature may well lay to heart, and which contains encouragement for those who are not afraid to love well lest they might sometimes love unwisely: "It may be owing to my present mood, but it seems to me when speaking of what is written as of what is done in act, that unless one utters one's self with affectionate sympathy, or even with a certain one-sided enthusiasm, the result is so small as to be hardly worth mentioning. Delight, pleasure, sympathy with things—this alone is real, and again calls forth reality; all else is empty and vain."

Three chief objects were aimed at by the now united friends: to cultivate and direct the public taste of Germany; to harry and if possible to scatter the forces of the Philistines; and above all, to enrich their native land with great and enduring works in literature. Each wrought in his own manner. Schiller was the author by profession; he turned over the leaves of books to find themes, and then adapted them to his own ideas. He "sucked his subjects," as he himself expresses it, "out of his fingers' ends." When a dramatic theme had been found there came upon him first, as he tells us, a musical mood of mind, from which after a time emerged a clear conception; he would then arrange his materials, and put together a skeleton drama—the most material process of all; last he would clothe the dry bones with flesh, and breathe into them the breath of life. Goethe's poems were not thus brought together, constructed, and animated. They were more like vital organisms, growing, in some mysterious way, from a living germ. Or if he dutifully gathered material, it was of no avail until some power other than that of the conscious will came to unify the lifeless mass and animate it with a soul. "We can do nothing," he says, "but pile the wood and dry it thoroughly;

then it takes fire at the right moment, and we ourselves are amazed at the issue." His larger works, into which self-consciousness necessarily entered, Goethe would sometimes submit to Schiller, and at least in the case of *Wilhelm Meister* some things far from happily conceived are due to Schiller's suggestion. In other cases he bore his growing design about with him in silence, and feared to submit it to consideration or discussion. So it was with the *Hermann und Dorothea*; though he often mentioned the fact that he was at work upon his epic-idyl, not once did he yield his poem to his friend's scrutiny and analysis. Schiller, on the other hand, was well pleased to discourse concerning his poetical projects, and discussed all the later dramas with Goethe, scene by scene. They did not grow in silence: they might well gain by such discussion, because there was little in them of the inevitable; their author was never decided, never could let his work rest, and often altered a part just before rehearsal. "He seized boldly on a great subject," Goethe said long afterward to Eckermann, "and turned it this way and that, and handled it now in one fashion, now in another. But he saw his object, as it were, only on the outside; a quiet development from within was not within the province of his art." But with every new piece, adds Goethe, he made an advance toward perfection.

"Although he chose subjects from history unconnected with his own life, Schiller is always exposing himself through his admirations, his idealizings, his enthusiasms. His imagination delights in noble attitudes, and through the creatures of his art we discover himself—a beautiful and well-defined personality. His dramatic characters and the man himself are clearly intelligible. Goethe—in this at least resembling Shakespeare—has some of the taciturnity of nature. All his works are indeed confessions; all grow from his veritable life; and you think you have seized him in some dexterous critical theory, but lo! he has escaped, he is far away, and mocks you with ironical laughter. If you search for the roots of *Faust* or of *King Lear*, you must dig to the depths from which Igdrasil grows, that tree on which all we mortal men hang like fluttering leaves. With a certain feeling that it was impossible to make himself

completely intelligible, Goethe was often pleased to veil his true self, and he indulged a whim for disguises; thus he supposed that he might remain himself, whole and undivided, and produce his true impression by degrees, whereas if he were known in person, a group of notions connoted by the name of "Goethe" would, so to speak, be severed from his total self, and the real Goethe would be obliged to act up to this notional Goethe in the minds of other men—an irksome and unprofitable task. Sometimes this tendency carried him into idle mystifications, but it was deep-seated in his nature. In later days even the good Eckermann was now and again too painfully perplexed by the oracle. When his famulus humbly asked the master for some explanation of "the Mothers" in the second part of *Faust*, Goethe only turned his face full upon the inquirer and, with wide open eyes, repeated the line:—

"Die Mütter, die Mütter! 's klinget so wunderbarlich."

His meaning must be received whole by the imagination, and not be apprehended piecemeal by means of explanations designed for the understanding.

Lines of difference so deep-drawn between the pair of friends created no difficulty in their communion of thought and feeling, or if it did, that difficulty was happily overcome. Both felt strongly that popular taste in Germany needed to be elevated and purified, that a public opinion on matters of literature and art must be created and trained. "The public," writes Schiller, "no longer has that unity of taste which belongs to childhood, and still less that unity which is the outcome of perfected culture. It stands midway between both; hence it is a glorious time for bad authors." Schiller held that a true body of doctrine respecting works of art might be ascertained and inculcated, that a party might be formed under his own and Goethe's leadership, and that by a vigorous attack the pedants and obscurantists might be driven from the field. Goethe, if not cynical, at least older and more realistic, expected less from anything which they could effect. Every effort indeed should be made, but "who can separate his ship from the waves on which it is floating? In working against wind and tide one makes but

little headway." Something, however, might be done. "Things were the same," he writes, "twenty-five years ago, when I began, and will be even so long after I am gone. Yet . . . it does seem as if certain views and principles, without which no one ought to approach a work of art, must by degrees become more general."

As he read one day in Martial, it occurred to Goethe that a retort upon the enemies of *Die Horen* might be made in the skirmishing way of epigrams. Schiller eagerly took up the idea, and enlarged its scope; and so came into existence the *Xenia*, foxes with firebrands at their tails, let loose in the corn of Timnath. Literary mediocrity, learned pedantry, pietistic sentimentalism, metaphysical wordspinning—against each of these a lively attack was directed. To Schiller the *Xenia* were almost a serious poetical occupation; he looked on them as miniature works of art; and, in truth, his genius adapted itself more happily than did that of Goethe to the epigram. "What time I wasted over them!" was Goethe's feeling in later years, and while he wrote them it was with a half-cynical feeling that to be modest, able, and deserving during our threescore years and ten will not prevent the devil's advocate from appearing beside our corpse, and that perhaps it is better to anticipate his appearance by the aid of a little well-timed aggressiveness, which will compel our contemporaries to say what they have against us *in petto*, while we are still alive and stirring. A man can efface the impression produced by malignant comment or lie at any time, said Goethe, by his presence, his life, and his activity. Schiller was a little disturbed by the coarse attacks which the epigrams called forth; he was especially anxious that the *Xenia* should not be mistaken for vulgar satire, but rather be recognized as poetical productions in their own kind. "I hope," replies Goethe, taking things in his easy way, "that the *Xenia* will continue to produce an effect for some time to come, and that they will keep alive the evil spirit that has been raised against us. We will meanwhile advance with our positive works, and leave to it the torment of negation. If only our humor holds good we must again stir up their spleen from its very depths, but not till they are quite at ease, and think themselves secure."

In that remarkable letter with which the

correspondence between the two friends may be said to have begun, Schiller speaks of Goethe's transforming himself by a self-conscious effort from a German into a Greek. The period of their union is that of Goethe's Hellenism, and to it belong both the *Hermann und Dorothea* and the more admirable portion of the *Helena*, which represents the union between Faust, as the genius of Northern art, and Helen, the ideal of beauty as conceived by classical antiquity. Schiller died when the Hellenistic tendencies in his work were obtaining their purest expression. Goethe moved forward, and without ever ceasing to render homage to Greek poetry and Greek art, he passed out of his period of exclusive Hellenism into what has been named by one of his critics, correctly enough, though the name is a cumbersome one, his period of "eclectic universality." But did Goethe at any period transform himself into a Greek, or was he at best only what M. Paul Stapfer suggests as an appropriate description—the greatest of the Alexandrians? The very presence of a self-conscious effort to become that which naturally he was not would have rendered him incapable of attaining the frank spontaneity of Greek art. Schiller, however, has overstated the facts; Goethe never attempted to transform himself into a Greek; on the contrary, it seemed to him essential for the object which he had in view that he should remain a German, since it was from the alliance of the Teutonic genius with the genius of Greece that he hoped for the birth of the ardent child, Euphorion. And in the representative poem of this period, *Hermann und Dorothea*, if Goethe is more than elsewhere a Greek in the bright purity of his art and its fine simplicity of outline, here also more than elsewhere in the body of thought and feeling he is a German of the Germans.

We can trace part of Schiller's way toward Hellenism, and it is curiously connected with his views in ethical philosophy. "Through all Schiller's works," said Goethe to Eckermann, "runs the idea of freedom, and this idea assumed a new shape as Schiller advanced in his culture and became another man. In his youth it was physical freedom which inspired him, and expressed itself in his poems; in his later life it was ideal freedom." The justice of this remark is obvious;

from *The Robbers* to *William Tell* the change is indeed remarkable; but the idea of freedom is a central idea in each. From the French Republic he obtained the diploma of citizenship as author of *The Robbers*, and in honor of his devotion to liberty. But the course of the Revolution convinced Schiller that civil liberty is vainly sought by those who have not yet attained to human liberty—the freedom of cultured manhood. The poet of freedom was in philosophy a disciple of Kant, whose ethics are the strictest ethics of duty. The categorical imperative, "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," written on the conscience, seemed to Kant to be a sublimer manifestation of the cosmos to which we belong than even the starry heavens at night. But Kantian ethics did not quite satisfy the needs of Schiller's poetical nature. To the idea of virtue he could not choose but add the idea of beauty, and of this an essential element was freedom. Not painful self-subjugation to a moral law appeared to him to be the highest ideal for man, but rather a joyful embracing of law. The duty to which he did homage was the duty of Wordsworth's ode:—

"Flowers laugh before thee in their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads."

It was the conception of duty incarnated in Plutarch's men; and that cultured humanity from which, as Schiller believed, civil freedom might rise as on a solid basis, he found happily exemplified in the Athens of Pericles.

Their tendency toward ideal art, in which certain abstractions of passion and of beauty were to be incarnated, led Goethe and Schiller to distrust merely personal emotion, which had not been completely taken up and purified by the imagination, and in a certain sense generalized. As dramatists they endeavored to stand above and away from their own creations, related to these not as a man to offspring which is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, but as a demiurge to the world which he fashions. As poets learning daily more of their craft, they naturally set a higher value each day upon poetic form, and spoke at times as if it were an advantage to the artist that he should be indifferent to the subject-matter with which he dealt. We smile at Schiller's touching devotion to a theory when we

find him congratulating himself, while at work on *Wallenstein*, upon the circumstance that he feels coldly toward the characters of his drama; none of them can tempt him to put any of his own personality into them; he is not far from hating them all; therefore he can with single mind occupy himself with the poetic form of the piece. And though the coldness of Goethe's *Natural Daughter* is more apparent than real, we cannot rejoice to see a poet who, at his best, was so real, natural, and spontaneous, setting himself deliberately to create type-characters, like some of the *dramatis personæ* of that play, upon whom the author will not even condescend to bestow proper names. From abstractions it was easy to pass on to symbols; if once we leave the surface of this dear old mother-earth, we are but too likely to wander farther and farther toward the Inane. Some of the lifeless symbolism, the allegorical ingenuities of Goethe's later poetry, may be viewed as the last product of the intellectual movement which began so admirably in the form of ideal art and Hellenism. The scientific studies of Goethe, his passion for the discovery of type-forms in nature, indirectly confirmed this tendency in art; it seemed to accredit his new doctrine with the authority of Nature herself. But at the same time it is right to remember that his habit of observing natural phenomena helped also to keep Goethe in close connection with reality, and encouraged that method of intuition, that comprehensive and penetrating gaze from which, whether in science it led to discovery or error, some of his happiest poetical motives were derived.

The year of *Hermann und Dorothea*, 1797, was also the year of Ballads. Singularly enough, that year is memorable for ballad poetry in England as well as in Germany. Then it was that Southey, in his home at Westbury, caught, in *Bishop Bruno*, the right tone, as he conceived it, of the modern ballad. Then it was that Wordsworth and Coleridge, residing at Alfoxden and Nether Stowey, made that autumn excursion to Lynmouth on which was planned *The Ancient Mariner*, to be included next year among the *Lyrical Ballads*. Then, too, Goethe and Schiller, in Weimar and Jena, were adding to German literature a wealth of poetry now familiar to us all. In that year Goethe wrote *The*

Bride of Corinth, *The Magician's Apprentice*, *The God and the Bayadere*; Schiller produced in rapid succession *The Diver*, *The Glove*, *The Cranes of Ibycus*, *The Ring of Polycrates*, and other ballads which take rank among the best that he has written.

As contrasted with Goethe's early songs and lyrics, these poems of the period of his friendship with Schiller appear to be less the overflowings of instinct and spontaneous nature than the shapings of the self-conscious artist. "I had come," Goethe writes of his earlier period, "to look on my indwelling poetic gift quite as nature; the more so as I was inclined to regard external nature as its proper object. The exercise of this poetic gift could, indeed, be excited and determined by circumstances, but its most joyous and richest action was involuntary, or rather in opposition to the will:—

'Through field and forest roaming,
My little songs still humming,
So went it all day long.'

As I lay awake at night the same thing happened, and I often wished, like one of my predecessors, to get me a leather jerkin, and to accustom myself to write in the dark so as to fix at once such unpremeditated song. So frequently had it happened that after repeating a little song to myself I could not recall it, that I sometimes would hurry to the desk, make no delay to adjust the paper as it lay slantwise, and write down in diagonal lines the poem from beginning to end without once stirring from the spot. . . . For the poems which came thus into existence I had a particular reverence, for I felt toward them somewhat as the hen does toward the chickens which she sees hatched and chirping about her." These early poems, many of which are songs, springing sometimes from purely imaginative motives, sometimes from personal feeling or from incidents in Goethe's life, are perfect in technique, but the workmanship is seldom of an elaborate kind. From among the earlier ballads or romantic songs one may be named as illustrating the character of all, *The Fisher*, inspired, as Goethe told Eckermann, by the mysterious charm of water, the irresistible seduction of the rippling, lapping, whispering stream at noon-tide under a summer sun. Or we might name *The Erl-King*, a poem in which terror and love, the icy fears which cling

to the heart of popular superstition and the mysterious suggestions of the sights and sounds of night and lonely nature are marvellously blended. The poems of the later period are very different from these. It was inevitable and right that the spontaneity of youth should give place to the self-conscious study of the literary artist. Some of these later poems aim at effects which might almost be described as approaching those of plastic art; the form in all is contrived with the subtlest skill; if they belong, as Goethe said that his early lyrics did, to nature, it is to nature which has grown aware of itself, and which exercises over its own creative instincts an exact and exquisite superintendence.

In May of the year 1805 the end came. Schiller lay dying. Goethe himself was seriously ill. In his household they feared to tell him the saddest tidings of all. At night they listened, and could hear him weeping in the darkness, alone. When morning broke he asked, "Is it not true that Schiller was *very* ill yesterday?" For only answer to his question he heard the sobs of Christiane. "He is dead?" said Goethe, putting his assurance as an interrogation, and so leaving an avenue for hope. On learning the truth he turned aside, covered his face with his hands, and spoke no word.

No: in May of the year 1805 the end did not come; nor has it come to-day. For Goethe, though so much was lost, his friend remained a living presence. He had known no spirit which stood so close to his own, as comrade beside comrade: and the new life engendered by that com-

panionship could not pass away from him. We recall those fine verses written by Goethe as an epilogue to Schiller's poem, *The Bell*, when it was recited in honor of his memory in August, 1805. There is consolation in the repeated words, *Denn er war unser!* ("For ours he was!") and as the poem closes in its form of ten years later, the thought changes; "Even still he is with us, nor could we receive all his best gifts until he was taken from us by death." When Goethe was in his seventy-seventh year, it was ordered that the vault to which Schiller's body had been indecently hurried should be cleared. There they found one skull of peculiar beauty; it was declared to be Schiller's. They placed it on the pedestal of Dannecker's bust of the poet. A poem in the solemn *terza rima* of Dante tells us what the old man felt in presence of this relic of the grave, what mystic joy, what solemn ecstasy, for a fount of life seemed to spring for him from the inmost cavern of death:

"Mysterious chalice! Oracle most dear!
Even to grasp thee is my hand too base
Except to steal thee from thy prison here
With pious purpose, and devoutly go
Back to free air, free thoughts, and sunlight clear."

Back to these, not for relief or rest or pleasure, but, amid the frailty of old age, corroborated for renewed toil by the memory of such a friend as Schiller, and by the thought of such a life as his, so pure, so daring, so steadfast to high aims.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ROUSSEAU'S IDEAL HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. ANDREW LANG.

"But, Dr. Burney, of all the books upon this subject, none was ever equal to Rousseau's *Eloise*. What feeling! What language! What fire! Have you read it, ma'am?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, it's a book that is *alone*!"

"And *ought* to be *alone*," said my father, still more gravely.

Mr. Twiss perceived that he was now angry, and with great eagerness he cried:

"Why, I assure you I gave it to my

sister, who is but just seventeen, and going to be married."

"Well," returned my father, "I hope she read the preface, and then flung it away."

"No, upon my honor. She read the preface first, and then the book."

It is curious to note the severity of Dr. Burney's judgment of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, in a generation which eagerly welcomed *Pamela* and *Clarissa* as the most improved reading for the young. Yet,

harsh as his verdict is, it is no harsher than that of Rousseau himself on his own work: "Any girl who opens this book," he says in the preface referred to by Dr. Burney, "may as well read on to the end, as if her eye but glances over one page she is hopelessly lost." What did Rousseau think in after days, when the *Nouvelle Héloïse* became the rage in Paris, and fine ladies stayed away from a ball, and sent away their carriages at dawn, unable to tear themselves away from the fascinating love story? Possibly it may have occurred to him that the state of things described in the book was a vast improvement on the actual condition of manners prevalent in Paris in 1757, when the *Nouvelle Héloïse* was published, or he may have held the widespread theory that a married woman can read with impunity literature that is fraught with peril for a mere spinster.

However that might be, one thing is certain, that any one who expects consistency in Rousseau is doomed to woful disappointment. The well-meaning, ill-doing, ungrateful atom of humanity, with *l'esprit et la vanité comme quatre*, as Mlle. d'Ette truly says of him, had every opportunity of knowing men and seeing life in all its modes. But he mingled with his fellows possessed by a preconceived idea, and only found what he looked for, which was the bad side of the people that he met, and the unfortunate results of their mode of existence and of their education.

Still, in the intervals of heaping abuse on those who had shown him nothing but kindness, he gave his attention to improving the condition of the world generally, striking at once at the root of the matter, in the bringing up of the children. One of the most interesting and amusing aspects of the whole question is the gigantic effort of Rousseau to descend to practical details—Rousseau, who always cut the knot of a difficulty by calmly running away. It is likewise quite in keeping with this extraordinary being that in the midst of a whole host of transcendental notions, utterly incompatible with life in a community, he will lay down some precepts which are not only useful, but absolutely sensible and wise.

Before discussing the principles of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and of *Emile*, concerning the employment of our time with the ut-

most profit to ourselves and to others, a brief sketch of the plot of the first-named book is necessary. As everybody knows, the heroine, Julie d'Etanges, falls in love with the young tutor, dubbed St. Preux by the lively cousin who is the confidante of their affection. The lovers, in despair of gaining the consent of Julie's father, keep their meetings secret, till circumstances disclose the position of affairs to an Englishman, Lord Bomston, usually referred to as "Edward" by his acquaintances, in what they consider a truly British manner. Lord Bomston, in the act of sending his seconds to arrange a duel with St. Preux, who has challenged him, is appealed to by Julie, and immediately pockets his pride (and his pistols), espouses her cause, intercedes with her father to make the two lovers happy, and implores him, if money is all that is wanted, to allow him (Bomston) to fill the void. "What," he exclaims with the fervor natural to an English peer, "what is it that he lacks? Fortune? He shall have it. The third of my property will suffice to make him the richest private gentleman in Vaud, and if that is not enough I will give him half of what I possess." There seems no adequate motive for those Ahasuerus-like offers, which, fortunately for the heirs to the Bomston title, are refused; the Baron d'Etanges declines to permit his daughter to marry a man of low birth, and a few years later, when her mother is dead, and St. Preux gone on a voyage round the world, Julie accepts the hand of her father's old friend, M. de Wolmar.

It is with the habits of this Swiss household that the present article is concerned; and, to understand rightly Rousseau's views as to the conduct of a family, we must consider also the educational principles laid down in *Emile*, published four years later.

Both books are ostensibly a crusade against the luxury and artificiality of the age; yet in every page the self-consciousness and want of simplicity characteristic of their author are apparent. Apparent, too, is the inability to realize the bearings of things which no experience of society could ever teach Rousseau. The man who had lived with Genevese shop-keepers and Savoyard peasants, who had mixed familiarly with Diderot, Grimm, and the aristocracy of finance, who was the secretary

and friend of some of the greatest ladies in France, the Comtesse d'Egmont and Mme. de Brionne, was incapable, to the end of his life, of learning the lessons of facts. His precepts are totally unfitted for the give and take of society: they demand special beings amid special conditions in order to be carried out. "Have you ever been so foolish as to believe in Rousseau and his *Emile*?" writes the Abbé Galiani to Mme. d'Epinay in January 1771. "Do you really think that education, maxims, and lectures have any effect in moulding our minds? If so, take a wolf, and turn him into a dog."

This, of course, is an extreme way of putting the case; but Rousseau's people only blossom in a state of isolation, and are not fitted for contact with the world; and by his own showing, in the instance of the ideal *Emile*'s ideal wife Sophie, when they *do* come into collision with it, their principles are apt to give way. We could, most of us, be good if we were not tempted, and if we lived under a perpetual rule of thumb. In spite of all Rousseau's talk about Freedom and Happiness, this is what his characters really do. To prove the truth of this statement, we have only to look at the regulations laid down for the Wolmar household, the neighboring village, and the education of children, all of which may be gathered from the letters of St. Preux, now an honored (though somewhat strange) guest of the Wolmars, to his friend Lord Bomston.

First, as to the servants and dependents. The main thing that strikes the reader (after the happy thought of choosing an English peer as the recipient of those details, imagine "old Q." in similar circumstances) is the artificiality of all those personages. No one has any opportunity of developing an individuality of his own, or is allowed a spontaneous movement. Every hour is regulated and employed; the servants only exist for the glorification of "*les maîtres*." Sublime self-confidence is the foundation of the Wolmar system, and a proportionately rooted mistrust of the schemes of others. It is a fixed principle with them to take their servants young and fresh from large families in the villages round, and to train them themselves, *because* it is a foregone conclusion that servants taken from another place will have learned nothing but

the vices of their employers, and so will ruin their masters (always meaning the Wolmars), and corrupt their children. Modern mistresses need not exclaim at the amount of time and trouble involved in educating a cook, for instance, in the manifold tricks of her trade: it was quite worth Mme. Wolmar's while to teach her, as no servant was ever known to give warning in that fortunate house, and, once there, she was certain to stay forever. One great inducement to the servants remaining lay in the fact that their wages were raised $\frac{1}{2}\%$ for twenty years. It would be interesting to see the sum that they started from; but Rousseau never commits himself to that. Then, great care is taken to keep the sexes properly apart, so that they never come across each other, either in their work or in their pleasures, except at stated times. The women usually walk out after dinner with Mme. Wolmar and the children, like prisoners under the eye of their jailer, and on Sunday evenings they are permitted in turn to ask a friend to a light collation of cakes and creams in the nursery. No "Sundays out" or "monthly holidays" for them! but then all that they desire is to bask in the presence of "*les maîtres*." While the female portion of the establishment is having its "constitutional," the men are turned on to work out of doors, and on summer Sundays have athletic sports in the meadow, with prizes, for which strangers of good reputation are invited to compete. In the winter evenings they all dance, part of the time in Julie's presence, and refresh themselves when tired with cake and wine.

A good many of those customs are sensible enough, and have their origin in the then perfectly unknown principle, care for the comfort and well-being of servants and laborers. But all is spoiled by the perpetual *surveillance* of Julie. It has an irritating effect on the reader, and must have tended to hypocrisy in many of the persons so haunted and watched. Even with all possible friendliness and consideration between servants and mistresses, the best servants in the world would feel awkward and constrained in the continual and uncalled-for presence of their masters, and their self-respect would resent the inevitable inference. But Julie's dependents are made of different stuff. *They* become radiant whenever she appears, and fall

into her innocent little schemes with gratitude. Happy and blessed as their existence is at all times, the crowning moment of bliss is during the vintaging. The whole household moves into the hills, and all day long the men work, singing over their toil like operative peasants. In the evenings they gather in a large room built by the thoughtful Julie, and card hemp. When Julie thinks that enough has been carded, she says, "Let us send up our fireworks." Each gathers up his bundle of hemp, and goes into the court, where a bonfire is made and set alight.

But "n'a pas et honneur qui veut ; Julie l'adjuge en présentant le flambeau à celui ou celle qui a fait ce soir-là le plus d'ouvrage. L'auguste cérémonie est accompagnée d'acclamations et de battements de mains ; on saute, on rit. Ensuite on offre à boire à toute l'assemblée ; chacun boit à la santé du vainqueur, et va se coucher, content d'une journée passée dans le travail, la gaité, l'innocence." (Vol. 2, p. 309.) Could anything be more puerile or more maddeningly self-conscious ? Yes : there is worse to come.

The relations of the Wolmars with the neighboring village are in every way as perfect and satisfactory as their relations with their household. They consider, with really good sense, that it is much wiser to try and make people content with "the state of life to which it has pleased God to call them" than to encourage them to push up the social ladder. They think, truly, that young men often mistake ambition (they might have added discontent) for genius, and that perhaps one in a hundred of those that leave their native place to seek their fortune ever finds it. So far we entirely agree with them ; but they overstep their fair limits when they go on, characteristically, to observe that the one who succeeds probably does so by crooked means.

So Julie and her husband live on their own property, keeping their equals at a civil distance, and taking real pleasure only in the society of their inferiors. This state of things has always a debasing tendency, as it develops in the meekest breast self-complacency and a love of managing. Of course, Rousseau intends us to see in it only another proof of the superiority of his ideal couple ; but a few healthy quarrels with their rich neighbors would have been infinitely more elevating

to M. and Mme. Wolmar than the smiling condescension with which they played their self-allotted part in life. One instance of their dealings with their "poorer brethren" is related, in ecstasies of rapture, by St. Preux and Lord Bomston. We have not got the answer of that long-suffering peer ; but it inspires the modern English reader with a violent desire to kick "les maîtres." The whole thing is so despicably silly and unreal that it is hardly possible to narrate it with patience. This is, however, the outline of the story—one example among many of their daily customs !

Julie is in the habit of frequently inviting some aged villager to dinner. He is always given the seat of honor beside his hostess, who helps him herself, makes much of him (*le caresse*), and enters into conversation with him. The old man, enchanted by such behavior, bubbles over with delight, and talks freely of his own affairs. At least, that appears to be the English equivalent of "se livrer à l'épanchement de son cœur." He brightens up while telling of the good old times, of his *amours* (!) and of his crops, and the dinner passes off gayly. When it is over the children are secretly instructed to give the old man a present with which their mother has furnished them, and, in order to produce reciprocity of feeling, the villager returns the compliment by another gift, from the same source. Then he takes his leave, and hurries back to his cottage, where, amid tears of joy, he displays his gifts and relates to his family how he has been fêted, how attentive have been the servants, and how *empressés* the hosts. Blessings are showered on *les maîtres*, and the whole village is raised to such a pinnacle of exaltation at the honor shown to one of their number that a fresh incentive is given to virtue in the knowledge that when they too enter the vale of years they too shall be similarly rewarded.

And this is what Rousseau calls simplicity !

Before discussing Rousseau's views of education, we must glance for a moment at his theories of political economy as embodied in the all-wise M. de Wolmar. Even to a person not versed in the science, they appear a little unsound, and singularly lacking in common sense. They are mostly elicited by a conversation between Julie and St. Preux, who has been ob-

jecting that for people who are not rich the method of prizes, percentages, and gratifications, must be very costly. Julie denies it, explains the system by which her husband continues to have receipts in excess of his expenditure, which system merely consists in living for one year upon his capital, so as to allow his revenues to accumulate. In this manner he is always a year in advance, and he chooses that his capital should be diminished rather than that he should be continually anticipating his income.* The proverb of "robbing Peter to pay Paul" was apparently unknown in the days of Rousseau.

M. de Wolmar desired above all things that his estate should be sufficient for the wants of those living on it; but his theories of agriculture seem little likely to produce this result. He holds that lands left fallow lose their fertility, and only bear in proportion to the number of hands employed on them. (Vol. 2, p. 66.)

Virgin soil had no charms for him, and he would have scouted the notion of rotation of crops as the dream of a madman. What a pity that he never made the acquaintance of Levine, the serious country gentleman in *Anna Karenine*! He could have considerably opened Wolmar's eyes on his favorite subject, "*Agronomie*."

It is soothing to the feelings to learn that even the beneficent influence of the Wolmars was not enough to preserve the district from professional beggars. They swarmed in such numbers on the roads as to call forth from St. Preux a question about the wisdom of encouraging them by giving them relief, as is Julie's invariable custom. Julie defends herself by observing that the relief given to each one is very small—merely a meal, and an insignificant coin, sufficient to carry him on to the next house along the route. It does not occur to her that if every one follows her plan beggars will be absolutely supported by the community, and will naturally never do anything to help themselves. St. Preux, however, is less satis-

fied than he is wont to be with Julie's reasoning, and, to crush him completely into the attitude of admiration he always prefers to occupy, she is reduced to quoting her husband.

Begging, says M. de Wolmar, using the same argument as that employed by Burns rather later, is a profession, like another. And there is no more discredit in being moved by the eloquence of a beggar than by the eloquence of an actor. It is necessary not that *we* believe it, but that *they* should do it well. Even in these days of indiscriminate philanthropy, the argument is somewhat startling; but Wolmar was right enough when he looked upon begging as a profession. In the days of my childhood a friend of my own was informed by a favorite housemaid that she wished to give warning, as she was going to be married.

"Indeed," said the lady, "and what is your future husband?"

"Please, 'm, he's an asker!"

"A what?"

"An asker."

"I don't understand. What does he do?"

"Well, 'm, he—he goes about the streets, and if he sees any one coming along that looks kind, he—well, he just stops 'em and asks 'em to give him a trifle, and he makes quite a comfortable living that way!"

"Do you mean a BEGGAR?"

"Well, 'm, some people do call it that: *we* call it asker."

It is to be regretted that "*Autres temps, autres mœurs*" is not true in this instance.

In sketching lightly some of Rousseau's theories of education, it will be needful to take *Emile* (published in 1762) with the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, which appeared about four years earlier. Julie's method of training her children contains the germ of what was developed later in *Emile*; but in the four years that elapsed between the two books Rousseau's views had made a great stride. In *Emile* he entirely ignores the influence of a mother during the opening years of infancy, and entrusts the boy from the moment he is able to speak to the care of what was called in those days a governor. He does, indeed, give regulations for the proper treatment of the baby by his nurse, from its earliest moments, and even bestows attention on the very limited number of toys proper to an infant

* As it is not to be expected that any one will take my word for such an amazing statement, I quote the passage in the original.—"La seule précaution qu'il ait prise à ce sujet, a été de vivre un an sur son capital, pour se laisser autant d'avance sur son revenu; de sorte que le produit anticipe toujours d'une année sur la dépense. Il a mieux aimé diminuer un peu son fonds que d'avoir sans cesse courir après ses rentes." Vol. 2, p. 192.

six months old. Was his interest in other people's children, we wonder, a kind of expiation of his desertion of his own? or was it merely the iconoclasm so deeply rooted in Rousseau's nature that caused him to strike such vigorous blows at the thralldom in which helpless little creatures passed the first portion of their lives? Be that as it may, Rousseau, aided by the celebrated and fashionable Dr. Tronchin, of Geneva, certainly did manage to effect a revolution in this important matter, and children have cause to bless him unto this day. Of course, he is often absurd and unpractical, and as artificial as the people he abuses, or he would not be Rousseau; but then he is surprisingly often sensible and even wise. Again and again he insists that we are not to expect too much of children, for to demand that they should be capable of reasoning like grown-up people is only to cultivate superficiality and affectation. The aim of early education, says Julie, is to render a child capable of receiving instruction, and to this end his mind should never be pushed. No one should ever talk to him of what he cannot understand, or allow him to hear descriptions above his head. In his early years his body should be cultivated and his mind let alone, and, above all, he should be taught never to take things for granted. Let him put every assertion to the proof before he accepts it. Rousseau had clearly not been brought into contact with children whose senses are keenly alive to the conversation of their elders, or he would have found some practical difficulties in the way of this plan; but then his creations are docile infants, who never ask inconvenient questions. He perpetually informs us that children should be free and happy; but it does not occur to him that companionship and friction are the most important of all elements in training for the work of life, and, as *Émile* happens to be an only child, he is kept in the absolute isolation which is always a necessary "factor" of Rousseau's projects. Unconscious development, instinct, the ideas that are blown about like the pollen of a flower, and germinate no one knows where, and no one knows why,—these things have no place in Rousseau's theories. His education is emphatically self-conscious; and the consequence is that the results, though often excellent, might

be attained with much less trouble some other way.

The first essential condition of Rousseau's method is that the same person should have charge of the child from Birth to Bridal. "I would not have undertaken *Émile* at all if I had not been allowed to exercise my judgment in choosing his wife," he says more than once. It will readily be supposed that the competition for tutorships under the Rousseau system would not be excessive, especially as another condition of equal weight is insisted on. "The Governor is to have no salary: he must be a family friend" (*Émile*, vol. 1, p. 68). A teacher who receives wages, like a person who receives gifts with gratitude, puts himself at once out of the reckoning, and draws down upon himself Rousseau's everlasting contempt. Compare his views in *Émile* with the passage in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, in which he treats of the same subject. "My father has returned," writes Julie to St. Preux, "and is well satisfied with my progress in music and drawing, and indeed with all my studies. But as soon as he discovered you were not of noble birth he inquired the amount of your monthly salary. My mother answered that it was impossible even to propose such an arrangement to you, and that you had even rejected any little presents she had tried to give you—presents such as any one might take. He then made up his mind that a certain payment should be offered, and that in the event of your refusal, you should, in spite of all your merits, be thanked for your instruction and politely dismissed" (*Nouvelle Héloïse*, vol. 1, p. 94). Of course, St. Preux is outraged by such a natural and sensible proposition. "What would my real position be if I consented to receive a salary in return for my lessons?" he writes, in reply. "In selling him part of my time,—that is, of myself,—I should become a paid servant—a sort of valet—and my faith would be tacitly engaged for the preservation of all that belonged to him, as if I was the meanest of his retainers. If, after that, I gave reins to my feelings (*i.e.*, made love to Julie), I should be grossly in fault" (vol. 1, p. 109).

St. Preux is so far right that, if he voluntarily accepted a paid position of trust, the betrayal of confidence would be even

greater, than it was before. But how eminently characteristic the whole transaction is of Rousseau! The Simplicity about which he talks so incessantly is an element absolutely foreign to his nature, or he would have seen nothing derogatory in receiving payment for services rendered. Then, as usual, he only looks at what concerns himself, and never once thinks of what the Baron d'Etange's feelings would be on discovering that his daughter was absorbing gratuitously the whole time and attention of a young and poor stranger. Lastly, he here manifests the impatience of obligation that led him to resent the bestowal of gifts by his dearest and most constant friends, and to insult the givers, though he by no means rejected what they gave. Rousseau understood that "a grateful heart, by owing, owes not, least of all men."

However, it is time we returned to the child, who by this time has ceased to be a mere "vegetable baby," and can talk and walk. Many children at this age will sit happily with a book before them, and, by comparing the pictures with the letter-press, will soon teach themselves to read without other help. But Rousseau is never in any hurry for his pupils to make acquaintance with books, and, indeed, perpetually changes the age at which they are able to read to themselves. Julie's little boy is only six when his curiosity is stimulated by his mother artfully leaving off the stories she is reading to him at exciting places, and forbidding the servants to finish them. (By the way, Swiss servants must have been much better educated than English ones of the same date, if there was any necessity for this prohibition!) The child finds that no one will attend to him, and is gradually pushed to spell out the end for himself. But Émile, though solitary, is by no means so precocious in this branch of study, in spite of his being more dependent on reading for amusement. Émile has spent his infancy in running about the fields, in learning to test objects by their weight, to measure distances, to swim (an accomplishment very rare in those days), in tennis, archery, and handball (*ballon*), to which, when he is grown up, will be added the chase. Who played tennis and handball with him is never told; it may have been the always obliging tutor. When not training his body by these athletic

sports, he is prowling round the blacksmith's forge, or "helping" the carpenter, preparatory to choosing a trade for himself, to guarantee him a livelihood in after life.

There is no denying that if a few companions had been added, and a few pedagogic sermons subtracted, Émile would have had an ideally happy boyhood. With all those occupations, reading would naturally go to the wall. Rousseau triumphantly boasts in one place that, at twelve, Émile will hardly know what a book is, which seems exceedingly probable; but a few pages farther on he observes that, having had his curiosity excited, the boy will be able to read and write perfectly before he is ten (vol. 1, p. 241), though it is difficult to see what use reading and writing will be to him, as he has no one to write to, and is only to be allowed to read *Robinson Crusoe* till he grows up.

No history is to be taught him till he is nearly a man, and able to reason upon it; and all the geography he knows is to be gathered from his own experience. The classics and other languages are left out, as he will never have occasion to use them; but he may learn music (Rousseau's favorite pursuit), and a certain amount of practical geometry and mathematics. Rousseau would have the dancing master, instead of teaching dancing, lead the boy to the foot of rocks and teach him how to climb them: as if the dancing master were the man for such a task, and as if any active creature on two legs needed to be taught to climb! It reminds us of Miss Bingley, in *Pride and Prejudice*, who said it would be much more rational to have conversation instead of dancing at a ball, while her brother agreed that it might be more rational, but felt that it would not be near so much like a ball.

Rousseau considers that children should be taught the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, ignoring that there are many things about which a child asks questions when he is quite incapable of comprehending the answers, and likewise that all through men's lives much must be taken for granted. It is impossible to prove for ourselves all the facts that we know to exist; faith must be placed in the tests brought by specialists, and this truth a child may as well learn early as late. But Rousseau assumes that a child's

mind is an absolutely blank page till he chooses to write on it certain ideas, which he does with a cumbersome elaboration that would provoke suspicion and mirth in an idiot. One day, for instance, he desires to instil the notion of the rights of property into Émile's mind. Now, it is hardly possible to find a baby so young that it has not some crude views on this subject; but Émile is a big boy before the question of *meum* and *tuum* occurs to him. So he is led artfully to take possession of a special plot of ground, which his cunning tutor knows to have been already "pegged down" (to use an Australian mining expression) by a working gardener, and Émile, greatly excited with his new acquisition, begins to hoe and dig, and finally to plant and water. All goes on merrily for some days, and his "ill weeds grow apace," when suddenly the real proprietor appears on the scene, scatters the thriving young vegetables to the winds, and upbraids Émile as an interloper, and the destroyer of some precious melon seeds which he had procured from Malta. Émile is aghast and bewildered; the tutor seizes the opportunity of pointing a moral; and the gardener plays up to him with vigor. He is promised more seeds, and Émile another plot, and the notion of real property is fixed indelibly in the boy's mind. Could anything be more ponderously silly! yet the same machinery is put in motion to induce Émile to learn to run—though we are elsewhere given to understand he had done nothing else from babyhood—and to teach him to take observations of the sun, by the tutor losing himself and the boy (then about twelve), in a wood on the other side of their own garden-hedge. Indeed the most subtle plot of all is concerned with Émile's introduction to Sophie, the wife who has been complacently and secretly educated for him in the depths of the country. After a long riding tour, Émile, always accompanied by his tutor, reaches the house of a peasant, and asks for food. While they are eating it, the peasant, garrulous and gushing, like all his kind in Rousseau's pages, begins to describe the neighborhood, and especially the blessings scattered abroad by a wealthy couple and their daughter, who live on the further side of the hills. Émile is naturally fired by the account of so much virtue, and burns to make their acquaintance, and the

fact that the dwelling of these Universal Providers is some miles away only adds fuel to the flame. He goes; beholds Sophie, the essence of that mediocrity which, says Rousseau, "is to be desired in everything;" and is instantly conquered!

Except for the fact that she is to be Émile's wife, it is quite clear that Sophie has no independent attraction for Rousseau. He does not take much trouble in designing her, and in her description there is none of the loving skill he has bestowed on Julie. Julie is the perfect woman, whose brightness is thrown into relief by the shadows around her, beautiful, amiable, and accomplished, though her accomplishments seem almost useless, for after marriage she lays aside her studies, in order to devote herself to her household and her children. Sophie is merely intended to fill up the chinks in Émile's happiness. She is practical and sensible, a good housewife, has been taught by her parents to sing and dance in a very mild way, can dress herself neatly, and is "common-looking" but pleasant. After it is established in the family that the two young people are "keeping company" (for when they are regularly engaged Émile is sent to travel for two years), he pleases himself with instructing her (after the eternal manner of priggish lovers), and is enchanted when he is allowed to give his lessons in mathematics and history on his knees!

The two years of probation, which to our thinking would more reasonably precede than follow an engagement, pass away; Émile and Sophie are married, have two children, and live in the country for ten years quite happily and successfully. At the end of that time Sophie loses her parents and one of her children, and, to divert her thoughts from her own troubles, Émile takes her with him to live in the town. But, alas! the principles which were excellently adapted to common every-day country wear will not stand the strain of town life. Sophie is gradually drawn into a whirl of dissipation, and is finally driven to confess to her husband *qu'elle a manqué à ses devoirs*. Émile leaves her, and, after working for a short time at carpentering, resumes his travels; and we bid farewell to him a captive in Algiers.

The unregenerate reader will acknowl-

edge that he feels some satisfaction in the downfall of the ideal wife. If principles are only a matter of locality, and if mediocrity so speedily succumbs to temptation, by all means let us aim at perfection!

In this brief sketch of the daily life which Rousseau conceived suitable in order to bring about the highest development of the duty owed by those in authority to any persons whom nature or circumstances have made dependent on them, all references to the love story which enchanted the ladies of Paris have been purposely avoided. The humorist who studies the *Nouvelle Héloïse* on its romantic side will find himself abundantly rewarded, provided, always, that his sense of humor is strong enough to overcome his disgust at the gross indecency of Wolmar's attitude to St. Preux on his return to Vaud, and his frequent allusions to that young man's love-passages with Julie. Of course, the views of the eighteenth century on these subjects differed widely from those now prevalent; but, whatever the freedom of life and language considered permissible in fashionable society, M. de Wolmar's painful insinuations would probably have shocked the most hardened cynic of that time. Yet, however disagreeably certain things in the book may strike us, on the whole it is wonderfully free from coarseness, and in this respect compares favorably with *Pamela* and some contemporary English novels; and many of the descriptions are as graphic and beautiful as any in the French language. To any one acquainted with the memoirs and literature of the time,

nothing is more curious than the contrast between the formal manners and the speech characteristic even of the highest classes in Paris and the amazing facility with which men as well as women kissed and cried and leaped upon each other's necks; while the letters of many of the wittiest men of the day—of Grimm, or Diderot, or Galiani—read like those of lovers in their assurances of undying affection. Rosalind would have been shaken in her belief that "men had died and worms had eaten them, but not for love," could she have seen the despair to which some of the most learned and cynical philosophers were reduced when the object of their adoration proved hard-hearted. Even Grimm himself, the least emotional of men, was thrown into a sort of trance of misery on his rejection by Mlle. Fell, the actress, and lay for many days in this condition without receiving any other nourishment than a little cherry jam placed on his tongue. Strange people were they all, yet with an undying fascination about them—a fascination which in his day Rousseau exercised on most of those with whom he came into contact, and which it required an endless course of insult and ingratitude on his part to shake. After all, though his nature may have been baser and his manners worse, was he not essentially of the same clay as those with whom he lived and quarrelled, and never more so than when he wrote the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, with Liberty, Equality and Fraternity on his lips, and the sentiment of aristocracy deeply rooted in his heart!—*National Review*.

LOVE AND FICTION.

BY PAUL BOURGET.

IN æsthetics a very general question carries with it a primary reply, indisputable and positive, that of facts, and the subtlest theories avail nothing against those facts. How often has it not been proved to demonstration, to take one case among many others, that epic literature is incompatible with the modern spirit! Then Victor Hugo gave us *La Légende des Siècles*. How often, especially in France, has it not been maintained, by unanswerable arguments, that the time had passed

for novels with a purpose, and that the future belonged exclusively to the analysts without moral conclusions! Thereupon Tolstoi takes the novel in hand, and produces masterpieces even more impregnated with philosophical aspirations than any of the works of Madame de Staël or Georges Sand. In dealing, therefore, with a question such as that we are now examining—is the art of fiction possible without the interest derived from love?—we ought, in the first place, to ask our-

selves whether some rather remarkable creations of that art are not to be met with which in reality dispense with such interest. The reply is easy, and, to take at random two very striking instances among theatrical works, *Macbeth* and *Athalie* may at once be cited as entirely deprived of that interest, and among novels *Le Cousin Pons* and *Le Curé de Tours* of Balzac, and the *Robinson Crusoe* of Daniel Defoe. These five works, so widely different are they, sufficiently enable us to draw the conclusion that in reality some of the masters of fiction have succeeded in producing the greatest tragic and pathetic effects without having recourse in any way to the magic of what Goethe called, in words so appropriate that they have become hackneyed, *Das ewig Weibliche*.

We seem, therefore, to have settled one point by the examination of facts. Yes, fiction can do without love. But if an isolated fact demonstrate a possibility, the value of the possibility is diminished by that very isolation. Now, the literary historian at once records this second and indisputable truth, that a *Macbeth*, an *Athalie*, a *Cousin Pons*, a *Curé de Tours* are exceptions among the works even of the authors by whom they were written, and still more so among the bulk of the works of every other author. Let us still employ the term fiction in its most extended sense, and we shall recognize that the dramas, the comedies, the novels, the poems from which the love interest is absent, when compared with the dramas, the comedies, the novels and the poems in which it prevails, are, proportionately, few indeed; so few that if a cultivated reader were asked to draw up a list of the works of fiction which do without love, he would be puzzled to name more than nine or ten. Would he even find as many? This observation, which tells both ways, shows that if love is not imperiously and absolutely necessary in fiction, it is, however, too useful to be considered as other than an almost inseparable element of the art. I think I perceive some reasons for this which I should like to point out, because, being technical reasons, they are too much neglected by the æsthetics, and yet they govern literary production.

It would seem, indeed, that every discussion upon a work of art should first of

all take into account the conditions under which that work of art was produced, and yet this is precisely what least occupies those who talk about it. To keep to the question before us, the persons who criticise as a monotonous abuse the employment of Love in novels and dramas always regard the subject from a purely ideal and philosophical point of view. They take pains to prove the self-evident truth, that love occupies in books and upon the stage a much more important place than in real life. "Love," say these theorists, "is with most men a dolorous or a delightful disorder for a very brief period. If that period be prolonged it is only among a small number of the idle, and just as the necessities of employment affect the disorder among people with occupations, so among these idle ones, who have leisure to think upon their sentiments, the ambition of caste, of wealth, of vanity, or of mere prosperity, soon insinuates itself into the heart, side by side with love, and diminishes its intensity. We have consequently a passion, powerful no doubt and assuredly interesting, but, after all, secondary, while in works of art it occupies a place much greater than all the others. This," continue these theorists, "is a survival of the time when the literature of fiction confined itself, as in France during the seventeenth century, to the delineation of Court life, all gallantry and intrigue. In the present day we require a more accurate and a more complete picture of life, and if we are to have such a picture the novelists and the dramatists must make up their minds to keep love in the background, or suppress it altogether, especially as they have already drawn from it every imaginable combination."

This argument, the force of which I hope I have not diminished, is a very specious one. In æsthetics we ought to mistrust very specious arguments, especially when they lead to no practical induction. But when those arguments are based upon the mysterious term *life*, their apparent logic serves only to hide a thoroughly sterile sophism. For we might use almost the same argument to demonstrate that the dramatic art is necessarily false, because the characters do not employ the same number of words they would in real life. Into five minutes, and the interval of a very short scene, you compress an interview which, in reality, would

last two hours, and cause thousands of words to be spoken. The explanation is that a work of art is not solely composed of the elements supplied by real life. It has to take those elements and group them, and the conditions of this grouping govern the entire history of art. To return to the place occupied in fiction by love; if novelists and dramatists have been instinctively led, as it were, to give so large a place to that passion, the reason is that they saw how much easier their labor was thus rendered. They perceived in it a particularly effective means of making observations, oftentimes quite foreign to the subject of love. A short analysis will show the reason of the preference for this passion, rather than for so many others.

Let us suppose that a painter of manners, a Molière, a Balzac, a Thackeray, has collected a great number of notes upon some social class, some calling, some spot in town or country. To give these various notes the unity of a drama he must, in the first place, create characters in which that class, that calling, those customs, are embodied and endowed with life. The primary condition of a narrative is that it must place individuals before us, and not be satisfied with reproducing mere notes. The second condition is that those individuals must act in juxtaposition. Now, what moral crisis is better adapted for this twofold purpose than a love crisis? Under what circumstances does our individuality display itself with more energy and freedom, whether we resist, or whether we yield to the transport of desire? When the character of a hypocrite is to be completely exposed to view, in even its most hidden recesses, what does Molière do? He throws Tartuffe at the feet of Elmire, for he knows that passion will cause the mask of the scoundrel to fall, and that in his imprudent and dangerous words he will completely betray himself. When the figure of a young man who is poor and who is consumed by a feverish desire to succeed in life is to be brought out in full relief, Balzac makes Delphine de Mucingen meet Rastignac (*Le Père Goriot*), Stendhal makes Julien Sorel meet Madame de Rénal and Mademoiselle de la Môle (*Le Rouge et le Noir*), and their ungovernable ambition and pride, with hearts precociously corrupted by the craving for luxury, are revealed all the more vividly, be-

cause Rastignac and Julien are at the sentimental age, and, notwithstanding their prosaic calculations, give way occasionally to unrestrained emotion, which is immediately repressed by the fierceness of their dispositions. If strength of honor in a noble heart has to be shown, Corneille brings the Cid into the presence of Chimène; and the love of the hero serves, by the strength with which he combats it, to show us how profound is that feeling of honor. If the moral ravages caused by the abuse of metaphysical reverie, and the atrophy of the will, have to be exhibited, Goethe creates Werther with his regard for Charlotte which he cannot overcome. It will be observed that in none of these cases has the writer had in view to study love for its own sake, like Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, or Racine in *Phèdre*. Love has been made use of simply as a means of illustrating some characteristic feature, some habit of mind, or even some prejudice. It has seemed to the writer that no method was better adapted to display the characteristics of a person than to represent him as in love. Tartuffe without Elmire would be none the less Tartuffe, a false saint of the darkest perfidy; Rastignac and Julien, two frightful, smooth-faced scoundrels of the fashionable world; Rodrigue, a nobleman of an admirable race; and Werther, a poor sickly German visionary. Yes, they would be all that; but we should know less about them had we not seen them subjected to the most decisive ordeals a young man can undergo, and sometimes a man who is no longer young, such as Harpagon or Othello.

If a love crisis is a sovereign means of eliciting distinguishing characteristics it is perhaps even more sovereign in creating one of those passionate and tragical conflicts which are the very essence of the drama and the novel. Undoubtedly the rivalries of ambition, of self-esteem, of opinion, of race, occasion constant struggles and abound in prolonged conflicts. Love presents this advantage—I am regarding the subject from a purely technical point of view with an eye to composition—that the struggles it occasions are more rapid, more acute, more violent. The spectator or the reader is, besides, more disposed to accept sudden changes and incoherence, which the author often needs in order to arrive at fresh and un-

expected incidents. And here let me refer to one of the difficulties the least known and yet the most important of the art of fiction—I mean recourse to the unforeseen. If, indeed, a novelist or a dramatist confined himself to the incidents which proceed logically from the dispositions of his characters, the number of those incidents would, in the first place, be very limited and they would not seem real. Each of us has but to look into his own existence to recognize this truth, that although he has controlled one part of his life, he has had to submit to the other, owing to circumstances impossible to foresee and determine beforehand. In every one's destiny, therefore, a part is attributable to the will, and a part to chance. Nothing is more difficult than this distribution when fictitious incidents are concerned, and this again is one of the points on which the divergence is made manifest between the conditions of real life and the conditions of life reproduced by literature. Every-day accidents of the most commonplace and unexpected kind upset the destiny of numbers of persons in a simple and tragic manner; a carriage is overturned, a train runs off the rails, a ship founders, a terrible illness occurs. It would seem, therefore, that the employment of incidents such as these is authorized in fiction; and yet it is not so. When an author makes use of these means it is highly probable that the reader will remain incredulous. He sees in incidents thus presented a mere artifice. This is so generally recognized that when some unusual event occurs we continually hear the remark made by people who know nothing of aesthetics, "If that were met with in a book it would not be believed." The reason of this is that real life has no need to justify the facts it presents to us, however improbable they may be. They are facts, and that is enough. For instance, if a criminal condemned to death is saved, just as he is about to mount the scaffold, by an earthquake, that would be an extraordinary circumstance, but if it took place, it took place, and thus could not be disputed. On the other hand, fiction, if its incidents are to appear truthful, has to blend them together with so much skill that the accidental itself must appear not only possible but probable. This is why novelists and dramatists are so ready to have recourse to love. Every one knows

by experience how much this passion favors the unexpected. Ungovernable and irregular, the very defect which renders it so redoubtable in real life renders it incomparably useful in the novel and the drama. It is accepted as fatal, hazardous, and incoherent. A reader who would consider it a clumsy trick if in the midst of a narrative one of the characters broke his leg, or lost his fortune, would consider it quite natural if that same character fell in love, no matter what his time of life might be. It must be admitted that it is difficult for a narrator to abandon a source of incidents which of themselves, as it were, inspire belief, especially if we remember that the chief merit of a work of fiction is to convey the impression that what is related happened in that manner and in no other.

A final reason closely akin to the preceding may be adduced in order to explain why such a large space is occupied by love in the novel and the drama; it is the facility with which sympathy may be touched by the delineation of that sentiment. This point has also been much discussed, and the question has often been asked whether the novel and the stage can dispense with "sympathetic characters," that is to say, characters which the reader and the spectator adopt and attach themselves to, through good and evil fortune. Here again we must go to statistics, and I think it will be found that not a single novel or play is considered a masterpiece which fails to arouse sympathy. Moreover, a work totally devoid of this element would be a paradox. What motive in fact could the author himself have in writing the work if it had not some attraction to instigate him? In every work of fiction—the ancients recognized this long ago—there has been first of all personal labor, the faculty of the narrator to be himself captivated by his own work has been exercised. As Horace says:

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.*

"I shall be interested in your characters only to the same extent as you yourself, their creator, are interested in them." Literary history verifies this law and shows us that the great authors whose creations have, as Balzac said, added without legal formality to the population, are the first to be captivated by those creations. Every

one recollects the anecdote of that same Balzac, who, one day meeting a friend, said to him with a sadness that was not put on, "I have just killed Lucien de Rubempré. I feel very miserable." These gifted creators have thus had sympathies and antipathies roused by their own characters, just as by persons in real life, and that is why they arouse similar sentiments among their admirers. No writer, however heedless he may be, fails to take into account this necessity of sympathy directly he takes pen in hand, and no author fails to perceive at once that of all sentiments it is love which arouses sympathy most readily and most surely. If, indeed, it does not occupy the largest place in the sum total of existence, it occupies the sweetest place; is the most closely associated with ideas of youth, beauty, devotion; and for a period more or less long exercises the widest influence upon human destiny. The ambitious man and the miser, for instance, remain ambitious and miserly until their death, while the lover is in love only for a time. But ambition and avarice are met with only among a few, while love, or the dream of love, is met with among us all, including at some time or other even the ambitious man himself and the miser. The emotions inseparable from love may thus be felt by every reader and every spectator. Either in their present or their past, they find the traces of this passion with a joy which justifies the famous line of Boileau:—

Tout Paris pour Chimène eut les yeux de Rodrigue.

The author of *L'Art Poétique* has epitomized in a striking manner, with which every one is familiar, the kind of impression which the dramatist or novelist endeavors, instinctively or with premeditation, to produce when the interest excited by love enters into fiction.

The conclusion to be drawn from these remarks, in which it must again be stated the attempt has been made to deal especially with the technical side of the question, is that a work of fiction without love will always remain exceptional.

An author who undertakes to dispense with love is like a chessplayer who consents to play a game without the Queen. But this very difficulty is of a kind to tempt, and it has tempted, certain great

artists. Perhaps we are approaching a time when temptations of this kind will multiply, not because those great artists will be more frequently met with, but because the art of fiction is likely to undergo considerable modification. Indeed, it may be remarked that the tendency of the modern spirit is to enlarge more and more the domain of the novel; for instance, is not an attempt now made to introduce into it studies of intellectual emotion which formerly had no place there? The success of certain works devoted to religious questions of conscience like *Robert Elsmere*, or to vast pictures of social and military life like the *Germinal* of Zola and the *War and Peace* of Tolstoi, is a sign of a transformation in this class of literature which is still quite modern, for it is scarcely a hundred years old. We deem it possible, therefore, that a greater number of works will appear in which the emotion of ideas will be preferred to that of sentiments, and the element of love will be withdrawn from such works for the very reason which most frequently leads to its employment now, that is, to increase the interest. If we suppose that a novelist wishes, for instance, to take that fine theme, the loss or the acquisition of an individual faith, it is certain that the suppression of all feminine influence will increase the beauty of his analysis, by concentrating the drama upon a single passion, the passion for the Truth. In like manner much originality may be exhibited in depicting a politician such as Frederick II., or Napoleon, or, in our own time, Prince Bismarck, under the influence of an ambition which no sentimental consideration can disturb. Even the pictures of a social novel like *Germinal* cannot but gain by the suppression of love. But if such subjects are very elevated, they are also very rare, and it may well be asked whether the art of fiction, in thus expanding, is not likely to lose its own characteristics, and become undistinguishable from philosophy, history, or politics. Should we not rather desire that, notwithstanding the monotony of this love interest, the novelists and dramatists will continue to tell us of the joys and sorrows of their Romeos and Juliets, as the Spring continues, notwithstanding the monotony of the adornment, to deck itself with leaves and flowers every month of May? We must not forget that grace and charm

are essential to the art of fiction, and that without grace and charm it loses what constitutes its legitimate claims to recog-

nition, side by side with positive science and the other utilitarian arts.—*New Review*.

*NOTE ON A NEW POET.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

THERE are who run about the world, like seventeenth-century witch-finders, sticking pins right and left into minor bards to see whether or not they bleed true ichor. There are who, like Great Britain's navy in the *Bab Ballads*—

"Scour the blue,
Discovering kings and islands new"—

in the unexplored domain of our Britannic Apollo. But I am not of that squadron. Never in my life before did I pretend to spy a poet on my weather bow; and now that by chance I've accidentally sighted one, I feel the greater confidence on that account in calling on the crew at large, through this present speaking-trumpet, to take his bearings.

Brand-new in the very strictest sense of the word our poet is not. Some seven years since, indeed, Mr. William Watson—that is the name that will some day be famous—published at Liverpool (or in other words buried in the ground) a little collection of Epigrams, pure gems of lucent verse, cut and published with rare skill on many sides and facets. This year, again, he has set forth more publicly, through Mr. Fisher Unwin, a dainty volume of poems entitled *Wordsworth's Grave*, which has found readers and admirers, no doubt, since the edition (as I learn) is now well-nigh exhausted, but which, nevertheless, has failed as yet to obtain in full the high recognition it deserves in critical quarters. It was only the other day, indeed, that Mr. Howells chanced upon it, and spoke for it a few words of hearty commendation from the editor's chair in *Harper's*; only the other day that Mr. Walter Besant picked it up in a friend's house, and wrote well of it thereafter in the *Author* (the journal of our trades-union) as a rare and precious treasure of contemporary poetry. Seeing, then, that even those who take a living interest in the rising slopes of our English Parnassus have thus overlooked

these sweet flowers on its side so long, I may surely be pardoned, though at so tardy a date, in venturing, like a botanist that I am, to pull them to pieces now and curiously examine their inner structure. Why, when one comes to think of it, should we give two columns in hot haste to the latest trash that issues damp from the press, and deny a few appreciative words at our leisure to solid and enduring work which happens (perhaps by its own pure modesty) to have escaped due notice on its first appearance?

I was happy in my earliest glimpse of the new-found island. Wandering one day, as Keats phrases it, through the realms of gold which bards in fealty to Apollo hold, I came by chance across this little western archipelago, ruled over by a certain William Watson, till then unknown to me. Nor do I claim to be a Columbus in the critical world; I didn't discover it for myself; I was gently piloted thither by my friend Edward Clodd, who had sighted land already and explored its riches. He handed me the volume open at a little quatrain about Shelley and Harriet Westbrook. I read it as thus:

"A star look'd down from heaven and loved
a flower

Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an
hour:

"Let eyes which trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruin'd rosebud, tears."

One glimpse revealed the gold. I looked up in surprise, and exclaimed at once, "This is *not* minor poetry!" And minor poetry it is not, as I venture to think those will readily allow who know what verse is. Shelley might have written that little quatrain himself, in the mood in which he wrote "One word is too often profaned," or "A widow bird sat mourning for her love." Keats might have written it, if only he could have restrained and pruned his luxuriant thought to the limits of an epigram. Alone as it stands, had Mr. Watson produced nothing else,

that piece would have lived on, like Hartley Coleridge's "She is not fair to outward view"—a true and tender poet's only-begotten or only-surviving child.

But Mr. Watson has produced a great deal more. Pleased with the first view, I disembarked on the shore and proceeded at my leisure to ransack the island. I found in it no tangled tropical undergrowth, but an ordered garden, worthy of note and notice. "Wordsworth's Grave" itself stands out conspicuous as a delicately-finished piece of fine and austere handicraft in the metre of Gray's Elegy—not hysterical or overwrought, after the common modern fashion, not involved or enigmatical, but subdued, terse, graceful, carefully chased, daintily modulated, and clear as crystal. Of Mr. Watson's method, indeed, I shall have something more to say a little further on: neglecting the process for the moment, however, I purpose to give the reader first a fair sample of the product.

Here, by way of specimen, is one single strophe of Mr. Watson's musing over the grave of Wordsworth:

"Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave!
When thou wast born, what birth-gift
hadst thou then?

To thee what wealth was that the Immortals
gave,
The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to
men?

"Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakspeare's cloudless, boundless human
view:

Nor Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge
knew.

"What hadst thou that could make so large
amends

For all thou hadst not and thy peers pos-
sessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant
ends?—

Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of
rest.

"From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous
haze,

From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-
mirth,

Men turned to thee and found—not blast
and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace
on earth.

"Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless
flower,

There in white languors to decline and
cease;

But peace whose names are also rapture's
power,
Clear sight and love: for these are parts
of peace."

In its own kind, I venture to say, since *In Memoriam* burst upon us, we have not heard from any new tongue quite so authentic a voice, so large and whole an utterance; we have not met anywhere with such close marks of kinship to the sanest work of the great English singers. "In its own kind," I am careful to say of set purpose, for on its exact place in our diapaason I shall dwell further in the sequel.

This, it seems to me, is no small meteor of the hour, that will blaze and vanish. Whoever reads *Wordsworth's Grave* tearfully and prayerfully must feel at once that a new planet has swum into our ken; a planet which all watchers of our poetic skies will track with interest henceforth through its "orbit in the spheres." I do not mean merely that Mr. Watson is a poet of fine virile fibre, and rich full-mouthed organ. He has sense and sanity as well. He has also the priceless gift of self-restraint; he knows that grand Hellenic secret that the half is more than the whole; and his volume is therefore all pure gold, cunningly wrought and deftly carved from start to finish. Moreover, it stands in the direct line of descent from the verse of the great early poets. In one word, it is orthodox—poetically, I mean, of course, not theologically orthodox. There is no heresy here, no hole-and-corner sectarianism. A distinguished critic (whom I name not, having the fear of the Sign of the Ship forever before my eyes) was once looking with me at some beautiful picture of the modern "æsthetic" school—a Burne-Jones, if I remember aright. "It is lovely," he said, turning to me, "but it is not of the Centre." The words stuck in my memory as of varied applicability. And Mr. Watson's poetry is essentially of the Centre. It belongs to the main stream; therein consists its chief value, its secular merit, its lasting importance.

It is comparatively easy, of course, to attract attention if you wear the red cockade of the Extreme Left. The Mona Cairds and Cuninghame-Grahams have taught us that lesson. Indeed, any man may be conspicuous, if it comes to that, who chooses to stand on his head at four

o'clock in the afternoon in the full flood of Bond Street. But how much harder it is to do really striking things in the Centre! Oh, yes; to anticipate an obvious criticism, I will frankly admit at once—what has otherwise nothing at all to do with the matter in hand—that I belong to the Left—the Far Left, myself, in everything. All the more, then, am I anxious to do strict justice—no more—to this admirable work which comes to us, in every sense, from the Right Centre. For politically as well as poetically Mr. Watson is True Blue. He sails under the good old flag—the flag of Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth. He is all for orthodoxy, patriotism, England, home, and duty. And yet he is fresh, vivid, striking, original. Not since Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* has any new poetry so stirred me with its novelty. And that is much indeed to say of a man who still treads in verse the beaten track—who bounces off at a tangent into no strange vagaries of sense or language, no devious byways of versification and metre.

Since Tennyson came and passed, the tendency of English verse has been all toward obscurities, affectations, eccentricities. Here is a poet who moves in a circle round the common centre. There have been bards unintelligible, bards hysterical, bards nympholeptic, bards abstruse, bards spasmodic, bards inarticulate, and bards babbling or infantile; but for the most part there has been a want in our era of good sound common-sense married to good sound poetry, clear, terse, and polished. Mr. Watson has come in the nick of time to fill this aching void in our contemporary Helicon. His own poetical summary of the situation in our day will make plainer than I can his peculiar position. This is what he thinks of living bards around him.

"Peace—peace—and rest! Ah, how the lyre
is loath,
Or powerless now, to give what all men
seek!
Either it deadens with ignoble sloth
Or deafens with shrill tumult, loudly
weak.

"Where is the singer whose large notes and
clear
Can heal and arm and plenish and sus-
tain?
Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,
And one, the heart refreshing, tires the
brain.

"And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of
rhyme.

"And some go pranked in faded antique dress
Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;
And some parade a conscious naturalness,
The scholar's, not the child's, simplicity."

I quote this passage, not as a specimen of Mr. Watson's verse (for, admirable as it is in its way, it does not by any means come up to the still more admirable retrospect on English poetry from Pope to Wordsworth which immediately precedes it), but as defining to some extent its author's position and æsthetic creed. Nor do I mean that I wholly agree with all his criticisms: the little masters who make a toy of song have made, in my judgment, toys as beautiful of their kind as anything else in art—for example, Mr. Lang's "Ballade of Sleep," which will live by the side of almost any lyric in the English language.

"Shy dreams flit to and fro
With shadowy hair dispread;
With wistful eyes that glow,
And silent robes that sweep.
Thou wilt not hear me; no?
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?"

But the passage is interesting as a poet's own view of the niche in the temple which most needs to be filled at the passing moment—his ideal of what he would wish to be himself, if power were granted him. And even those who admire most sincerely the poets tried in Mr. Watson's balance and so far found wanting, may surely rejoice none the less that the old, the orthodox, the catholic school of English verse should still find in our midst so worthy a representative.

Some streams conceal their shallowness by flowing turbid. Some display it too frankly. Mr. Watson is all for lucidity, with depth.

Cherishing such aims and ideals, it is not surprising our poet should most affect the sonnet and the quatrain, forms of verse in which great technical perfection and a certain austere dignity of thought and language are above all indispensable. This is only a Note, and I don't wish to lengthen it out too far into an article, lest the Editor be tempted to refuse it the hospitality of his pages; but I venture to choose out a few specimens of finished

quatrains from Mr. Watson's earlier volume of Epigrams which will leave no doubt, I trust, on the ever-judicious reader's mind of our singer's true planetary position among modern Olympians. I print them as they stand in the little Liverpool book, with only the original numbers or headings of the verses to introduce them. Many of them may almost claim to rank side by side with Landor's immortal epitaph, one line of which at least—"I warmed both hands before the fire of life"—has passed into the language as common property.

VI.

" 'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised, and whole :
Second in order of felicity
I hold it, to have walk'd with such a soul."

XI.

" The beasts in field are glad, and have not wit
To know why leap'd their hearts when springtime shone,
Man looks at his own bliss, considers it,
Weights it with curious fingers ; and 'tis gone."

XVI.

" KEATS.

" He dwelt with the bright gods of elder time,
On earth and in their cloudy haunts above.
He loved them : and, in recompense sublime,
The gods, alas ! gave him their fatal love."

XXIV.

" Momentous to himself, as I to me,
Hath each man been that ever woman bore ;
Once, in a lightning-flash of sympathy,
I felt this truth, an instant, and no more."

LXVI.

" DARWINISM UPSIDE-DOWN.

" The public voice, though faltering, still de-
murs
To own that men have apes for ancestors.
The inverse marvel fronts me daily, when
I talk with apes whose ancestors were men."

LXXX.

" Love, like a bird, hath perched upon a spray
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets to fly away ;
But hush ! . . . remind not Eros of his wings."

I have quoted so much already from these two thin volumes, I am almost ashamed to quote any more. Yet I feel what Mr. Watson has to say himself is a far better introduction than anything I can say for him. And as almost all my examples hitherto have been in the alternate-rhymed quatrain, to prevent the sense of monotony I will venture to make yet one more excerpt in a different style and on a different subject.

" OUR EASTERN TREASURE.

" In cobwebb'd corners dusty and dim I hear
A thin voice pipingly revived of late
Which saith our India is a cumbrous weight,
An idle decoration, bought too dear.
The wiser world contemns not gorgeous gear ;
Just pride is no mean factor in a State ;
The sense of greatness keeps a nation great ;
And mighty they who mighty can appear.
It may be that if hands of greed could steal
From England's grasp the envied Orient prize,
This tide of gold would flood her still as now :
But were she the same England, made to feel
A brightness gone from out those starry eyes,
A splendor from that constellated brow ?"

This is a noble sonnet, not unmindful of Miltonic and Wordsworthian cadences ; and I feel its nobility none the less because I differ politically and ethically from almost every sentiment and idea it expresses. Many years ago I published in this Review an article, " Why Keep India ?" and from that day to this I have never ceased to be an advocate of the wholesome Perish-India doctrine. But though I believe a nation shows itself greater by doing an act of justice than by successful robbery, and that to free one's slaves is a grander thing in the end than to be waited upon, hand and foot, by a vast cringing train of them, I cannot help recognizing that Mr. Watson has put the opposite view with a poetical stateliness and a magnanimity of thought which extorts unwilling admiration even from a hostile auditor.

I should like to quote more : but with a pang I refrain. My hope is that readers may be persuaded by these sample bricks to inspect for themselves the whole proportioned edifice. Severe, chaste, Ionic,

it is raised in the style of Landor and Matthew Arnold more nearly than of any other modern builder of the lofty rhyme : but it has a distinctive character of its own, a delicate refinement of detail in frieze and architrave, which gives it an individual claim to attention among its flamboyant neighbors. Before we part, however, I shall venture to cull one final flower from Mr. Watson's garden, which I have reserved on purpose to the last as a farewell posy.

"The poet gathers fruit from every tree,
Yea, grapes from thorns and figs from this-
tles he.
Pluck'd by his hand, the basest weed that
grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose."

If our modern flower garden can afford to despise such lilies and such roses as these, then it must be even richer in bright blooms and sweet scents than the most ardent believer in its richness and its fertility has yet dared to picture it.—
Fortnightly Review.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

AUGUST 6, 1891.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

I.

Love and praise, and a length of days whose shadow cast upon time is light,
Days whose sound was a spell shed round from wheeling wings as of doves in flight,
Meet in one, that the mounting sun to-day may triumph, and cast out night.

Two years more than the full fourscore lay hallowing hands on a sacred head—
Scarce one score of the perfect four uncrowned of fame as they smiled and fled ;
Still and soft and alive aloft their sunlight stays though the suns be dead.

Ere we were or were thought on, ere the love that gave us to life began,
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to greet the goal of the race they ran,
Song with fame, and the lustrous name with years whose changes acclaimed the man.

II.

Soon, ere time in the rounding rhyme of choral seasons had hailed us men,
We too heard and acclaimed the word whose breath was life upon England then—
Life more bright than the breathless light of soundless noon in a songless glen.

Ah, the joy of the heartstruck boy whose ear was opened of love to hear !
Ah, the bliss of the burning kiss of song and spirit, the mounting cheer
Lit with fire of divine desire and love that knew not if love were fear !

Fear and love as of heaven above and earth enkindled of heaven were one ;
One white flame, that around his name grew keen and strong as the worldwide sun ;
Awe made bright with implied delight, as weft with weft of the rainbow spun.

III.

He that fears not the voice he hears and loves shall never have heart to sing :
All the grace of the sun-god's face that bids the soul as a fountain spring
Bids the brow that receives it bow, and hail his likeness on earth as king.

We that knew when the sun's shaft flew beheld and worshipped, adored and heard :
Light rang round it of shining sound, whence all men's hearts were subdued and
stirred :

Joy, love, sorrow, the day, the morrow, took life upon them in one man's word.

Not for him can the years wax dim, nor downward swerve on a darkening way :
Upward wind they, and leave behind such light as lightens the front of May :
Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find the fame that we hail to-day.

—*Athenæum*.

MILLENNIAL HOPES.

THE question which must sometimes suggest itself to all students of history—What is the value of those dreams of a changed condition in the organic relations of society and of the individual whereby man may be enabled to live a higher life?—has been revived at the present moment by the biography of a brilliant member of English society. The career of Laurence Oliphant—if, at least, its record has led to the study of what he would have felt his most important works—must have forced some readers to ponder the significance of that class of speculations which we associate with the name of the Millennium. The book also records the wide scope of such speculations, somewhat disguised by that name. For it opens a vista toward visions of a Golden Age which have nothing to do with religion. The second wife of Mr. Oliphant was the granddaughter of a man whose name, a couple of generations ago, was the watchword of non-religious Socialism; and the influence of Robert Owen's ideas on hers might be taken as an interesting chapter in a "Study of Inheritance." In truth, all religion and all philosophy dream of a Golden Age, and where it glimmers upon the path of humanity through the long vista of the past, it also nourishes ideas that blossom into hopes whenever they find a genial atmosphere. To remove the last chapters of Isaiah from the Bible, the fourth eclogue from Virgil, the "Republic" from Plato, the "Utopia" from English literature, would be to change the meaning of all we leave behind. What literature knows as the conscious work of imagination is traceable in actual life as the stirrings of yearning hope, and perhaps every age holds many traces, in little communities too obscure for the notice of history, of endeavors to prepare for a change that is anticipated as confidently as that from March to July. The coldest rationalism must note the hopes which tinge human effort, if it be only to label them as a curious form of insanity. At any rate, the historian who deems it his

business to ignore all such attempts as too insignificant or too crazy for serious contemplation, would pass over some of the most important influences that have made humanity what it is.

If the concession of such rationalism to the spirit of these ever-recurrent hopes must be that they form a part of the equipment of the human race, it must be admitted on the other side that it is impossible ever to translate them into actual history, in the sense that their fulfilment could ever be associated with a date. Both Laurence and Alice Oliphant evidently believed that a transformation of the human race was at hand which it would be no more possible for science to ignore, than to treat as a matter of opinion the slight lengthening of average life which statistics, we believe, have established as a characteristic of the last part of the nineteenth century. The future historian will hardly be able to pass over that period without recording a new breath of interest, taking form as speculation, belief, or anticipation, which has turned men's thoughts to the future as a source of inspiring hope; but if he have to connect any unquestionable facts with these beliefs and speculations—if he find it possible, for instance, to take up "*Sympneumata*," the strange book which was the joint production of husband and wife, and illustrate it by its bearing on the facts he has to narrate, as its authors evidently believed would be possible—then all we can say is, that this will be unlike anything that has happened in the world hitherto.

Do we thereby dismiss these Millennial dreams to the literature of insanity? Must we look upon their interest as belonging to that region which a modern novelist has depicted in the "History of Human Error" undertaken by the scholar who remains as his most charming creation? Far from it. If the father of Pisistratus Caxton had undertaken to write the History of Human Illusions, the chapter on Millennial dreams, we believe, would have re-

corded some convictions more important, and quite as true, as the largest certainties of science. Side by side with these, no doubt, he would have had to describe anticipations which the course of his narrative could not but disprove, and would probably have had much more to say about the last than about the first. The expectations which connect themselves with a particular place and a particular date, whether they are true or false, of course afford more material for narrative than any convictions, however potent, which events can neither establish nor confute. But, far from castrating on concession to what may seem its legitimate conclusion, and regarding these Millennial dreams as so much subtraction from the true discernment, and therefore the working-power of the race, we see in them the vehicle for all the discernment that most enriches life. That the reaction from hopes confuted by events, may sometimes lead to a repudiation of the beliefs which formed their basis, is undeniable; but, in fact, such a reaction is much rarer than we should have expected, and does not always follow such disappointment as might have seemed its inexorable prelude. We do not note this as a mere instance of divergence between desire and logic; we mean in sober earnest that mistake of fact may be in literal truth discovery of principle,—that to contemplate events which are illusory is for some minds the indispensable preliminary to receiving truths which are eternal.

If the contrast between the eternal and the transitory have any meaning—if, that is, there be an eternal life—we are in this world in the position of a traveller who arrives late at an inn, and spends the night in a lighted chamber, while from time to time flashes of lightning illumine the unknown scene beyond, and reduce his lamp-light to twilight. One illumination, dim but steady, reveals to him the walls, the ceiling, the furniture of his room; another, fitful and vivid, shows the distant mountain, the church-spire, the winding river, perhaps the midnight traveller. He never lifts his eyes without seeing the pattern on the wall, the table and the chair, the book or newspaper on the table, the trunk or bag upon the floor, and he may watch for hours without seeing anything in the window but a black oblong. But there come moments when furniture and baggage are hidden, and the distant land-

scape is a vivid reality. The Millennial dreamer seems to us in the position of a person who should have his imagination so much impressed by one of these flashes, that the scenery should remain as the background of some vivid dream, and the distant hills which his approaching journey is actually to reveal to him should be woven in with the fancies of slumber. And if our parable be a true one, we cannot but think that the wild extravagance of such dreams, even when the details command no credence, more commends itself to some deep human yearnings than the sober and temperate anticipations of the orthodox creed, even when this is fully accepted.

For it appears to us that, in some important respects, the words of Lowell, " 'Tis Heaven must come, not we must go," point to a deeper truth than the vision of some far-off Heaven where the beloved dead are hidden away from human troubles. There can be no question, surely, that this is more in accordance with the language of the New Testament than any old-fashioned orthodox anticipations of Heaven: this is, indeed, one of the difficulties of the New Testament. It is also more in accordance with the hopes of those to whom that book is a collection of idle dreams. If we were to obtain from all parties a definition of their demands from the future, clothed in such terms as might approach nearest to the views from which they differed, might we not say that what all need is a more persistent consciousness of a common life? We do attain this at moments, and at very opposite moments. Sometimes in perfect health, sometimes in the weakness of illness; sometimes in great joy, and sometimes in great sorrow, we feel, as it were, the barriers of our individuality fall away, and a rising tide of human oneness flood the rock-pools which yet in this inundation lose nothing but their separateness. It is not that our individuality is less distinct; in looking back we see that we have never been more *ourselves* than when, in some mysterious way, *self* seems to lose its meaning. It is that we have attained at these moments some sense of the root-life beneath our branch-life. Whether the last words of William Pitt were "How I love," or, as we should think more probable, "How I leave my country," we all feel that the dying statesman was never more himself

than when, "with Palinure's unaltered mood," he gave his last expressed thoughts to the fate of his nation and on the threshold of eternity, sighed for the salvation of England. For a smaller group such preoccupation is not very rare; but with its expansion it loses much of its elevating power, and it is only aspirations for the welfare of a nation which seem to us to gain a height where they may typify the hopes of the Millennium. But such aspirations, at their highest, are sinful things. If it seem an easy thing to die for one's country, that is because the aspiration is very rarely tested, because such a fate is never certain for those who confront it, and because a great deal that is adventitious is mixed up even with the actual sacrifice. It is not an easy thing for a man even to make some trifling sacrifice every day for thirty years that his children may be left better off; and every other sacrifice is harder than that which a man makes for his children. And difficulty, if it passes into ease at one end, passes into impossibility at the other; there are sacrifices we should wish to make for all which we cannot make for our dearest. Where this is ignored, we are certain it is because the whole question of sacrifice has passed into an unreal region, and a standard is adopted for all exhortation which in practical life is unconsciously dismissed as an unattainable "counsel of perfection." Now, the hope of a Millennium embodies all that is truest in the aspiration of mankind for a condition when this phase of impossibility shall pass away, when the need of the foe shall be felt with a pressure more irresistible than now belongs to the need of the brother. It is childish, it seems to us, to suppose that this can ever come about without a change in our organic conditions. The flesh is, and must remain in some sense, a wall of partition. *My* delight in beauty is the delight of all who care for beauty; *my* sorrow for our country's failure is the sorrow of my countrymen. But my hunger is mine alone, and so is its satisfaction. And it is just where this peculiar isolation begins that the peculiar tyranny of need begins also. No impulses are so irresistible as those which are limited to an individual experience,—in other words, as those which belong to the world of sensation.

Hence the hope of a better world, whatever form it takes, must always in logical

minds include the hope of changed conditions of our physical being. When such a world is placed beyond the grave, our strictly *physical* being is left behind. It is the fact that we drop the *limitations* of self on that threshold, which translates itself for some persons (whom we are not now addressing) into the belief that we end our existence here. When I have done with hunger and thirst, rheumatism and neuralgia, I am ready for a solidarity with my kind literally impossible while the most irresistible impulses of experience are isolated. Why, then, it may be asked, welcome the refracted shadow of that anticipation which comes into the brains of men who imagine a Millennium? If every one is soon to pass into a world where the *we* is more real than the *I*, why invent fables to perplex a conviction which may be held in its simplicity by every one who looks forward to life beyond the grave? Because, as far as history has gone yet, it appears to us that those have been nearest the truth who have imagined a concourse of human beings, set in new conditions, but still clothed in flesh. If death be no more than the dropping of the visible and the perishable, we better adjust our anticipations to its unveiling in recalling some bygone dream of the Millennium, than in turning toward the Heaven of sober orthodoxy. When we imagine our posterity, however far removed, living in visible and tangible shape upon this earth, but delivered from the limitations which isolate and oppress each son of man now, it appears to us that we gather up more solid and sober hope for the near future of every one than when we suppose death to mean the awakening in some distant world where the difficulties of earth are forgotten. What do we *know* of death? The words of the Burial Service express it with sober accuracy, that it is the "deliverance from the burden of the flesh." Conventional belief has added to this, that it is the discarding of the aims of this world; but for such a belief there is no evidence, either in Scripture, or in science, or in anything that can be called history,—in any direction, in short, in which evidence on such a subject is possible. The human race confesses, in a thousand blundering experiments, a million extravagant visions, that in this world as it is, virtue is in some way at a disadvantage; that individual effort is doomed at least to the *aspect* of

failure ; that regeneration in this present world must remain a hidden thing, a seed, a hope ; that something more than an individual change is needed for its achievement. This "something more," it may be, is just that passing out of the realm of the visible and the tangible which in our misleading dialect we call "death." But till we have shaken off the most misleading influences of past speculation, we come nearer the truth in dreams of a New Jerusalem descending as a bride out of heaven—in the belief of Laurence and Alice Oli-

phant, that the closest union of earth symbolizes a union between this earth-life and a spirit-world—than in any hopes for the future in which the energy of earthly activities, and the concentration of these on earthly welfare, are left behind. We know that if we are to find in the future any satisfaction for our dearest hopes, it must promise us a closer union and a richer activity than we have yet experienced. If these be gained, their relation to the fact that we call "death" is comparatively a small thing.—*Spectator*.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

For at least a month to come the Continent will be closed to men of mature years and intelligence. No gentleman of somewhat self-indulgent habits dare commit himself to the soul-wearing scramble for rooms, to the overcrowded railway stations and carriages, and to the perils of being crushed under avalanches of luggage. It is a pity, for the months of August and September are almost as pleasant abroad as June and July, and the weather is decidedly more trustworthy. Holiday-making in the autumn is convenient for many reasons, but individuals must resign themselves to the progress of the world. Mr. Cook, who has lately celebrated one of the inevitable anniversaries, is emphatically the man of the time. The fame of the circumnavigator has been eclipsed in the growing reputation of the Excursion-Organizer. We have not a word to say against him, and we can only admire the practical genius which has "struck oil" everywhere, from the snowy passes of the Alps to the torrid sands of the Sahara. Cook of Leicester has cheapened hotel coupons by his cosmopolitan contracts ; he educates more or less successfully the middle-class Philistine ; he runs his steamers and hotels on the Upper Nile, and Lord Wolseley is content to share with him the laurels of the expedition that failed to relieve Khartoum. Had he been born ten or fifteen centuries sooner, he might have saved the world an unspeakable amount of suffering by personally conducting such monster expeditions as those of the Alaric and Attila and Peter the Hermit. But with all our admiration for the great man's organizing genius, we

owe a grudge to the changed conditions which enrich him. It cannot be altogether the keener capacity for enjoyment in youth which makes us feel that some forty years ago touring was far better fun than it is now. Then, although the railways had been running the travelling carriages and the *fourgons* off the roads, there was still a dash of the traveller in the tourist. There was some hope of adventure and a touch of romance. Mr. Arthur O'Leary going about with a full purse, with a light knapsack, a tobacco-bag, and a big umbrella, might still be welcomed in Belgian châteaux. The proverbial munificence of the British milord was still a popular superstition. There was still a fair chance of being taken in by the plausible swindler of undeniable manners, birth, and connections, of whom, as Thackeray says, the Rawdon Crawleys were the precursors. There were tragical revelations as to horrors in solitary inns in passes now traversed daily by hundreds of pedestrians, where the landlords made midnight murder a trade, and hid the corpses away behind the wine bottles. The slow posts were irregular, and there were no telegraphs. In a brief absence, for anything you heard to the contrary, your whole family might have died and been buried. Half the baths, the hills, and the peaceful valleys which are now favorite health resorts were as yet as much undiscovered as Chamonix before the advent of Pococke and Wyndham. Many a church which has since been wrecked by the ruthless restorer, many a city which has been sacked by the speculative builder, was still untouched. There were frontiers everywhere, with

their passport and customs formalities almost as severe as those now in force on the Russian *ceinture*; you always approached them with a certain tremor and left them behind with exhilarating self-gratulation. For when there were wars or rumors of conspiracies and sedition, mistakes were very possible on the part of zealous officials, and if you chanced to be taken for some stealthy conspirator you might be summarily sent off to a gloomy State prison, with gratuitous board for an indefinite period. Yet that was in many ways the golden age of touring. There were still lumbering diligences and cramped *malles-postes* that ran on for two or more days on end, but then there were generally alternative if more circuitous routes by railway. The inns had been enlarged and wonderfully improved, and in great cities there was brisk competition between hotels provided with all modern conveniences. Yet, except at two or three of the chief tourist centres in the very height of the season, there was seldom serious overcrowding. The Germans made their *Ausflüge*, or brief excursions, but they seldom went in for regular rounds. The visits of the Americans, if they were very unlike those of angels in other respects, were, at any rate, few and far between; and the modest ambition of the majority of well-to-do Britons was bounded by Boulogne if not by Margate. In short, touring had been cheapened, facilitated, and popularized; but it had not been vulgarized, nor did you feel anywhere and everywhere between Calais and Constantinople as if you had been caught up in the *queue* outside a popular theatre, scrambling emulously for front seats in a stuffy gallery.

We may be forgiven, perhaps, if we indulge in a few regretful glances at that vanished past. There was no cheap route from Liverpool Street to the Low Countries and Germany *via* Harwich. You got much more than fair value for your low fare in the long and doubtful passage between Dieppe and Newhaven. The harbor arrangements at Dover and Folkestone were still excessively primitive, and there was no Admiralty Pier by way of breakwater. The steamers were small and indifferently furnished in horsehair, and the hotels of "The Lord Warden" and "The Pavilion" profited thereby. Timid passengers and ladies in terror of sea-sickness

would pass days in the one house and the other, waiting for the winds and the waves to go down. Hence there were many opportunities of making agreeable acquaintances, if you were in no particular hurry yourself; and unprotected beauties were grateful for the advances they would have resented under less favorable circumstances. The foundations were laid for pleasant travelling flirtations, and meetings by a series of really marvellous coincidences were often continued for weeks in succession. Calais, between the tidal harbor and the marshes, was always *triste*; it seemed the very sort of place to leave its name as an appropriate *souvenir* on the heart of the truculent Queen Mary. But Boulogne was still something of the lively town which Thackeray has painted so lovingly in *The Adventures of Philip* and elsewhere. The refugees in debt and the ladies in difficulties managed somehow to lead merry enough lives, like the debtors confined in the Fleet or the convicts in old Newgate. There was something wonderfully bright about quaint Boulogne, before the Quai had been lined by cheap and flash restaurants, ready to initiate the South-Eastern tripper in the vilest practice of degraded French cookery. As for Ostend, few foreigners cared to linger among the sandbanks which have been covered since with palatial restaurants and hotels, generally resembling, in various respects, so many whited sepulchres. The Dutch, with their constitutional phlegm, on the whole have been moving slowly. They are indebted to the Germans for bringing Scheveningen into fashion, with its blank and bleak-looking caravanserai, and the capacious wicker-chairs which were a local speciality. The Hague was always a coquettish little diplomatic capital, with its fishponds, and gay gardens, and hotels festooned with flowers. Though Rotterdam has been developing its commerce with phenomenal activity, very much to the disadvantage of Antwerp, it is remarkable that, till comparatively the other day, no rival was started to the Bath and the Pays Bas Hotels, nor have they much to fear now from the new competition. Neither then nor since have we ever happened to meet a man who had passed a night at Haarlem among the tulips and ranunculuses; or at Leyden, the famous University which used to be the training school of the Scottish Bar. Many a pleas-

ant day have we spent in the old-fashioned inns of Amsterdam; the Old Bible and the Doelen, looking placidly across at each other, through ancient casements mirrored on the surface of the sluggish canal. We always associate those inns with the Gouda cheese served for breakfast, which we then saw for the first time. Query: Was the practice to which Boswell so bitterly objected introduced from Holland into the Hebrides by the many islesmen who had taken service under the Dutch colors, when Johnson and Boswell made their adventurous trip? Amsterdam still seems to be under-hoteled, though the Amstel, if somewhat out of the busy world, must be a formidable rival to its quiet predecessors. One grand improvement in the Dutch metropolis—we are not concerned with wharves and sea canals—is the spacious picture gallery, which shows to advantage the masterpieces of Frans Hals, Van der Helst, and Rembrandt. In the old Trep-pen Huis, with its creaking wooden stairs and dimly lighted rooms, it was a toss-up how the lights might chance to fall, or whether there were any lights at all. What with the drip and the sea-fogs and the driving clouds, you might sometimes as well have tried to appreciate a Mieris hung inside a bathing machine.

Holland, lying to the north of the great tourist track, is still one of the countries where you may travel in primitive discomfort. A visit to the "dead cities of the Zuyder Zee" or to the dull cities of the mainland is not to be recommended to the sybarite. Even in flourishing commercial ports, such as Middleburgh and Flushing, the quartering is rough and the fare coarse. The rich Netherlands, on the contrary, have always been a land of good living. Dead-alive and decaying cities like Bruges, haunted by the melancholy ghosts of former magnificence, perpetuated the memories of former feasting, when land and sea were laid under contribution for sumptuous civic and feudal banquets. The Friday fish dinners of the Hôtel de Flandres, for example, were famous. But Belgian hotel cookery has been decidedly going down as the charges have been steadily going up. It is not so much that the quality has deteriorated as that the quantity has been cut down. Brussels in the good old days was a paradise of voluptuous frugality. Half-ruined gourmands used to go there in their declining years,

and billet themselves for a trifle in the lap of luxury in one of the innumerable hotels of the second class. There was game from the Ardennes; there were fishes from the North Sea and salmon from the Rhine; vegetables and fruits seemed to grow in spontaneous exuberance, and as for such common articles as chickens and the eggs for omelettes, apparently they were to be had for the asking. At the great hotels on the Place Royale—at the Bellevue or the Flandres—the *table d'hôte* prices were miraculously low, and as you were positively pelted with dishes by pairs, and when even working single tides, there were few appetites and digestions which could stay the pace. The fragments sent down from the lavish plenty might have satisfied scores of hungry beggars, and in fact the Brussels beggars were in clover. There was something pleasant when one was young and strong in that Gargantuan profusion, reminding you of a fish and game piece by Snyders, with the miscellaneous contents of the hampers overflowing the tables and the floor. Now no man in fair gastric condition need fear indigestion in the best of the Brussels hotels. They are neither much better nor worse than their French or Rhenish neighbors, nor need the most sensitive conscience have the searchings that used to trouble us as to the gains of the landlord being ridiculously small.

Philanthropy should rejoice in national progress anywhere, and assuredly we do not grudge to Germany its growth in prosperity. But the elderly tourist must sorrowfully admit that the industrial enterprise of the North Germans has been playing the mischief with the romance of the Rhine. For half a century and more it has been the fashion to sneer at Rhineland as nothing better than a cockney playground; but there never was a greater mistake. Of course, nineteen continental tourists in twenty had seen something of it, because the river was a highroad that led everywhere. But for almost all of them the country was really a *terra incognita*, as was significantly shown by the fact that most of the smaller towns were hotel-less. The stray sojourner had to make the best of some old-fashioned and odoriferous inns, with an aboriginal *cuisine* and a despotic landlord, which perpetuated something of the mediæval traditions that have been stereotyped in "Anne of Geier-

stein" and "The Cloister and the Hearth." The picturesque side-valleys and even the foot-tracks on the lofty terraces overhanging the river were seldom trodden by a stranger's foot. Amateur artists aspiring to contribute to *The Illustrated* would venture occasionally into these solitudes, and were always richly rewarded. There were churches with remarkable apses in Romanesque, and castles on secluded heights, invisible from the Rhine, with Saracenic architectural fantasies in battlement and tower which crusading barons had brought home as *souvenirs* of Palestine. The angler might wander up some stream or brook from mouth to source, through copses melodious in the spring with singing birds, casting his flies here and there in the swift rush or the swirl of the dark mill-pool, for the lively trout or the more sluggish grayling. The streams are running now as they used to run, but the pools are poached or netted for the neighboring *pension* or hydropathic establishment, and the moss-grown mills may probably have given place to some many-storied structure which poisons the water with deleterious chemicals. Nothing, for example, was prettier or pleasanter than the quiet Aar valley, with its primitive old towns and their quaint and venerable gateways. Now the prosperous Apollinaris Company, with its fleets of shallow steamers, has made the valley the seat of a busy industry. We are bound to say that the Apollinaris people have been benefactors to the gouty and dyspeptic, and it would be well if we had nothing worse to complain of than their wonderful works. But the whole course of what used to be called the castled Rhine now looks like the lower Thames, and smells like Shoreditch or Bermondsey. We see a panoramic development of all the more offensive trades and guilds of the middle ages. Formerly the Rhenish industries were mainly concentrated in the flourishing principality of Wied, colonized originally by the hard-working Moravians, or they had been carried on from time immemorial in primitive fashion, as in the manufacture of the mill-stones at Nieder-Mendig. Now the steamer carries you through volumes of smoke, between a double line of cloth-mills, chemical works, lime-kilns, and brickfields—of everything, in fact, that is lucrative, unwholesome, and prosaic. Nor does the aril end there. The spirited proprietors

of these enterprises have been rapidly growing rich, and have been housing themselves as befits their rising fortunes. They have been transmogrifying and adding to venerable castles; they have been running up sumptuous mansions of the florid composite order in the suburbs of the cities, and one of the most audacious of the *nouveaux riches* has actually seated himself on the summit of the castled crag of the Drachenfels. After that sort of thing it would be as hypercritical as idle to protest against the Government cutting up the country for the exigencies of national defence. Indeed, the circles of detached forts around Mayence and Coblenz blend rather happily with the broken ground; and the *glacis* in the sequestered poplar groves, on the *enceinte* of Cologne, give character and color to an otherwise tame and monotonous landscape.

But as to Cologne itself! Nowhere has the besom of destructive change made a cleaner or more melancholy sweep. We love the city for the sake of auld lang syne; but when revisiting it, we always feel as the Antiquary might have felt if Miss Grizzel and Jeanie Rintherout had been left free to work their will in his cherished sanctum. Old Cologne was the pre-Renaissance Rome of the North, a city undecorated by the builder, the radical, or the sanitarian. The best hotels looked out upon the Rhine on the one side; on the other, are the narrowest and most unsavory of ruinous lanes. The streets with their narrow strips of pavement were irrigated by open sewers; the stench in the sultry season, when tourists came thick, were as rich and as rare as the imaginative fancy of Coleridge described them. Piety and patriotism notwithstanding, the cathedral of the pre-eminently Catholic city had fallen into picturesque disrepair. You were glorified by a swelling sense of munificent patronage when you dropped a groshen or two into the verger's plate for its restoration. It did not seem as if the townsfolk could do much to help, for the only apparent business was in *eau de Cologne* and most villainous cigars. The wonderful variety of ancient churches, dedicated to obscure and forgotten saints, were reached by deserted streets, or through grass-grown squares. The peace and the silence were scarcely greater behind the crumbling walls of the pauperized convents. It was only the garrison of

crack regiments that kept things going and the tread of the square-shouldered soldiers across the bridge of boats. We need not say how all has been revolutionized since Cologne became a great railway centre. The building of that neat caravanserai, the Hôtel du Nord, was the result and the symbol of the revolution. Cologne has embanked the Rhine, building winter docks and ice-havens. It has broken out of its girdle of old walls—more is the pity—and has launched out in lines of magnificent boulevards, protected by heavily-armed forts on the limits of the horizon. Building sites have been going up to fabulous values. The clergy have been enriched by the offerings of the grateful, for every one has been making money hand over hand, and nobody has any reason to complain, except the landlords of hotels that have been left comparatively high and dry, and the pilgrim to the city of the Three Kings, who went in quest of the historical and the mediæval. As for Bonn, in the shadows of the Kreuzberg and the Seven Mountains, it is no longer the quiet university town, where spectacted youths, guarded by gigantic boarhounds, had small opportunity for being led off their legs, though they might smoke their nerves into fiddle-strings or drink themselves into dropsies. Given over to the mercies of the speculative builder, it prides itself on being a centre of cultivated society, and consequently its *pensions* swarm with golden-haired and blue-eyed sirens. Coblenz is more like what it used to be; but we should have said that back-of-the-world Trèves had been altogether brought into the world by the great Luxemburg line and the other railways had it not been for the solemn proceedings of last week. The show of the Holy Coat would seem more like an anachronism were it not that, if an age of advertising, it brings grist to the episcopal mill; but, if we did not shrink from treading debateable ground, we should say there was nothing like such superstition for giving an impulse to scepticism. As we remember Trèves when it was only accessible by the high roads or the swift and shallow Moselle, the city its citizens declared to be the oldest in the West seemed the very spot for a treasure-

house of musty relics. Though the red-stone of that veritable "red land" was friable, time had dealt gently by the Cathedral and the Black Gate with its imported materials, and with many another memorial of the lingering past. The journey to Trèves was doubtful and difficult; one steamed up the rapid Moselle, with the odds considerably in favor of being stranded in the summer droughts; and it was by no means an easy place to get away from, for the steamer which undertook to do the down voyage in a single day took time by the forelock and started at sunrise. By far the pleasantest and most satisfactory plan was to sling a knapsack and walk. At the modest little Baths and other halting-places you not only found yourself in friendly company, but often stumbled on agreeable brands of the *Moselwein*, which you were prepared to enjoy with a genial thirst, without giving the *prononcé* bouquet time to pall. Then, we believe the more ordinary wines of the Rhine and Moselle were either consumed at home or exported as what they were. Now they are consigned in large quantities to Hamburg as a foundation for spiritualized ports and sherries and remarkable clarets with a body. A more honest manufacture is that of the Rhenish champagne, which is by no means a disagreeable tippie, and which has made the fortunes of some of the richest citizens of Mayence. And that old archiepiscopal city, like David Copperfield, has grown out of knowledge. The railway that ran between the houses and the Rhine bank, landing you at a station in the same street with your hotel, might have been something of a nuisance, had not the burghers been well accustomed to be lulled to sleep by the steam whistles. But at the new station, situated a long Sabbath day's journey into the country, you feel as if you had been cast adrift at Tadmor in the Wilderness, and consequently, steeling your senses against the temptations of *brasseries* and beer-gardens, and turning your back on the superb *Dom Kirche* with its many monuments, you deem it prudent to give the go-by to modernized Mayence.

—*Saturday Review*.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TO ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY THEODORE WATTS.

Ye twain who long forgot your brotherhood
And those far fountains whence, through
ages hoary,

Your fathers drew whate'er ye have for glory,
Your English speech, your dower of English
blood—

Ye ask to-day, in sorrow's holiest mood,
When all save love seems film most transi-
tory,

"How shall we honor him whose noble story
Hallows the footprints where our Lowell
stood?"

Your hands he joined—those fratricidal hands,
Once trembling each to seize a brother's
throat:

How shall ye honor him whose spirit stands
Between you still? Keep love's bright sails
afloat,

For Lowell's sake, where once ye strove and
smote
On those wide waters that divide your strands.

This is the way to honor the illustrious
man whose loss to-day England and
America are mourning, and, assuredly,
this is the way above all others in which
he would have wished to be honored.
For, though literature was the passion of
his life, he knew that to join the hands of
England and America, as he set himself
to do, was to make a poem in action—a
poem that would work toward the final
emancipation of the English-speaking race,
the final emancipation of the world. For
he it was who said,

Weak-winged is song.
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light.

In a word, fine as is the written work of
Lowell, his unwritten work is finer still.
His whole life shows that he had, and had
in overflowing abundance, what most
Americans lack—moral courage, the high-
bred courage to defy that voice of the
people which is not yet the voice of God,
and will never be at all like God's voice
until the far-off day when safely lodged in
the largest number of skulls are the best
ideas. He came over here full of anti-
English prejudices. When he said, "We
are worth nothing except so far as we have
disinfected ourselves of Anglicism," he
fully meant what he said. Englishmen
who met him then were apt to find this

disinfecting process rather a nuisance, but
with the American new-comer, if he is of
the right strain, you have only to grin and
bear. In the atmosphere of his fathers
he will soon begin to grow.

An evening newspaper, in some inter-
esting reminiscences of Lowell, alluded the
other day to the fact that my own friend-
ship with him "began in a tiff"—began in
some warm words that I was impelled to
address to him in answer to certain warm
words of *his* against England. The anec-
dote is true enough; and it is also true,
as the writer of the paragraphs goes on to
say, that it was my fortune to witness
"the rise and progress" of what certain
Americans called his "Anglomaniac," until
at last, when he began to praise our cli-
mate, I was obliged as an honest cosmo-
politan to check such fervid John Bullism.

The truth is that Lowell, having been
thrown into the best circles—best, I mean,
as regards their wide knowledge of man
and of men—discovered (as Emerson had
done before him) that the voice of the
mob of New York is, in its Anglophobic
temper at least, as far off from being the
voice of God as that of any people under
the sun. He found that between an
American of the true strain and an Eng-
lishman of the true strain there is a
stronger attraction than exists between
men of any other strain, however good.
He found that John Bull is not quite so
offensively taurine as the American press-
men paint him—that he is not in the habit
of greeting Jonathan with "a certain con-
descension," but on the contrary is in the
habit of treating him as an absolute equal
in most things, and as a superior in some.
He found that in England, notwithstand-
ing an ornamental monarchy, and notwith-
standing an aristocracy not quite so orna-
mental, there is as much personal liberty
as in America, and a little more. In fact,
he found himself (as every American of
the right strain finds himself) extremely
comfortable in England. And he dared
to say so. No doubt an average English-
man would, in like circumstances, have
rejoiced to speak out. But then the

earthly Paradise has not yet come in England. English intelligence and culture and good breeding are not as yet under the feet of Whitechapel. Lowell knew very well that his comfortable life in Lowndes Square would be adjudicated upon at the New York gutters, and that the verdict would be "Too darned comfortble." Like every American, he had inherited a respect for that gutter verdict which to English people is a little puzzling. But what he had to do was to tell the truth, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He told it, and the gutters took offence. In courage, in truthfulness, in everything, he was the type of the Puritan idea in its most bracing expression, as Hawthorne (a man of rarer and finer genius) is a type of fevered Puritanism on its most unhealthy side. His courage, his honesty, his proud uncompromising independence, were all his own, but Puritanism fostered them. With all his love of England, America did not hold a more loyal son than he. In her glorious destiny he had a faith as strong as it was wise. Though for many years America has been peculiarly happy in the ministers she has sent to St. James's, never did she send a nobler son than Lowell, and never was he more loyal than at the very moment when he was saying those kind words about England which angered certain Americans whose loyalty to their country means "bumptiousness," or else a selfish hardening of the national conscience.

In England his position was unique. In the high places of our land, where everything worthy is cherished and recognized except pure literature, a man like Lowell and in Lowell's position must form the only link between the English world of letters and the world of diplomatists and courtiers. History will have to record that this state of things has been the most noticeable and interesting feature of the present reign; but it will point to Lowell as the man who formed a link between the two worlds. Lowell's only true ambition being literary success, he was continually moving from one of these worlds into the other. His diplomatic functions shed lustre upon him as a literary figure, howsoever little his literary fame may have added to his position in that other world.

During one and the same day he might be met at luncheon at the house of a certain great poet, at a five-o'clock tea at Mrs. Proc-

ter's, and at dinner with people to whom these names conveyed some meaning perhaps, but less meaning than did the name of the late Mr. Fordham of Newmarket. But it might not be easy to say at which house Lowell made himself the most agreeable. To talk, as many Americans have talked, of Lowell's subservience to the English aristocracy is to talk with as much ignorance as spite. That stiffness of bearing in what is called specially "society," which at first used to be commented upon, but which soon passed away, was simply the raw expression of an invulnerable independence which once was rather too dogged and aggressive. He used to speak of himself as being an exceedingly shy man by nature. On one occasion I asked him to lunch with me to meet an eminent man of letters whom he had never seen and wanted to see. Noticing that he hesitated, I said—in irony of course—"I am afraid that the American minister who has jostled most of the grandees in Europe feels shy." He said, "I *do*, but never with grandees."

In order to realize what was the temper of the great Puritans of old, such as Milton and such as Cromwell, it was, I believe, almost necessary to be brought into personal contact with Lowell. Puritanism has been, and still is, a favorite butt with the poets, and no doubt in England in our own day it has got so mixed up with blatant quackery as to lend itself to ridicule. But this is not so in America in the circles where Lowell moved. Simply noble is such Puritanism as that. Have those who sneer at it ever asked themselves what true Puritanism is? Not they! It is the expression of a deep instinctive movement of man's nature. It has always existed, and its function has always been to act as a corrective to the over-activity of the pagan instinct which leads man to yield to the demands of the flesh. Without Puritanism the human race would have come to an end long ago. Man is in a different position from the lower animals. In yielding to the indulgence of the appetites the lower animals rarely exceed healthy limits, even in feeding, and never in sexual intercourse. The gorging of an animal like the boa constrictor (whose dinners are so few and far between) is healthy and necessary, and tends to preserve the race. The gustatory appetite of the animal is never, as in the case of the London

alderman, teased and flogged into unhealthy activity by the exercise of a reasoning imagination learned in the niceties of "calipash and calipee." And so with the sexual appetite. It is in man only that the mental processes come in and interfere with the economies of nature; it is in man only that increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on. Without the Puritan instinct for self-dominance the pagan instinct for self-indulgence, stung to unhealthy activity by man's mental processes, would long before Buddha's time have played havoc with the race in the great struggle for life. That English Puritanism when planted in the New World should flourish there with more vigor than ever it flourished in Europe was in the nature of things. The old, simple, single-handed struggle with nature was there in a measure renewed, and the very instinct of self-preservation demanded a vigorous exercise of man's self-dominance, otherwise the "Injun" and the backwoods combined would have made short work with him. It was inevitable, therefore, that the Puritan element in man should flourish there, and, indeed, bear a new fruit racy of the soil. And, surely, a splendid fruit it is. Although America has in late years produced no man in whom has been exhibited so much of the old Puritanical fire as was shown by Gordon, still it may well be said that the greatest and strongest man of our time was Lincoln, and that great as is the distance between him and Garfield, no Englishman can properly be set between them.

To give literary voice to the best form of Puritanism such as this was the glory of Lowell. Puritanism, indeed, lives at the heart of all that he ever wrote; it lives in his humorous work with as much vigor as it lives in his serious poetry. All humor is, of course, the expression of a sense of the incongruity of things as they are when compared with some ideal standard existing in the humorist's mind. The incongruity between the Christianity of Christ and the Christianity advertising itself from one end of America to the other is the subject-matter of all Lowell's humorous work. If the doctrines of the New Testament were put into general practice for a single day in the country that, besides a few true Puritans, has produced Barnum, Jay Gould, and McKinley, the entire structure of civilization would fall

down like a house of cards. In America, as in England, Christianity is non-existent as a practical creed; and this is by far the most amazing phenomenon that history has ever shown. In the Buddhistic countries there is a real relation between the social doctrine and the social organism. It is the same with Islam; but in the so-called Christian countries of the Western world the social doctrine and the social organism contradict each other at every turn. The incongruity is absolute. Life in London and in New York is one harlequinade. It is Lowell's apprehension of this incongruity which explains what has been called his blasphemy. A disciple of Christ making mounds at the blasphemous Jewish mob would be open to the same charge. That remarkable poem called "Old Souls to Mend," by the English parable-writer Dr. Gordon Hake, treating the same subject in the same temper, has also been called blasphemous, and with the like lack of reason. The same sense of the incongruity between the modern Christianity and the doctrine of Christ is the basis of several of Lowell's serious poems. In the poem called "A Parable," for instance, he gives a picture of Christ returning to the earth in order to learn

How the men my brethren believe in me.

The motive of the poem is the incongruity between the pomps and splendors of the paganized Christianity that receives Him and the kind of reception He expected.

The same incongruity is expressed, though in a more oblique way, in the "Vision of Sir Launfal," where a knight who has travelled the world in quest of the Holy Grail finds that the cup which he has filled at a streamlet in order to quench the thirst of a leprous beggar is the very Grail itself, and that the beggar is Christ. In each case an admirable conception is developed with great subtlety and suggestiveness; but in each case the "criticism of life" is so apparent that the poem is removed from the region of pure poetic art. Perhaps I ought to say exactly what I mean by challenging the poem because it is a criticism of life. It is always difficult to know when Matthew Arnold is in earnest and when he is playing with his readers; but if he was in earnest when he defined poetry to be a "criticism of life," he certainly achieved in one famous phrase a definition of poetry which for whimsical

perversity can never be surpassed. Had he said the opposite of this—had he said that all pure literature except poetry may be a criticism of life, but that poetry must be a simple projection of life in order for it to be separated from prose—he might perhaps have got nearer to the truth, although, as regards prose, it must not be forgotten that the difference between writers like Balzac and writers like Scott is this: that inasmuch as the one criticises life, while the other projects it, the one adopts the prose method, while the other adopts the poetic method.

If there is in any literary work a true projection of life, it must sometimes be classed as poetry, even though the writer shows but an imperfect conception of poetic art. Although much of Browning's noble and brilliant writing is a "criticism of life," and is therefore, as I think, not poetry, a very considerable portion of his work is poetry, because it is a true projection, and not a criticism, of life. But Lowell's verse is all "criticism of life." Of poetic projection there is almost nothing at all. Most noble and brilliant and splendid writing it is, to be sure, and as such we cannot admire it too much. It was, moreover, entirely the expression of his own individuality.

In life his most striking characteristic—a characteristic indicated not only by the watchful gray eyes and the apparently conscious eyebrows that overshadowed them, but in every intonation of his voice and every movement of his limbs—was a marvellous sagacity. Delightful as was personal intercourse with him, the charm was not quite undisturbed. Every now and then you felt yourself to be under the microscope of a Yankee naturalist. You felt that you were being examined, weighed, and classified for America, perhaps for Boston. It is this sagacity that gives life to his prose. What is called his wit is merely this almost preternatural sagacity in rapid movement. What is called his humor is this same sagacity at rest and in a meditative mood. The obtrusion, however, of sagacity in poetry, unless it be in worldly verse, is fatal. Byron, the most sagacious of all nineteenth century poets before Browning, seems to have been aware of this either by intuition or reflection; for it is only in his poems written in the mock heroic vein, such as "Don Juan," "The Vision of Judg-

ment," "Beppo," etc., that he allows his sagacity to display itself and interfere with the impression that all serious poets must make in order to be accepted—the impression of being inspired by something deeper than sagacity. But the odd thing is that Lowell as a critic was perfectly conscious of all this. The vice of knowingness was, however, the one which he could never conquer. To say a thing epigrammatically and brilliantly was to him more than to say it poetically. The same remark applies to his humorous poems. Even in humor, paradoxical as it may appear to say so, the humorist's sagacity may be too much in evidence, if it interfere with that poetic glow which belongs to the very greatest humor, whether it be quiet and Cervantic or Rabelaisian and noisy. In all first-rate humorous work the basis of the structure should *seem* to be not worldly sagacity, but poetic enjoyment illumined and strengthened by worldly sagacity. This will be seen at once if we compare the "Man Made of Money" and the "Chronicles of Clovernook" of that once popular humorist Douglas Jerrold with the humor of Dickens even when the latter has passed into satire. In the "Biglow Papers" everything seems to be vitalized not by humorous enjoyment, but by Lowell's keen sagacity. The writer's intention to pour intellectual matter into humorous form is too apparent. The highest humor is poetic in its substance, and consists of a projection rather than of a criticism of life, as we see in a thousand instances in Shakespeare and in Sterne. Christopher Sly's interjection,

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
lady,
Would 'twere done!

and the remark of the "foolish fat scullion" in "Tristram Shandy" on getting the news of her young master's death, are typical examples of the humorous way of projecting rather than of criticising life displayed by the greatest masters of poetic humor.

With regard to Lowell as a serious poet, there are those in his own country who think that in seeking the pet's crown he was, all his life, hunting a shadow.

Immediately after the death of an eminent writer it is not pleasant to indulge in any criticism of his work, except that of a laudatory kind; but it is very specially

unpleasant to do so when the eminent writer is an American, and the critic an Englishman. Lowell himself was wont to speak of the British critic as an "insular person," and it is undeniable that the British critic is a person living in an island. Geography has always played an important part in man's conceptions of man. French criticism is not insular, for France is not an island. And the same remark applies to American criticism. As my ideas about Lowell as a poet coincide with those expressed in the following quotation, I think it wise to stand behind the buckler of so good an American as Mr. George S. Hillard:—

"Mr. Lowell has more of the 'vision' than the 'faculty divine.' He has the eye and mind of a poet, but wants the plastic touch which 'turns to shape the form of things unknown.' His conceptions are superior to his power of execution. We are reminded in reading his poetry of the observation of a judicious critic in a sister art,—that the picture would have been better painted if the painter had taken more pains. In this volume there is more of the ore of poetry, but little of it in its purified and polished state. . . . In all that belongs to the form and garb of verse there is room for great improvement."

The critic dwelling in an island who should dare to write in this way about any American poet must needs be a bolder man than I. But it is amusing to observe the way in which other American critics speak of poetic art as being a thing apart from poetry itself. To say that form is essential to poetry is not enough. In the deep and true sense poetry is form. Even in prose the way of saying the thing in pure literature is as important as the thing said. It is science that deals with the *Verstand* of man. For pure literature has only to do with the *Vernunft*, leaving science to address the *Verstand*; and as there is so little to tell the soul which it does not already know, and did not know ages and ages before Homer chanted the "Iliad," the way of telling it is almost everything, even in prose. "Le style c'est l'homme" has thus a deeper meaning than Buffon himself supposed. But in poetry the way of saying the thing is of the first importance, as Lowell the critic well knew, or he would never have said (following Wordsworth), "In all real poetry the form is not a garment, but a body." That a man of Lowell's amazing gifts should not, when he set himself to

write in verse, apply his own principles to his own work would be scarcely conceivable were it not for certain other examples which shall be nameless. No poet with a true ear could so persistently throw the accent upon weak words as he does in that fine poem the "Commemoration Ode." He is constantly forgetting that underlying all rhythms is the rhythm of nature, the free movement of the thoughts and emotions passing into words; and that, as I have said on a previous occasion, the object of all metrical expression is to achieve such complete mastery over the metrical form adopted as to make it seem this free movement. The simpler the metrical form, the more easily can this movement be rendered by means of verbal melody. But in all metres the poet should never rest till he has made the structural emphasis peculiar to the form meet and strengthen the natural emphasis of the emotion. Wherever there is a sense of effort in reading a poem, such as we experience in reading the "Harvard Ode," the "Sir Launfal," and the sonnets of Lowell, it arises from a struggle between the rhythm of nature and the rhythm peculiar to the metrical form, such as is never seen in the work of the great masters, but such as is constantly seen in Lowell, and, indeed, in most American poets except Poe and one or two living writers. The relation between quantity and accent in modern metres seems to be almost ignored in America.

As a critic Lowell was one of the best equipped men of our time. His reading was both thorough and wide, and he never ceased to be a reader. His studies of Dante and of Dryden would alone give him a high place both as a student and as a critic. The "Dryden" is an unequalled performance. There is scarcely a sentence in the essay that does not coruscate with intelligence, and almost the same thing may be said in regard to the "Dante." As to Dante, however, it is a remarkable fact that poets who make a special study of the great Italian seem to be but little influenced by his supreme method. Dante's masterful conciseness and starlike purity of style, scornful of adjectives, even those of color and form, were the special admiration of Rossetti as they were of Lowell; and yet one remained as absolutely uninfluenced by the Dantesque method as the other. Is it that the rich-

ness of Shakespeare and those who have followed in his wake has so dazzled the English imagination that the high clarity of Dante is out of their compass? If so it is a pity, for Dante's style is so pure and so high that it may be called the ideal style. By the side of him other poets may all be called mannered. It is the voice of Nature herself speaking; and if

it is the fact that a poet of high order like Rossetti can give his days and nights to Dante and yet fail to seize any one of his excellences, while the voice of Shakespeare is recalled in many a lovely turn and daring image, it shows how impossible it is to escape the influence of poetry written in one's mother tongue.—*Athenæum*.

ON THE ORIGIN, PROPAGATION, AND PREVENTION OF PHTHISIS.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL.

It is now a little over nine years since I received here, at Hind Head, a memoir by Professor Koch on the "Etiology of Tuberculosis." Taking it in all its bearings, the memoir seemed to me of extraordinary interest and importance, not only to the medical men of England, but to the community at large. I, therefore, drew up and sent an account of it to the *Times*. The discovery of the tubercle bacillus was therein announced for the first time, and by experiments of the most definite and varied character the propagation and action of this terrible organism were demonstrated.

With regard to his recent labors, Professor Koch may or may not have been hasty in the publication of his remedies for consumption. On this point it would be out of place, on my part, to say a word. But the investigations which first rendered his name famous, and which, I believe, were introduced to the English public by myself, are irrefragable. His renowned inquiry on anthrax caused him to be transferred from a modest position, near Breslau, to the directorship of the Imperial Sanitary Institute of Berlin, where he was soon surrounded by able colleagues and assistants. Conspicuous among these was Dr. Georg Cornet, whose labors on the diffusion of tuberculosis constitute the subject of this article.

After the investigation of Koch, various questions of moment pushed themselves imperiously to the front:—How is phthisis generated? How is it propagated? What is the part played by the air as the vehicle of tubercle bacilli? How are healthy lungs to be protected from their ravages? What value is to be assigned to the hypothesis of predisposition and

hereditary transmission? Cornet describes the attempts made to answer these and other questions. The results were conflicting, and when subjected to critical examination they were proved, for the most part, inadequate and inconclusive. The art of experiment is different from that of observation; so much so, that good observers frequently prove but indifferent experimenters. It was his education as an experimenter that gave Pasteur such immense advantage over Pouchet in their celebrated controversy on "spontaneous generation;" and it is on the score of experiment that the writers examined by Cornet were found most wanting. One evil result of this conflict of opinions, as to the propagation and prevention of phthisis, was the unwarrantable indifference which it generated among medical men.

The researches referred to and criticised by Cornet are too voluminous to be mentioned in detail. Valuable information was, to some extent, yielded by these researches, but they nevertheless left the subject in a state of vagueness and uncertainty. Cornet, in fact, when he began his inquiry, found himself confronted by a practically untrodden domain. He entered it with a full knowledge of the gravity of his task. The result of his investigation is a memoir of 140 pages, the importance of which, and the vast amount of labor involved in it, can be appreciated by those only who have read it and studied it from beginning to end.

That the matter expectorated by phthisical patients is infectious had been placed by previous investigations beyond doubt. The principal question set before himself by Cornet had reference to the part played

by the air in the propagation of lung disease—Is the breath of persons suffering from phthisis charged, as assumed by some, with bacilli? or is it, as assumed by others, free from the organism? The drawing of the air through media able to intercept its floating particles, and the examination of the media afterward, might, at first sight, appear the most simple way of answering this question. But to examine a thousand litres of air would require a considerable time, and this is only one-twelfth of the volume which a man breathing quietly expires every day. If the air were only sparingly charged with bacilli, the amount necessary for a thorough examination might prove overwhelming. Instead of the air, therefore, Cornet chose for examination the *precipitate* from the air; that is to say, the dust of the sick-room, which must contain the bacilli in greater numbers than the air itself.

He chose for his field of operations seven distinct hospitals (Krankenhäusern), three lunatic asylums (Irrenanstalten), fifty-three private houses, and various other localities, including private asylums, lecture-rooms, surgical wards, public buildings, and the open street. The smallness of the bacilli has given currency to erroneous notions regarding their power of floating in the air. The bacilli are not only living bodies, but heavy bodies, which sink in water and pus, and much more rapidly in calm air. Cornet gathered his dust from places inaccessible to the sputum issuing directly from the coughing patient. He rubbed it off high-hung pictures, clock-cases, the boards and rails at the back of the patient's bed, and also off the walls behind it. The enormous care necessary in such experiments, and, indeed, in the use of instruments generally, has not yet, I fear, been universally realized by medical men. With a care worthy of imitation, Cornet sterilized the instruments with which his dust was collected, and also the vessels in which it was placed.

The cultivation of the tubercle bacilli directly from the dust proved impracticable. Their extraordinary slowness of development enabled other organisms—weeds of the pathogenic garden—which were always present, to overpower and practically stifle them. Cornet, therefore, resorted to the infection of guinea-pigs with his dust. If tuberculosis followed from such inoculation, a proof of

virulence would be obtained which the microscope could never furnish. The dust, after being intimately mixed with a suitable liquid, was injected into the abdomen of the guinea-pig. For every sample of dust, two, three, four, or more animals were employed. In numerous cases the infected animal died a day or two after inoculation. Such rapid deaths, however, were not due to the tubercle bacillus, which, as already stated, is extremely slow of development, but to organisms which set up peritonitis and other fatal disorders. Usually, however, some of the group of guinea-pigs escaped this quick mortality, and, to permit of the development of the bacilli, they were allowed to live on thirty, forty, or fifty days. The survivors were then killed and examined. In some cases the animals were found charged with tubercle bacilli, the virulence of the inoculated matter being thus established. In other cases the organs of the guinea-pigs were found healthy, thus proving the harmlessness of the dust.

It must here be borne in mind that the bacilli mixed with Cornet's dust must have first floated in the air, and have been deposited by it. Considering the number of persons who suffer from phthisis, and the billions of bacilli expectorated by each of them, it would seem a fair *à priori* deduction that wherever people with their normal proportion of consumptive subjects aggregate, the tubercle bacillus must be present everywhere. Hence the doctrine of "ubiquity," enunciated and defended by many writers on this question. Common observation throws doubt upon the doctrine, while the experiments of Cornet are distinctly opposed to it. Tested by the dust deposited on their furniture or rubbed from their walls, the wards of some hospitals were found entirely free from bacilli, while others were found to be richly and fatally endowed with the organism. Cornet, it may be remarked, does not contend that his negative results possess demonstrative force. He is quite ready to admit that, where he failed to find them, bacilli may have escaped him. But he justly remarks that, until we have discovered a bacterium magnet, capable of drawing every bacillus from its hiding-place, experiment must remain more or less open to this criticism. Cornet's object is a practical one. He has to con-

sider the *probability* rather than the remote *possibility*, of infection. The possibility, even in places where no bacilli show themselves, may be admitted, while the probability is denied. Such places, Cornet contends, are practically free from danger.

In the differences as to infectiousness here pointed out, we have an illustration of wisely applied knowledge, care, and control, as contrasted with negligence, or ignorance, on the part of hospital authorities. And this may be a fitting place to refer to a most impressive example of what can be accomplished, by resolute supervision, on the part of hospital doctors and nurses. A glance at the state of things existing some years ago will enable us to realize more fully the ameliorations of to-day. I once had occasion to ask Professor Klebs, of Prague, for his opinion of the antiseptic system of surgery. He replied, "You in England are not in a position to appreciate the magnitude of the advance made by Lister. English surgeons were long ago led to recognize the connection between mortality and dirt, and they spared no pains in rendering their wards as clean as it was possible to make them. Wards thus purified showed a mortality almost as low as other wards in which the antiseptic system was employed. The condition of things in our hospitals is totally different; and it is only among us, on the Continent, that the vast amelioration introduced by Lister can be properly apprehended." I may say that Lister himself once described hospitals in his own country which, in regard to uncleanness and consequent mortality, might have vied with those on the Continent. Klebs's letter was written many years ago. Later on the authorities of German hospitals bestirred themselves, with the splendid result disclosed by Cornet, that institutions which were formerly the chief breeding-grounds of pathogenic organisms are now raised to a pitch of salubrity surpassing that of the open street.

Cornet thus grapples with the grave question which here occupies us. How, he asks, does the tubercle bacillus reach the lungs, and how is it transported thence into the air? Is it the sputum alone that carries the organism, or do the bacilli mingle with the breath? This is the problem of problems, the answer to

which will show whether we are able to protect ourselves against tuberculosis, whether we can impose limits on the scourge, or whether, with hands tied, we have to surrender ourselves to its malignant sway. If the tubercle bacilli are carried outward by the breath, then nothing remains for us but to wait till an infected puff of expired air conveys to us our doom. A kind of fatalism, sometimes dominant in relation to this question, would thus have its justification. There is no inhabited place without its proportion of phthisical subjects, who, if the foregoing supposition were correct, would be condemned to infect their neighbors. Terrible in this case would be the doom of the sufferer, whom we should be forced to avoid, as, in earlier ages, the plague-stricken were avoided. Terrible, moreover, to the invalid would be the consciousness that with every discharge from his lungs he was spreading death among those around him. "Such a state of things," says Cornet, "would soon loosen the bonds of the family and of society." Happily the facts of the case are very different from those here set forth.

"I would not," says our author, "go into this subject so fully, I would not here repeat what is already known, were I not convinced that, in regard to this special point, the most erroneous notions are prevalent, not only among the general public, but even among highly cultivated medical men. Misled by such notions, precautions are adopted which are simply calculated to defeat the end in view. Thus it is that while one physician anxiously guards against the expired breath of the phthisical patient, another is careful to have his spittoon so covered up that no bacilli can escape into the air by evaporation. Neither of them makes any inquiry about the really crucial point—whether the patient has deposited *all* his sputum in the spittoon, thus avoiding the possibility of the expectorated matter becoming dry, and reduced afterward to a powder capable of being inhaled.

"While a positive phthisiophobia appears to have taken possession of some minds, others ignore almost completely the possibility of infection. The fact that investigations have been published of late, with the object of discovering tubercle bacilli in the breath, sufficiently indi-

cates that the conclusive researches of earlier investigators have not received the proper amount of attention.

"We must regard it," says Cornet, "as firmly established that, under no circumstance, can the bacteria contained in a liquid, or strewn upon a wet surface, escape by evaporation or be carried away by currents of air. By an irrefragable series of experiments Nägeli has placed this beyond doubt."

The evidence that the sputum is the real source of tuberculous infection is conclusive; and here Cornet earnestly directs attention to the fact that in the houses of the poor the patient commonly spits upon the floor, where the sputum dries and is rubbed into infectious dust by the feet of persons passing over it. The danger becomes greatest when the dry floor is swept by brush or broom. There is a still graver danger connected with the habits of well-to-do people who occupy clean and salubrious houses. This is the common practice of spitting into pocket-handkerchiefs. Here the sputum is soon dried by the warmth of the pocket, the subsequent use of the handkerchief causing it to be rubbed into virulent dust. This constitutes a danger of the highest consequence, both to the individual using the handkerchief and to persons in his immediate neighborhood.

It is a primary doctrine with both Koch and Cornet that tuberculosis arises from infection by the tubercle bacillus. Predisposition, or hereditary tendency, as a cause of phthisis, is rejected by both of them. Facts, however, are not wanting which suggest the notion of predisposition. Cornet once attended, in a hotel, an actress far advanced in phthisis. A guest, taking possession of her room after her death, or removal, might undoubtedly become infected. The antecedents of the room being unknown, the case of such a guest would, in all probability, be referred to predisposition. It might be declared, with perfect sincerity, that for years he had had no communication with phthisical persons. There is very little doubt that numbers of cases of tuberculosis, which have been referred to predisposition or inheritance, are to be really accounted for by infection in some such obscure way.

Cornet draws attention to hotels and lodging-houses at, and on the way to,

health resorts. He regards them as sources of danger, and he insists on the necessity of disinfecting the rooms and effects after the death or removal of tuberculous patients. He recommends physicians, before sending patients abroad, or to health resorts at home, to inform themselves, by strict inquiry, regarding the precautions taken to avoid infectious diseases, tuberculosis among the number. The attention of those responsible for the sanitary arrangements in the health resorts of England may be invited to the following observation of Cornet:—"On a promenade, amid a hundred phthisical persons who are careful to expectorate into spittoons, the visitor is far safer than among a hundred men, taken at random, and embracing only the usual proportion of phthisical persons who spit upon the ground."

With regard to the *permanence* of the tubercle contagium, the following facts are illustrative. A woman, who had for two years suffered from a phthisical cough, and who had been in the habit of spitting first upon the ground, and afterward into a glass or a pocket-handkerchief, was visited by Cornet. During her life-time he proved the dust of her room to be infectious. Six weeks after her death he again visited the dwelling. Rubbing the dust from a square metre of the wall on which he had formerly found his infectious matter, and which had not been cleansed after the woman's death, he inoculated with it three of his guinea-pigs. Examined forty days after the inoculation, two of the three were found tuberculous. Cornet reasons thus:—"No doubt the dust which had thus proved its virulence would have retained it for a longer time. Schill and Fischer, indeed, have proved that, after six months' preservation, dried sputum may retain its virulence. During this period, therefore, the possibility of infection by this dust is obviously open. When, moreover, the quantity of infectious matter inhaled is very small, a considerable time elapses before the development of the bacilli renders the malady distinct. Even if a year should elapse after the death of a phthisical patient before another member of the same household shows symptoms of lung disease, we are not entitled to assume a hereditary tendency without further proof. Aware of

the facts above mentioned, we ought rather to ascribe the disease to infection by the dwelling, not to mention its possible derivation from other sources."

On January 14th, 1888, Cornet visited a patient who, for three-quarters of a year, had suffered from tuberculosis of the lung and larynx. The dust of the room occupied by this man was proved to contain virulent infective matter. A brother of the patient who, at the time of the examination of the dwelling, was alleged to be in perfect health, exhibited phthisis of the larynx four months afterward. "We are, surely," says Cornet, "warranted in ascribing this result, not to heredity, or any other hypothetical cause, but to the naked fact that the dust of this dwelling contained tubercle bacilli which were capable of infecting the lungs and larynx of a man, as they did the peritoneum of a guinea-pig."

On the 31st December, 1887, Cornet visited a man who for two years had suffered from phthisis. He lived in the same room with two brothers who were very robust, one of whom, however, had begun to cough, though without any further evidence of serious disorder. The patient had been at home for eight days, while previously he had acted as foreman in a tailoring establishment. It was proved, to a certainty, that this patient had taken the place of a colleague who had died from phthisis of the throat, and who had been in the habit of expectorating copiously upon the floor. In the work-room, moreover, the present sufferer had occupied a place next to the man who died. Cornet called upon the proprietor of the establishment, who allowed him every opportunity of examining the room, in which eight or ten workmen were engaged. With dust rubbed from about two square metres of the wall, near the spot where the patient now works, Cornet infected guinea-pigs and produced tuberculosis. He ridicules the notion of ascribing this man's malady to any hereditary endowment or predisposition, derived, say, from a phthisical mother, which, after sleeping for twenty years, woke up to action at the precise time when he was surrounded by infective matter. Our author regards this, and other similar cases which he adduces, as of special interest. The tuberculous virus was here found in rooms containing several workmen, who had thus an

opportunity of infecting each other. The infection, moreover, occurred among tailors, who are known to be special sufferers from phthisis.

The general belief some time ago, which, to some extent, may hold its ground to the present hour, was that this wasting malady arose from some peculiarity in the individual constitution, independent of infection from without. Enormous mischief has been done through exaggerated and incorrect notions regarding the influence of predisposition and inheritance. Members of the same family were observed to fall victims to this scourge, but each was regarded as an independent source of the disease, to the exclusion of the thought that the one had infected the other. Two or three days ago an old man here at Hind Head told me that he had lost three children in succession through phthisis; and he mentioned another case where five or six robust brothers had fallen, successively, victims to the same disease. "I am sure," said the man, with a flash of intelligence across his usually unintelligent countenance, "*it must be catching*." Cornet describes some cases which irresistibly suggest family infection. In 1887 he visited a patient, the father of a family, who, six years previously, had lost by consumption a little girl fourteen years old. A year and a half afterward a daughter of the same man, twenty-one years old, fell a victim to the disease. One or two years later a robust son succumbed, while, a fortnight before Cornet's visit, a child a year and a half old had been carried away. Without doing violence to the evidence, as Cornet remarks, these cases may be justly regarded as due to family infection. For many years the father had suffered from a phthisical cough, and directly or indirectly he, in all probability, infected his children.

In connection with this subject, I may be permitted to relate a sad experience of my own. It is an easy excursion from my cottage in the Alps to the remarkable promontory called "The Nessel," on which stands a cluster of huts, occupied by peasants during the summer months. On visiting The Nessel three years ago, I was requested to look into a hut occupied by a man suffering from a racking cough, accompanied by copious expectoration. I did so. It was easy to see that the

poor fellow was the victim of advanced lung disease. In the same hut lived his daughter, who, when I first saw her, presented the appearance of blooming health and vigor. Acquainted as I was with Koch's discoveries, I remarked to a friend who accompanied me, that the girl lived in the midst of peril. We had here the precise conditions notified by Cornet. Spitting on the floor, drying of the sputum, and the subsequent treading of the infectious matter into dust. Whenever the hut was swept, this dust mingled freely with the air, and was of course inhaled.

I warned the girl against the danger to which she was exposed. But it is sometimes difficult to make even cultivated people comprehend the magnitude of this danger, or take the necessary precautions. A year afterward I visited the same hut. The father was standing in the midst of the room—a well-built man, nearly six feet high, and as straight as an arrow. He was wheezing heavily, being at intervals bowed down by the violence of his cough. On a stool in the same room sat his daughter, who, a year previously, had presented such a picture of Alpine strength and beauty. Her appearance shocked me. The light had gone out of her eyes, while the pallor of her face and her panting breath showed only too plainly that she also had been grasped by the destroyer. There are thousands at this moment in England in the position which I then occupied—standing helpless in the presence of a calamity that might have been avoided. All that could be done was to send the sufferers wine and such little delicacies as I could command. Last summer I learned that both father and daughter were dead, the daughter having been the first to succumb.

In opposition to those who consider that they have found bacilli in the breath of phthisical patients, Cornet adduces a number of very definite results. Patients have been caused to breathe against plates of glass coated with glycerine, which would undoubtedly have held the bacilli fast. Water has been examined, through which the air expired by phthisical lungs had been caused to pass. In this case the bacilli, being moist, would have been infallibly intercepted by the water. The aqueous vapor exhaled by consumptive lungs has been carefully condensed by ice; but no bacilli has, in any of these

cases, been detected. It behooves those who have arrived at an opposite result to repeat their experiments with the most scrupulous care, so that no doubt should be suffered to rest upon a point of such supreme importance. The lungs, air passages, throat, and mouth all present wet surfaces, and it has been proved that even with sputum rich in bacilli, over which a current of air of considerable force had been driven, the air was found perfectly free from the organism.

The immunity as regards infection which to so great an extent is observed, is ascribed by Cornet in part to the intensely viscous character of the sputum when wet. Even after it has been subjected to a drying process its complete desiccation is opposed by its hygroscopic character. Cornet calls other investigators to bear him witness that the task of reducing well-dried sputum to a fine powder, even in a mortar, is by no means an easy one. It is difficult to produce, in this way, a dust fine enough to remain suspended in the air. It would be an error to suppose that dry tuberculous phlegm, when trodden upon in the streets, sends a cloud of infected dust upward. Its hygroscopic qualities in great part prevent this. When dried sputum is reduced to powder in a humid place, it attracts to itself moisture, and collects into little balls. The streets in which phthisical persons expectorate are rendered innocuous by rain, or by the artificial watering common in towns. Cornet regards this watering as an enormous sanitary advantage. No doubt when dry east-winds prevail for a sufficient time, infectious dust will mingle with the air. During easterly winds infectious diseases are known to be particularly prevalent. Our sufferings from influenza during the present year have been connected in my mind with the long-continued easterly and north-easterly winds, which, sweeping over vast areas of dry land, brought with them the contagion that produced the malady. Besides the difficulty encountered before the sputum reaches the state of very fine powder, other difficulties are presented by the numberless angles and obstacles of the respiratory tract, and by the integrity of the ciliary-epithelium, to the more or less vigorous action of which is due the fact that amid thousands of opportunities we have only here and there a case of infection.

The action of the tubercle bacillus is determined by the state of the surface with which it comes into contact. Wounds or lesions, caused by previous diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, and scarlatina, may exist along the respiratory canal. By illness, moreover, the epithelium may be impaired, the inhaled bacilli being thus offered a convenient domicile. If it be thought desirable to call such a state of things "predisposition," Cornet will raise no objection. Wherever a wounded or decaying tissue exists the bacillus will find, unopposed, sufficient nutriment to enable it to increase in number, and to augment in vigor, before it comes into contact, and conflict, with the living cells underneath. It is not any such predisposition, but predisposition by inheritance as a *source* of phthisis that is contended against by Cornet. That Koch entertained a different opinion is declared to be absolutely erroneous. The admission that a disease may be favored, or promoted, by this or that circumstance is not tantamount to the assertion that in all, or nearly all cases, this circumstance is the cause, concomitant, or necessary precursor of the disease. This is the view generally entertained regarding "predisposition."

Cornet's further reasoning on this subject reveals his views so clearly that I will endeavor, in substance, to reproduce it here. Let a box be imagined filled with finely divided bacillus dust, and let a certain number of guinea-pigs be caused, for a very short time, to inhale this dust. A few of them will be infected, while the great majority will escape. If the inhalation be prolonged, the number of animals infected will increase, until at length only one or two remain. With an exposure still more prolonged the surviving ones would undoubtedly succumb. Why, then, in the first instance, does one animal contract tuberculosis and another not? Have they not all inhaled the same air, under the same conditions? Are the animals that have escaped the first contagion less "disposed" than the survivors to the disease? Assuming the animals to be all perfectly healthy, such differences will be observed. But, supposing them to be weakened in different degrees by previous disorders, the differences revealed in the case of healthy animals would be more

pronounced. This, with human beings, is the normal state of things.

Take the case of a veteran who has been to the front in fifty different battles, who, right and left of him, has seen his comrades fall, until haply he remains the sole survivor of his regiment, without scratch or contusion. Shall we call him bullet proof? Will his safety be ascribed to an absence of "predisposition" to attract the bullets—thus enjoying an immunity which the superstition of former ages would have ascribed to him? Is he more bullet proof or less vulnerable than the comrade who by the first volley in the first battle was shot down? "How often," says Cornet, "do such cases repeat themselves in life? and are we able to do more than describe them as accidents? Unscientific as this word may appear, it is more in harmony with the truth than any artificial hypothesis."

The opportunities for incorrect reasoning in regard to phthisis are manifold. It is observed, for example, that a hospital attendant, who has had for years, even for decades, consumptive patients in his charge, has, nevertheless, escaped infection. The popular conclusion finds vent in the words, "It cannot be so dangerous after all!" Here, however, attention is fixed on a single fortunate individual, while the hundreds who, during the same time, have succumbed are forgotten. The danger of infection in different hospitals is a variable danger. In some we find bacilli, while in others we do not find them. It is no wonder, then, that among attendants who are thus exposed to different degrees of danger, some should be infected and others not. When, in cases of diphtheria, typhus, cholera, small-pox, which are undeniably infectious diseases, an attendant escapes infection, we do not exclaim, "They are not so dangerous after all!" But this is the favorite expression when pulmonary consumption is in question. "When," adds Cornet, with a dash of indignation, "we observe the enormous increase of phthisis among the natives of Mentone, and find this ascribed to the abandonment of land labor, instead of to intercommunication with the consumptive patients who spend their winter at that health resort, it would seem as if some people shut their eyes wilfully against the truth."

Again and again our author insists on the necessity of the most searching oversight on the part of physicians who have consumptive patients in charge. "I cannot," he says, "accept as valid the assertion that in well-ordered hospitals provision is invariably made for expectoration into proper vessels, the conversion of the sputum into infectious dust being thereby rendered impossible. Take a case in point. One of the physicians to whose kindness I owe the possibility of carrying on my investigation, assured me in the most positive manner that the patients in his hospital invariably used spittoons. A few minutes after this assurance had been given, and under the eyes of the director himself, I drew from the bed of a patient a pocket-handkerchief filled with half-dried phlegm. I rubbed from the wall of the room, at a distance of half a metre from the bed of this patient, a quantity of dust, with which, as I predicted, tuberculosis was produced. If, therefore, physicians, attendants, and patients do not work in unison, if the patient and his attendants be not accurately instructed and strictly controlled, the presence of the spittoon will not diminish the danger."

In the dwellings of private patients the perils here glanced at were most impressively brought home to the inquirer. In fifteen out of twenty-one sick-rooms, that is to say, in more than two-thirds of them, Cornet found in the dust of the walls and bed furniture virulent tubercle bacilli. He refers to his published tables to prove that in no ward or room where the organism was found did the patients confine themselves to expectoration into spittoons, but were in the habit of spitting either upon the floors or into pocket-handkerchiefs. In no single case, on the other hand, where spitting on the floor or into pocket-handkerchiefs was strictly and effectually prohibited, did he find himself able to produce tuberculosis from the collected dust.

A point of considerable importance, more specially dealt with by Cornet in a further investigation, has reference to the allegation, that physicians who attend tuberculous patients do not show among themselves the frightful mortality from phthisis that might be expected. This is often adduced as proof of the comparative harmlessness of the tubercle bacillus. No investigation, however, has proved that

the mortality among physicians by phthisis does not far exceed the average. And even should this mortality show no great preponderance, it is to be borne in mind that the number of physicians who, thanks to their education, are able to discern the first approaches of the malady, and to master it in time, is by no means inconsiderable. In the health resorts of Germany, Italy, France and Africa, we find numbers of physicians who have been compelled, by their own condition, to establish their practice in such places.

The memorable paper of which I have here given a concentrated abstract concludes with a chapter on "Preventive Measures," which are assuredly worthy of grave attention on the part of governments, of hospital authorities, and of the public at large. The character of these measures may be, in great part, gathered from the foregoing pages. It is more than once enunciated in Cornet's memoir that the first and greatest danger to which the phthisical patient is exposed is *himself*. If he is careless in the disposal of his phlegm, if he suffers it to become dry and converted into dust, then, by the inhalation of a contagium derived from the diseased portions of his own lung, he may infect the healthy portions. "If, therefore," says Cornet, "the phthisical patient, to avoid the guilt of self-murder, is compelled to exercise the utmost caution, he is equally bound to do so for the sake of his family, his children, and his servants and attendants. He must bestow the most anxious care upon the disposal of his sputum. Within doors he must never, under any circumstances, spit upon the floor, or employ his pocket-handkerchief to receive his phlegm, but always and everywhere must use a proper spittoon. If he is absolutely faithful in the carrying out of these precautions, he may accept the tranquillizing assurance that he will neither injure himself nor prove a source of peril to those around him.

Though mindful of the danger of interfering with social arrangements, Cornet follows out his preventive measures in considerable detail. Hand-spittoons, with a cover, he recommends, not with the view of preventing evaporation, but because flies have been known to carry infection from open vessels. Without condemning the practice, he does not favor

the disinfection of sputum by carbolic acid and other chemicals. He deprecates the use of sand or sawdust in spittoons. On æsthetic grounds, he would have the spittoons of those who can afford it made ornamental, but earthenware saucers, such as those placed under flower-pots, are recommended for the use of the poor. The consumptive patient must take care that not only in his own house, but also in the offices and workshops where he may be engaged, he is supplied with a proper spittoon. In public buildings, as in private houses, the corridors and staircases ought to be well supplied with these necessities. The ascent of the stairs often provokes coughing and expectoration, and the means of disposing of the phlegm ought to be at hand. The directors of factories, and the masters of workshops, as well as the workmen themselves, ought to make sure that, under no circumstances, shall spitting on the floor or into a pocket-handkerchief be tolerated.

One final word is still to be spoken. If we are to fight this enemy with success, the public must make common cause with the physician. The fear of spreading panic among the community, and more particularly among hospital nurses, must be dismissed. Unless nurses, patients, and public, realize with clear intelligence the dangers to which they are exposed, they will not resort to the measures necessary for their protection. Should the sources of infection be only partially removed, the marked diminution of a malady, which now destroys more human beings than all other infective diseases taken together, will, as pointed out by Cornet, be "our exceeding great reward."

Dr. Cornet's great investigation, of which some account is given above, is entitled, "The Diffusion of Tubercle Bacilli exterior to the Body." It was published in 1888. A shorter, though not less important inquiry, on "The Mortality of the Nursing Orders," was published in 1889. These two memoirs will be found permanently embodied in the fifth and sixth volumes of the *Zeitschrift für Hygiene*. From a former paragraph it will be seen that Cornet's attention had been directed to those who, more than others, come closely into contact with infectious diseases, and that he throws doubt

upon the notion that neither physicians nor nurses suffer from this proximity. No definite and thorough inquiry had, however, been made into this grave question. In face of the vague and contradictory statements which issued from the authorities of different hospitals, the problem cried aloud for solution. For aid and data, under these circumstances, Cornet resorted to Herr von Gossler, the Prussian Minister of State, who, at that time, had medical matters under his control. From him he received the most hearty furtherance and encouragement. Dr. Von Gossler has recently resigned his post in the Prussian Ministry, but his readiness to forward the momentous inquiry on which Cornet was engaged merits the grateful recognition of the public, and the praise of scientific men.

The number of female nurses in Prussia, as shown by the statistics of the Royal Bureau of Berlin for 1885, was 11,048. Of these the Catholic Sisters of Mercy numbered 5,470, or 49.51 per cent.; Evangelical nurses, 2,496, or 22.59 per cent.; nurses belonging to other societies and associations, 352, or 3.19 per cent.; while of unclassified nurses there were 2,730, or 24.71 per cent. of the whole. The male attendants, at the same time, numbered 3,162. Of these, 383 were Brothers of Mercy, 205 were deacons, while of unclassified attendants there were 2,574.

The sifting of these numbers was a labor of anxious care to Dr. Cornet. It had already been remarked by Guttstadt that the commercial attractions of hospital service were insufficient, without the help of some ideal motive, to secure a permanent staff. This motive was found in devotion through a sense of religious duty to the service of the sick. The sifting of his material made it clear to Cornet that, to secure a safe basis of generalization, by causing it to embrace a sufficient number of years, he must confine himself solely to the nurses of the Catholic orders. The greater freedom enjoyed and practised by Protestants, in changing their occupation, in entering the married state, or through other modes of free action, rendered them unsuitable for the purpose he had in view. Cornet's inquiry extended over a quarter of a century. The returns furnished by thirty-eight hospitals, served by Catholic sisters and brethren, and embracing a

yearly average of 4,020 attendants, showed the number of deaths during the period mentioned to be 2,099. Of these 1,320 were caused by tuberculosis. In the State, as a whole, the proportion of deaths from this malady to the total number of deaths is known to be very high, reaching from one-fifth to one-seventh of the whole. In the hospitals this proportion was enormously increased. It rose on the average to almost two-thirds, or close upon 63 per cent. of the total number of deaths. In nearly half the hospitals even this high proportion was surpassed, the deaths in these amounting to three-fourths of the whole. Scarcely any other occupation, however injurious to health, shows a mortality equal to that found in these hospitals.

The following statistics furnish a picture of the state of things prevalent during the five-and-twenty years referred to. A healthy girl of 17, devoting herself to hospital nursing, dies on the average $21\frac{1}{2}$ years sooner than a girl of the same age moving among the general population. A hospital nurse of the age of 25 has the same expectation of life as a person of the age of 58 in the general community. The age of 33 years in the hospital is of the same value as the age of 62 in common life. The difference between life-value in the hospital and life-value in the State increases from the age of 17 to the age of 24; nurses of this latter age dying 22 years sooner than girls of the same age in the outside population. The difference afterward becomes less. In the fifties it amounts to only six or seven years, while later on it vanishes altogether. The reason of this is that the older nurses are gradually withdrawn from the heavier duties of their position and the attendant danger of infection.

In these hospitals deaths from typhus and other infectious disorders exhibit a frequency far beyond the normal; but the enormous total augmentation is mainly to be ascribed to the frequency of deaths from tuberculosis. The excess of mortality is to be referred to the vocation of nursing, and the chances of infection involved in it. Cornet examines other assumptions that might be made to account for the mortality, and gives cogent reasons for dismissing them all. The tranquil lives led by the nurses, the freedom from all anxiety in regard to subsistence, the

moderation observed in food and drink, all tend to the preservation of health. They live in peace, free from the irregularities of outside life, and their contentment and circumstances generally are calculated rather to prolong their days than to shorten them.

Cornet is very warm in his recognition of the devotion of these Catholic nurses, two-thirds of whom are sacrificed in the service which they render to suffering humanity. And they are sacrificed for the most part in the blossom of their years; for it is the younger nurses, engaged in the work of sweeping and dusting, whose occupation charges the air they breathe with virulent bacilli. The statistics of their mortality Cornet regards as a monumental record of their lofty self-denial, their noble, beneficent, and modest fidelity to what they regard as the religious duty of their lives.

But, he asks, is it necessary that this sacrifice should continue? His answer is an emphatic negative, to establish which he again sums up the results which we have learned from his first memoir:—It is universally recognized that tuberculosis is caused by tubercle bacilli, which reach the lungs through the inhalation of air in which the bacilli are diffused. They come almost exclusively from the dried sputum of consumptive persons. The moist sputum, as also the expired breath of the consumptive patient is, for this mode of infection, without danger. If we can prevent the drying of the expectorated matter, we prevent in the same degree the possibility of infection. It is not, however, sufficient to place a spittoon at the disposal of the patient. The strictest surveillance must be exercised by both physicians and attendants, to enforce the proper use of the spittoon, and to prevent the reckless disposal of the infective phlegm. Spitting on the floor or into pocket-handkerchiefs is the main source of peril. To this must be added the soiling of the bed-clothes and the wiping of the patient's mouth. The handkerchiefs used for this purpose must be handled with care, and boiled without delay. Various other sources of danger, kissing among them, will occur to the physician. A phthisical mother, by kissing her healthy child, may seal its doom. Notices, impressing on the patients the danger of not attending to the precautions laid down in the hospi-

tal, ought to be posted up in every sick-room, while all wilful infringement of the rules ought to be sternly punished. Thus may the terrible mortality of hospital nurses be diminished, if not abolished; the wards where they are occupied being rendered as salubrious as those surgical wards in which no bacilli could be found.

Reflecting on the two investigations which I have here endeavored to bring before the readers of *The Fortnightly Review*, the question—"What, under the circumstances, is the duty of the English public and the English Government?" forces itself upon the attention. Will the former suffer themselves to be deluded, and the latter frightened, by a number of loud-tongued sentimentalists, who, in view of the researches they oppose, and the fatal effects of their opposition, might be fairly described as a crew of well-meaning homicides. The only way of combating this terrible scourge of tuberculosis and, indeed, all other infectious diseases, is experimental investigation; and the most effectual mode of furthering such investigation, in England, is the establishment of the "Institute of Preventive Medicine,"

which, I am rejoiced to learn, has, after due consideration, been licensed by the President of the Board of Trade. Whatever my illustrious friend, the late Mr. Carlyle, may have said to the contrary, the English public, in its relation to the question now before us, are *not* "mostly fools;" and if scientific men only exhibit the courage and industry of their opponents, they will make clear to that public the beneficence of their aims, and the fatal delusions to which a narrow and perverted view of a great question has committed the anti-vivisectionist.—*Fortnightly Review*.

[While correcting the proof-sheets of this article, the *Times* of August 11th reached my hands. Its leader on the Congress of Hygiene and Demography contains the following words, to which I heartily subscribe: "*The most pressing work of sanitary reformers is not now so much to legislate as to educate; to make the mass of the people, in some degree, participators in the knowledge of the causes of disease which is possessed by men of science.*"]

A WOMAN'S WOMAN.

THERE are two phrases that are often used in common speech, but which for some reason or other have rarely found their way into print; possibly because every one who uses or hears them attaches an understanding to them of his own, and in the case of different persons that understanding is not always identical. What do people mean exactly when they speak of "a man's woman" or "a lady's man"? In nearly every case, the words are apparently intended to be slighting, and the expressions may be taken more or less as terms of reproach; and yet there is nothing in the words themselves that reflect any particular discredit upon the persons of whom they are spoken, and very often it is with an air of humility that members of either sex disclaim any right to the possession of the titles. With regard, too, to the converse of these expressions, there seems to be even more confusion of meaning, and it is impossible to be sure, without knowing of whom the words are

spoken, whether the terms, "a man's man" or "a woman's woman," are intended to be complimentary or not; the only general rule that can be laid down with regard to them is, that they have a totally different significance in the mouth of the different sexes, and that when a man intends a compliment, a woman intends the reverse. There is no doubt whatever about the sense in which one of these expressions is used in an article that has just appeared in the pages of an American publication, *Literary Life*, which has suggested to us the present inquiry. Miss Cleveland, a sister of the late President, in writing an account of another well-known American lady, Mrs. Frank Leslie, describes her as being "that most gracious and attractive of all human beings,—a woman's woman." Now, that is, we believe, the sense in which every woman would read the words—indeed, we too would willingly confess that a woman who finds favor in the sight of other women

must of necessity be somewhat above the average of womankind—why, then, do they apply the expression, “a man’s man,” only to those of the other sex who are the least gracious and attractive of human beings, and the most uncouth of their kind? And why is it that they are so sure that the qualities that recommend themselves to a woman can never recommend themselves to a man, and that a woman’s woman and a man’s woman can never be found in the same person? As a matter of fact, the expressions, wherever and however they may be used, will nearly always be found to be based upon the contempt that one sex has for the judgment and powers of discrimination of the other, when the character of one of themselves is in question. When one man speaks of another as being a ladies’ man, he means to imply that he is a poor creature, deficient in both body and spirit, who is better fitted to adorn a lady’s drawing-room than to fight in the rough battle of life. When, on the other hand, a woman says of another woman that she “gets on very well with gentlemen,” or that she is the kind of girl that men admire, she means that she is a flaunting, flirting young person whose manners are as free as her speech. It is merely the way in which one sex is accustomed to libel the other; and yet, just as there is hardly any libel that does not contain some measure of truth, and the greater the measure of truth the more cruel the libel, so there is a certain amount of reason in this mutual accusation, and it is only when the reason is apparently just that the accusation is resented.

We honestly believe that, as a general rule, the qualities that stand highest in a woman’s estimation of her own sex, are those that also stand highest in a man’s estimation, and *vice versa*; that no woman, for instance, can have more regard for modesty and tenderness than a man has, and that no man puts a higher value upon courage and honesty than a woman does. And yet, although both sexes seem thoroughly agreed as to what is desirable in the other, they still continue to show a curious perversity, not in admiring, but in excusing and condoning the want of what is desirable, even the actual existence of what is undesirable. The failing which in a man’s eyes is the unpardonable sin, is one which a woman most readily forgives,

and very naturally, because in a woman the same offence is hardly a failing; but it does not follow, because a woman is merciful to a man who shows a want of courage, that she prefers cowardice in the other sex, any more than it follows that because a man is most willing to excuse a certain recklessness of demeanor and freedom of speech—which, after all, are but faint shadows of his own—he does not prefer ways that are more modest and guarded. The apparent divergence of opinion on this subject arises, not from the fact that the two sexes admire different qualities, but that they do not attach the same amount of blame to the want of those qualities; and the misunderstanding which results is almost entirely upon the woman’s side. With a woman, condonation always means approval. Any man who ventures to condone, or find excuses for, what seems to her to be unseemly, must of necessity, in her eyes, not only approve it but admire it. She never applies the same rule to herself. And why? Because she says that she is a woman, and ought not to be expected to be logical. A man, apparently, is expected not only to be logical, but to be capable of no half-way feelings. It is for this reason that the expression, “a woman’s woman,” as it is used by Miss Cleveland, rankles in the manly breast. In calling Mrs. Leslie by that name, she intended not only to give the highest praise that was possible to her subject, but also to deal a back-handed blow at the other sex. “This is a woman,” she seems to say, “of such rare excellence as only another woman can appreciate, a woman’s woman, not such as men admire, whose eyes are proverbially blind to what is really beautiful, but such a woman as we ourselves know to be best and most desirable,—in fact, the most gracious and attractive of all human beings.” Why should Miss Cleveland, or any other woman, assume this dulness and shortsightedness on the part of men, or suppose that they cannot be attracted by real grace? Is not the supposition a little unfair upon the part of the fair sex? In common justice to the male sex, we would ask if any one has ever heard a man use the expression, “a man’s man,” in the same invidious sense, or, indeed, has ever heard a man make use of that expression at all? That, too, is a woman’s phrase, and means generally something the

reverse of complimentary,—an uncouth being, savage, and devoid of gentle merits. We have already admitted that the term, “a lady’s man,” is used by men to denote something that does not seem to them to be altogether admirable; but we humbly submit that no man would ever have the arrogance to suppose that woman is incapable of appreciating his highest qualities, however much he may be perplexed to account for the toleration which she displays toward qualities which he considers detestable. However, inasmuch as womankind is most to blame in bringing about this misapprehension of man’s ideal of feminine graces, so upon their heads have fallen the deplorable consequence. Probably there is hardly one man in a hundred who has such a mistaken idea of what a woman likes and dislikes, that he would deliberately try to ingratiate himself with her by pretending to qualities that are more proper to her sex than to his. There are many men, it is true, who incur the reproach of effeminacy, and whose lack of manliness succeeds in procuring them that pity which is but one step toward the affection of womankind; but the *role* that they play is not the outcome of premeditation, but the unfortunate result of their own temperament. On the other hand, there are very many women who, victims to their own fond imaginings, deliberately discard their most womanly characteristics for the purpose of seeking man’s favor, and really believe that by assuming a manish swagger and—want of delicacy, we will say—they more easily commend themselves to his good graces. They may perhaps attract the attention and favor of certain men of the baser sort; but we will do them the charity to believe that it is not the baser sort that they wish to attract.

Really, some lady-novelists have much

to answer for. The persistent way in which they have decried man’s judgment, and misrepresented his feelings, is enough by itself to have demoralized their readers’ ideas. No great novelist of the other sex has ever ventured to make his heroine anything but most womanly. Perhaps “Diana of the Crossways” may be cited as a woman who, in woman’s parlance, “got on very well with gentlemen,” and who did not get on very well with her own sex; but Mr. George Meredith has been careful to endow Diana with graces and failings that make her the most feminine of women, and prove that either result was rather her misfortune than her fault. We cannot honestly say that we should have fallen in love with Amelia Sedley, whose womanly virtues have been rather caricatured in Thackeray’s hands, but at least we should have preferred her to Becky Sharp, who was the very opposite to what Miss Cleveland and others term a woman’s woman. It is necessary in the commerce between men and women, that one side should attempt to meet the other half-way; but if the meeting is impracticable at that distance, it is better that it should never take place at all. The man or the woman who crosses that mark, who goes a greater distance to meet a member of the other sex upon their own ground, only suffers a loss of dignity, and justly incurs the reproach that is contained in the contemptuous phrases which we have quoted. For if Miss Cleveland, and other ladies who write, would only believe it, we would respectfully assure them that it is not by man’s wish or invitation that women cross the line. They really are most to blame for keeping alive a delusion which is perfectly unfounded, and which cruelly misrepresents the humbler sex.—*Spectator*.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S REMINISCENCES.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

My most prominent colleague in the Russo-Turkish war was Mr. Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, by extraction an Irishman, by birth an American. Of all the men who have earned reputation in this profession of ours, I regard MacGahan as the most brilliant. He was the hero of

that wonderful lonely ride through the Great Desert of Central Asia, to overtake Kaufmann’s Russian army on its march to Khiva. He it was who stirred Europe to its inmost heart by the terrible, and not less truthful than terrible, pictures of what have passed into history as the “Bul-

garian Atrocities." It is no exaggeration indeed to aver that, for better or worse, MacGahan was the virtual author of the Russo-Turkish war. His pen-pictures of the atrocities so excited the fury of the Slave population of Russia, that their passionate demand for retribution on the "unspeakable Turk" compelled the Emperor Alexander to undertake the war. MacGahan's work throughout the long campaign was singularly effective, and his physical exertions quite stupendous, yet he was suffering all through from a lameness that would have disabled altogether eleven out of twelve men. He had broken a bone in his ankle just before the declaration of war, and when I met him first the joint was encased in plaster of Paris. He insisted on accompanying Gourko's raid across the Balkans; and in the Hankioj Pass his horse slid over a precipice and fell on its rider, so that the half-set bone was broken again. But the indomitable MacGahan refused to be invalidated by this misfortune. He quietly had himself hoisted on to a tumbrel, and so went through the whole adventurous expedition, being involved thus helpless in several actions, and once all but falling into the hands of the Turks. He kept the front throughout, long after I had gone home disabled by fever; he chronicled the fall of Plevna; he crossed the Balkans with Skobelev in the dead of the terrible winter; and finally, at the premature age of thirty-two, he died, characteristically, a martyr to duty and to friendship. When the Russian armies lay around Constantinople waiting for the arrangement of the treaty of Berlin, typhoid fever and camp pestilences were slaying their thousands and their tens of thousands. Lieutenant Greene, an American officer attached to the Russian army, fell sick, and MacGahan devoted himself to the service of nursing his countryman. His devotion cost him his life. As Greene was recovering, MacGahan sickened of malignant typhus; and a few days later they laid him in his far-off foreign grave, around which stood weeping mourners of a dozen nationalities.

Another colleague was Mr. Frank Millet, who, still young, has forsaken the war-path, and appears to be on the high road to the inferior position of a Royal Academician. Millet, like MacGahan, is an American. He accompanied Gourko across the Balkans after the fall of Plevna.

The hardships he blithely endured when men were frozen around him in their wretched bivouacs among the snow, and when to write his letters he had to thaw his frozen ink and chafe sensation into his numbed fingers, move admiration not less than the brilliant quality of the work performed under conditions so arduous. Lieutenant Greene, in his work on the campaign, which constitutes its history, remarks that of the seventy-five correspondents who began the campaign, only three, and those all Americans—MacGahan and Millet of the *Daily News* and Grant of the *Times*—followed its fortunes to the close. But this is not strictly correct; one other member of our profession—for that profession surely includes the war-artist—saw the war from beginning to end, Frederic Villiers, the artist and correspondent of the *Graphic*.

The first serious fighting in the campaign occurred on that June morning when General Dragomiroff's division of the Russian army forced the passage of the Danube under the fire of the Turkish batteries about Sistova. Of that crossing it happened that I was the only correspondent who was a spectator.

It was about midnight when we threaded our way through the chaos in the streets of Simnitsa, and at length made our way down into the willow grove on the Danube side, where Yolchine's brigade was waiting until the pontoon boats should be ready for its embarkation. It was a strange, weird time. The darkness was so dense that nothing could be seen around one; and the Turkish bank was only just to be discerned, looming black and dark up against the hardly less dark and sullen sky. Stumbling forward, through mud and over roots, I struck against something like a wall, yet the wall was soft and warm. It was a column of soldiers, silent and motionless till the time should come to move. Not a light was permitted—not even a cigarette was allowed to be smoked. When men spoke at all it was in whispers, and there was only a soft hum of low talk, half drowned by the gurgle of the Danube, and broken occasionally by the splash caused by the launching of a pontoon boat. The gray dawn faintly began to break. I could dimly discern Dragomiroff, mud almost to the waist, directing the marshalling of the pontoon boats, close to the water's

edge. Here come the "Avengers," a stern, silent band, the cross in silver standing out from the sombre fur of their caps. They have the place of honor in the first boat. As it is pulling off, Liegnitz, the gallant German attaché, darts forward and leaps on board. The stalwart linesmen of Yolchine's brigade are manning the other boats. The strong strokes of the sailors shoot us into the stream. The gloom of the night is waning fast, and now we can faintly discern, across the broad swirl of water, the crags of the Turkish bank and the steep slope above. What if the Turks are there in force? A grim precipice that, truly, to carry at the bayonet point, in the teeth of a determined enemy! And an enemy is there, sure enough, and on the alert. There is a flash out of the gloom, and the near whistle and scream of a shell thrills us, as it speeds over us and bursts among the men in the willows behind us. There follows shell after shell, from due opposite, from higher up, and from the knoll still higher up, close to which the minarets of Sistova are now dimly visible. The shells are falling and bursting on the surface of the Danube; they splash us with the spray they raise; their jagged splinters fly yelling by us. There is no shelter; we must stand here in the open boat, this densely packed mass of men, and take what fortune Heaven may send us. The face of the Danube, pitted with falling shells, is flecked, too, with craft crowded to the gunwale. Hark to that crash, the splintering of wood, and the riving of iron, there on our starboard quarter! A huge pontoon, laden with guns and gunners, has been struck by a shell. It heaves heavily twice; its stern rises; there are wild cries—a confused turmoil of men and horses struggling in the water; the guns sink, and drowning men drift by us with the current down to their death. From out the foliage, now, in the little cove for which we are heading, belches forth volley after volley of musketry fire, helping the devilry of the shells. Several men of our company are down ere our craft touches the mud of the Danube shore. The "Avengers" are already landed: so is Yolchine, with a handful of his linesmen. As we tumble out of the boats with the bullets whizzing about our heads, and swarm up on to the bank, we are bidden, by energetic orders and not less ener-

getic gestures, to lie down. We fall prone in the thick glutinous slime, under the cover of a little bank. Already dead and wounded men lie here thick among the living. Boat after boat disembarks its freight. At length Yolchine thinks he has men enough. He who, with young Skobelev, has never lain down, gives the word, and the two spring up the ascent; a billow of strong supple Russian soldiers, released from restraint, surges with resistless rush up the steep bank. The detachment of Turkish militiamen holding the post are overwhelmed, but they do not run. No; they die where they stand, neither quailing nor asking for quarter. For that brave band of Mustaphis, Abdul Kerim Pasha unconsciously furnished a noble epitaph. "They have never been heard of since," he wrote. No, nor will they, till the last trumpet sounds!

The day after the passage of the Danube had been made good, the Emperor crossed the river to congratulate and thank his gallant soldiers. In front of the long, massive line formed on the slope below Sistova awaiting the coming of the Great White Czar, stood Dragomiroff, Yolchine, and Skobelev, the three generals who had been the leaders of the successful attempt. Dragomiroff, the divisional commander, the Emperor embraced, and gave him the Cross of St. George; he shook hands warmly with Yolchine, the brigade commander, and gave him, too, a St. George to add to the decorations which this cheery little warrior had been gathering from boyhood in the Caucasus and Central Asia. Then the Emperor strode to where Skobelev stood, and men watched the little scene with intent interest; for it was notorious that Skobelev was in disfavor with his Sovereign, and yet of him the camps were ringing with the story of his conduct on the previous morning. Would Alexander maintain his umbrage, or would he make it manifest that it had been dispelled by Skobelev's heroism? For at least a minute the Czar hesitated, as the two tall, proud, soldierly men confronted each other: you could trace in his countenance the struggle between disapproval and appreciation. It was soon over—and the wrong way for Skobelev. The Emperor frowned, turned short on his heel, and strode abruptly away, without a word or a gesture of greeting or recognition. A man of strong prejudices, he was not

yet able to exorcise from his mind the calumnies that had blackened to him the character of Skobeleff. That officer, for his part, flushed scarlet, then grew deadly pale, and seemed to conquer an impulse as he set his teeth hard and maintained his disciplined immobility. It was a flagrant insult, in the very face of the army, and a gross injustice; but Skobeleff endured it in a proud silence that seemed to me very grand, nor did I ever hear him allude to the slur. The time soon came to that gallant and brilliant soldier when he could afford to be magnanimous. As the campaign progressed, he distinguished himself again and again, so that his name became a synonyme in the army for splendid daring as well as for opportune skill. On the 3rd of September, Skobeleff, after exploit on exploit, devised and led the storm of the Turkish position in Loftcha, and drove his adversaries out of that strong place. On the following night, at his own dinner-table in the Gorni Studen headquarters, the Emperor stood up, and bade his guests to honor with him the toast of "Skobeleff, the hero of Loftcha!" It is not given to many men to earn a revenge so full and so grand as that.

In campaigning in Bulgaria we correspondents had to rely entirely on our own resources; it was like going a-gypsying, with now and then a battle thrown in by way of variety. When our Russian friends crossed the Danube, it became necessary for us to abandon the flesh-pots of Egypt, in the shape of the civilization, beauty, and good cooking of Bucharest, and to depart, so to speak, into the wilderness, there to join the army. My companion in this, as in several previous campaigns, was Frederic Villiers, the artist of the *Graphic*. Villiers is an excellent fellow, but he has, like the rest of us, his weak points. Perhaps his weakest point was that he imagined going to bed in his spurs contributed to his martial aspect. He may have been right, but as I shared the bedplace on the floor of a narrow wagon, I did not see the matter in that light. We had for joint attendant my old Servian courier, Andreas. Andreas was a capital servant, but there are spots even on the sun. Andreas had a mania for the purchase of irrelevant poultry, and for accommodating the fowls in our wagon, tied by the legs, against a day of starvation. I don't know whether any reader has ever

had any experience of domestic poultry as bedfellows; to any one thinking of making the experiment, I would give *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—"Don't." Andreas was a capital cook, but his courses had a curious habit of arriving at long and uncertain intervals. After a dish of stew, no other viands appearing to loom in the near future, Villiers and myself would betake ourselves to smoking, and perhaps on a quiet day would lapse into slumber. From this we would be aroused by Andreas to partake of a second course of roast chicken, the bird having been alive and unconscious of its impending fate when the first course had been served. Another characteristic of Andreas was his habit of awakening us in the still watches of the night for the purpose of imparting his views on recondite phases of the great Eastern question. Our coachman was a Roumanian Jew, who could survive more sleep than any human being I ever knew. Let me describe our travelling equipage. We had found in Bucharest a vehicle which, when covered with leather and fitted with sundry appliances, made a sufficient habitation for two men who could pack tight, and give and take one with the other. By a simple arrangement the floor of this carriage became at night a bedplace, the cushions—and the poultry—serving for a mattress. Our wagon was drawn by two sturdy gray horses, one of which was blind—a characteristic which the man who sold him to us cited as an important advantage, as calculated to make him steadier in a crowd. The vehicle I have described was not a wagon only. Cunningly contrived in a roll fastened to one of its sides, we carried a sort of elementary canvas apartment. Villiers and I have been "at home" in our canvas drawing-room to some very distinguished personages. If you were within there was no pleading "not at home," for, as the awning was open on at least two sides, you were visible to the naked eye a long way off.

Our cooking appliances consisted of a stewpan and a frying-pan. You don't require any more weapons than these to perform wherewithal the functions of a plain cook. I am a plain cook myself; perhaps, to be more explicit, I should say a very plain cook. Of one grand discovery in culinary science I can boast. I have found out that when you attempt

to fry lean meat without fat, lard, oil, or butter, you not only burn the meat, but you burn the frying-pan also.

In the early days of this campaign, with MacGahan away with Gourko and Millet far off in the Dobrutchka with Zimmermann, the task was mine of covering Bulgaria from the right flank to the left flank of the Russian main advance, and I had to be in the saddle morning, noon, and night, for I had to try at least to see everything, and I had generally to be my own courier back to the telegraph base at Bucharest. General Ignatieff, the famous diplomatist, was a good friend in giving me timely hints of impending events. When we were parting after my first visit to him, the General said: "Come to me when you want anything. I like your paper because it is a Christian paper, and I am a very Christian man, and if I am not mistaken you are so also." I regarded this last observation as strong proof of the aphorism that discerning penetration is one of the leading attributes of a great diplomatist.

Probably there is no harder toil than that which the earnest war correspondent must undergo in a country destitute of communications and when important events are crowding fast one on the other. The telegraph wire is his goal; for us in Bulgaria the nearest available telegraph office was in Bucharest, scores of long miles away. The supply of trustworthy couriers was scanty, and the best courier will not strain ardently when he is not working for his own hand. I write in constant consciousness of being over-egotistic; but one would like the reader should know how he is served with war news. To this day I shudder at the recollection of those long weary rides on dead-tired horses from the Lom, or the Balkans, or the Plevna country, through the foodless region down to Sistova on the Danube, where the bridge of boats was. It was mostly night when I reached the Danube. Leaving my horses in Sistova, I would tramp in the darkness across the bridge, and over the islands and flats, ankle-deep in sand, the three miles trudge to Simnitza, the village on the Roumanian side of the great river. I have reached Simnitza so beaten that I could scarcely stagger up the slope. Once when I got to the bridge I found that it was forbidden to cross it. Two pontoons in the centre,

said the officer, were under water, and there was no thoroughfare; nobody, he said, was allowed to go upon it. I represented to him that, as I did not belong to the Russian army, it was nothing to him what might happen to me. He laughed, said if I drowned it was no affair of his, and, to quote his own lively expression, that I might go to the devil if I had a mind. I found the two pontoons submerged as he said, and a fierce current running over them, but the hand-rope was above water. This I clutched, and crossed the interval hand over hand along it, sloshing down with the current as the slack of the rope gave to my weight. Simnitza reached somehow, there were still about ninety miles to Bucharest. Off, then, to Giurgevo, fifty miles' night drive in a country rattletrap drawn by four half-broken ponies harnessed abreast. I have been upset freely all along that dreary plain; spilt into a river, capsized into a village, overturned by a dead horse into a dismal swamp. During the railway journey from Giurgevo to Bucharest it was possible to begin my round-hand telegram, writing a few words at a time when the stoppages occurred.

Bucharest finally reached, I had to finish my message without delaying even to wash, that it might be in time for next morning's paper in England. I have reached Bucharest so smeared with mud, so blackened with powder, so clotted with inch-deep dust, so blistered with heat, that the people of the hotel had difficulty in recognizing me. The telegram finished—long or short, there was no respite till that were done—came a bath and then food (they used to charge me double price for those meals, and I rather think they lost money); and then a few hours' sleep till the evening train back to Giurgevo should start. Up and off again by it, and so back without a halt to the position which I had quitted to despatch the telegram.

Villiers and myself were the only civilian spectators of the desperate and futile attack which the Russian soldiers, commanded by Krüdener and Schahoffskoy, made on that lovely June day of 1877 upon the girdle of earthworks with which Osman Pasha had surrounded the obscure little Bulgarian town of Plevna. Up among the oak shrubs on the height of Radischevo, while the Russian cannon

thundered over our heads, we watched the noble, hopeless assault of the Russian infantrymen on the Turkish redoubts on the gentle swell of the great central valley. Plevna lay down yonder to the left front in its snug hollow among the foliage, quiet and serene like a sleeping babe amid a pack of raging wolves, the sun glinting on the spires of its minarets. Behind us the Russian cannon belching fire and iron. Close to us the General, with set face and terrible eager eyes, the working of his lips and fingers belying his forced composure. And at our feet hell itself, raging in all its lurid splendor, all its fell horror. A chaos of noises comes back to us on the light summer wind; the crackle of the rifle fire, the ping of bullets, the crash of near exploding shells, loud shouts of reckless men bent on death or victory, shrieks and yells of anguish—aye, even groans, so near are we. Look at that swift rush; see the upheaval of the flashing bayonets; listen to the roar of triumph, sharpened by the clash of steel against steel! There is an answering hurrah from the gunners above us, for the Russian infantrymen have carried at the bayonet point the first Turkish position.

But they get no further. There are not men enough for the further enterprise. See the stubborn gallant fellows, standing leaderless—for nearly all the officers are down—sternly waiting death there for want of leaders either to cheer them forward or to march them back! Noble heroism or sheer stolidity, which? "For God and the Czar!" is the shout of answer that comes back on the wind, as the gaps torn by the Turkish shell fire are restored and the ranks knit themselves closer and closer. The utter pity of it! A craving that is almost irresistible comes over one to abandon inaction, and to do something—something, no matter what, in this acme, this climax, of concentrated strife. The mad excitement of the battle surges up into the brain like strong drink. O reader, calmly perusing these cold lines, you cannot realize how hard it is, in such a convulsion of emotion, to bide at rest and write out a telegram in pencil with industrious accuracy; how difficult to compose coherently when the brain is on fire and the pulses are bounding as if they would burst!

The sun sank in a glow of lurid crimson. The Russian defeat was assured.

The *débris* straggled sullenly back, companies that had gone down two hundred strong returning by fives and tens. For three hours there had been a steady current of wounded up from out of the battle to the reverse slope on whose face we watched, back into comparative safety. All around us the air was heavy with the low moaning of the wounded, who had cast themselves down behind us to gain relief from the agony of motion. A crowd of maimed wretches had gathered around the fountain at the foot of the slope, craving with wistful longing for a few drops of the scanty water. Bad was their plight; but one's blood turned at the thought of the awful fate of the poor fellows who, too severely wounded to move to the rear, lay on the maize-slopes down there, waiting for inevitable cruel death at the hands of an enemy who not only gave no quarter but savagely mutilated before he slew.

The Turks spread over the battle-field slaughtering as they advanced, and were threatening to carry the ridge, when the wounded who lay behind it would have been at their cruel mercy. Few troops were available to hold it; what was left of the force was mainly dispersed. "Gentlemen," said Schahoffskoy to his staff, "we and the escort must give our aid to hold the front; these poor wounded must not be abandoned!" We extended along that grim ridge, each man moving to and fro on a little beat of his own, to show a semblance of force against the Bashi-Bazouks. Through the growing darkness one could watch the streaks of flame foreshortened close below us; and nerves tried by a long day of foodlessness, excitement, fatigue, and constant exposure to danger, quivered under the prolonged tension of endurance as the throbbing hum of the bullets sped through or over the straggling line. At length dragoons from the reserve relieved us, and so, following the general who had lost an army going in search of an army which had lost its general, we turned the heads of our jaded horses, and, threading our way through the wounded, rode slowly away from the blood-stained ridge. It was only to spend a night of wretchedness. No sooner had we established a bivouac, and general and aide-de-camp, Cossack and correspondent, had thrown themselves on the dewy ground and fallen into slumber,

than the alarm arose that the Bashi-Bazouks were surrounding us. Again and again the little band wearily arose and struggled its way through the loose environment of the Turkish marauders. At length daylight came, and I rode away on the journey to Bucharest, the bearer to the world of the details of the catastrophe. Mile after mile of that dreary road my good horse covered loyally, weary and foodless as he was; but I felt him gradually dying away under me. The stride shortened, and the flanks began to heave ominously; I had to spur him sharply, although I felt every stab as if it had pierced myself. If he could only hold on to Sistova, rest and food awaited him there. But some three miles short of that place he staggered and went down. I had to leave the poor gallant brute where he fell, and tramp on into Sistova with my saddle on my head.

The personal aspect and bearing of the Russian Emperor were for me always of the deepest interest. No man was so engrossed and centred in the varying phases of the campaign as was this puissant monarch, whose bodily and mental health vibrated to every success and to every reverse. On the day he crossed the Danube, of which I have already spoken, he was a singularly imposing figure. Anxiety and ill-health had not then broken him down, and the most indifferent spectator could not but be impressed by the commanding nobility of his presence as he returned the greeting of his victorious soldiers. A man not far off sixty, he then looked exceptionally young for his age; the long dark mustache showed scarcely a streak of gray, the majestic figure was as straight as a pine, and he looked a very king of men. The late Colonel Charles Brackenbury it was who first wrote of him as "The Divine Figure from the North," but he did not invent the title. It was the exact translation of the phrase in which the Bulgarians of Sistova hailed the mighty potentate who on that afternoon, when first his foot touched their soil, shone before their eyes as the more than mortal being who was to be their saviour, their redeemer from their bondage to the heathen. The glamour of the hour stirred to idealization the stolid Bulgars; at that moment they would have worshipped the Great White Czar. His health suffered later from the squalor of Bjela, and during

his residence at Gorni Studen, when the evil days of misfortune weighed him down, he suffered from low fever, rheumatism, and asthma. He lived in discomfort there in a dismantled Turkish house, in the balcony of which I had an interview with him late in August, on my return journey from the Shipka with the tidings that Radetski was holding his own there against the furious assaults of Mehemet Ali. I had a difficulty in recognizing his Majesty, so changed was he from the early days at Simnitsa and Sistova. He had shrunken visibly, he stooped, his head had sunk between his shoulders, and his voice was broken and tremulous. He was gaunt, worn, and haggard; his nervous system seemed quite shattered. There was a hunted expression in his eye, and he gasped for breath in the spasms of the asthma that afflicted him. I left him with the vivid apprehension that he was not to break the spell which was said to condemn every Romanoff to the grave before the age of sixty.

He was in the field during the six days' struggle around Plevna, in the September of the war. The sappers had constructed for him, on a little eminence, a look-out place, from which was visible a great sweep of the scene of action. Behind it was a marquee, in which was a long table continually spread with food and wine, where the suite supported nature jovially while men in their thousands were dying hard by. As for Alexander himself, after the first two days no man saw him either eat or drink. Anxiety visibly devoured him. He could not be restrained from leaving the observatory and going about among the gunners. I watched him in his strained solitude on the little balcony of the look-out place, late in the afternoon of the fifth day of the fighting—it was his fête day, save the mark!—as he stood there in the sullen autumn weather, gazing out with haggard eager eyes at the efforts to storm the great Grevitza redoubt. Assault after assault had been delivered; assault after assault had failed: now the final desperate struggle was being made, the forlorn hope of the day. As the Turkish fire crushed down his Russians battling their way up the slope slippery already with Roumanian blood, the pale face on the balcony quivered, and the tall figure winced and cowered. As he stood there, bearing his cross in lonely anguish,

the Great White Czar was a spectacle of majestic misery that could never be forgotten.

The Emperor returned to St. Petersburg in December. The fall of Plevna and the enthusiastic welcome of his capital had restored him, spite of his chronic hypochondria, to apparent health and spirits. I watched him as he moved round the great salon of his palace, greeting his guests at the home-coming reception. He strode the inlaid floor a very emperor, upright of figure, proud of gait, arrayed in a brilliant uniform, and covered with decorations. A glittering Court and suite thronged around the stately man with enthusiastically respectful homage; the dazzling splendor of the Winter Palace formed the setting of the sumptuous picture; and as I gazed on the magnificent scene, I could hardly realize that the central figure of it in the pomp of his Imperial State was of a verity the self-same man in whose presence I had stood in the squalid Bulgarian hovel—the same worn, anxious, shabby, wistful man who, with spasmodic utterance, and the expression in his eye as of a hunted deer, had asked me breathless questions as to the episodes and issue of the fighting.

In many respects the monarch whom the Nihilists slew was a grand man. He was absolutely free from that corruption which is the blackest curse of Russia, and whose taint is still among the nearest relatives of the Sovereign. He had the purest aspirations to do his loyal duty toward the huge empire over which he ruled, and never did he spare himself in toilsome work. He took few pleasures; the melancholy of his position made sombre his countenance, and darkened for him all the brightness of life. For he had the bitterest consciousness of the abuses that were alienating the subjects who had been wont in their hearts, as on their lips, to couple the names of "God and the Czar." He knew how the great nation writhed and groaned; and he, absolute despot though he was, writhed and groaned no less in the realization of his impotency to ameliorate the evils. For although honest and sincerely well-intentioned, there was a fatal weakness in the nature of Alexander the Second. True, he began his reign with an assertion of masterfulness; but then unworthy favorites gained his ear, his family compassed him about, the

whole huge inert mass of immemorial rottenness and obstructive officialism lay doggedly athwart the hard path of reform. Alexander's aspirations were powerless to pierce the dense, solid obstacle; and the consciousness of his impotency, with the no less disquieting consciousness that it behooved him to cleanse the Augean stable of the State, embittered his whole later life.

One of poor MacGahan's most sanguine beliefs was, that a time would come, if the millennium did not intervene, when the war correspondent should overhang the battle-field in a captive balloon, gazing down on the scene through a big telescope, and telegraphing a narrative of the combat as it progressed along a wire with one end in the balloon and the other in the nearest telegraph office. I don't profess to be very sanguine myself that this elaboration of system will ever be carried into effect, and I am sure that I should prefer, were it attempted, that some one else than myself should make the aerial experiment. But I remember once beating time, or at least apparent time, in rather a remarkable fashion, in the transmission of war news across the world by means of the telegraph wire. In the early morning of the 22nd of November, 1878, a British division under General Sir Samuel Browne occupied the Afghan fortress of Ali Musjid, up in the Khyber Pass. I rode back ten miles to Jumrood, where the field telegraph was, and sent the news to England in a short message, bearing date 10 A.M. There is five hours' difference of time between India and England in favor of the latter; and the *Daily News* containing this telegram dated 10 A.M. was selling in Fleet Street at 9 A.M.—one hour of apparent time before it was despatched. Its anticipation of time did not end here. Owing to the five hours' difference of time between London and New York, the message was in time for the regular editions of the New York papers the same morning. It was immediately wired across the American continent; and, owing to the difference in time between the Atlantic coast and the Pacific slope, the early-rising citizen of San Francisco, purchasing his morning paper at 6 A.M., was able to read the announcement of an event which actually occurred over two hours later in apparent time some 13,000 miles away on the other side of

the globe from the fair city inside the Golden Gate. Puck professed himself able to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but this telegram sped half round the globe in two hours less than no time at all!

The Zulu war was my last campaign, and during it the cost of necessarily copious telegraphing bore hard on newspapers. Writings under the expenditure, newspaper managers of reactionary tendency were heard to bewail that Benjamin Franklin had ever been invented; a regret which most of their correspondents have, I am sure, over and over again shared in. I had not reached South Africa when there occurred that ghastly misfortune, the massacre of Isandlwana. But I was of the first party which visited that fatal field, and the spectacle which it presented I can never forget. A thousand corpses had been lying there in rain and sun for four long months. In the precipitous ravine at the base of the slope stretching down from the crest on which stood the abandoned wagons dead men lay thick—mere bones, with toughened, discolored skin like leather covering the skeletons and clinging tight to them, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost wholly dismembered, mere heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces, with their blackened features and beards blanched by rain and sun. The clothes had lasted better than the poor bodies they covered, and helped to keep the skeletons together. All the way up the slope I traced, by the ghastly token of dead men, the fitful line of flight. It was like a long string with knots in it: the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead, where, as it seemed, little groups had gathered to make a hopeless, gallant stand, and so die fighting.

Still following the trail of bodies through long rank grass and among stones, I approached the crest. Here the slaughtered dead lay very thick, so that the string became a broad belt. On the bare ground on the crest itself, among the wagons, the dead were less thick; but on the slope beyond, on which from the crest we looked down, the scene was the saddest, and more full of weird desolation than anything I had ever gazed upon. There was nothing of the stark blood-curdling horror of a fresh battle-field.

Nothing of all that makes the scene of a yesterday's battle so sickeningly ghastly shocked the senses. A strange dead calm reigned in this solitude of nature. Grain had grown luxuriantly, sprouting from seed scattered from the wagon-loads, and falling on soil fertilized by the life-blood of the brave men whose poor remains were visible in the intervals of the maize-stems. As one strayed aimlessly about, one stumbled in the long grass over skeletons that rattled to the touch. It was the miserablest work wandering about the desolate camp, amid the sour odor of stale death, and gathering mournful relics—letters from home, photographs of loved ones, blood-stained books, and other sad souvenirs.

The poor Prince Imperial I had met occasionally at home, but came to know him with some degree of intimacy in the early days of the Zululand campaign. He was a young man of great brightness and active sympathy, full of aptitude for military study, and with a keen sense of duty and discipline. He was fond, in the intervals of work, of gossiping with me about the events of the Franco-German war, and he told me some very interesting stories regarding the early days of that struggle, which had so changed the future of his young life. On the voyage to South Africa, as I have heard, he had expressed the wish that he might be wounded by an assegai stab at close quarters with a Zulu. Poor fellow, he was covered with assegai stabs from head to foot when I saw him lying, stone dead, on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotyosi river. We found him lying on his back, stripped, his head so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sward, the right arm stretched out, the left bent inward toward the thigh. The face, whose features were nowise distorted, but wore a faint smile that somewhat parted the lips, was stained with blood from a cut on the chin. On the trunk were a score and more of assegai wounds; most were superficial stabs, but there were two deep wounds on the side, one in the throat, and one destroying an eye and penetrating the head. His wounds bled afresh as we moved him. His slayers had left a little gold chain which was clasped round his neck, and on which were strung a locket containing a miniature of his mother and another enclosing a relic. The relic was

that fragment of the true cross which was given by Pope Leo the Third to Charlemagne on his coronation, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs have since worn as a talisman.

Very sad and solemn was the scene as we stood around, silent all, and with bared heads, looking down on the untimely dead. An officer detached the necklet, and placed it in an envelope, with several locks of the Prince's short dark hair, for transmission to his poor mother, who a year later made so sad a pilgrimage to the spot where we then stood over her dead son. Then the body, wrapped in a blanket, was placed on lance-shafts, and on this extemporized bier it was borne by officers up the slope to the ambulance that was in waiting. It was a miserable ending, truly, for him who had once been the Son of France! It was strange that it should have happened to me to have stood by the first gun fired by the Germans from the heights of Saarbrück on that August morning of 1870 when the Prince Imperial received what his father grandiloquently styled the boy's "baptism of fire," and to stand thus by the corpse of him untimely slain in the obscure corner of a remote continent. I had seen the Emperor his father at the pinnacle of his Imperial power; I saw him in the hour of his bitter humiliation after the defeat of Sedan; I saw him lying dead in the corridor of Camden Place, and witnessed his coffin laid down in the little chapel under the elms of Chislehurst. And now I had lived to see his only son lying dead in a grassy hollow of Zululand, pierced to death by assegai stabs. It has been my lot to gaze on many dead who have died of wounds at the hands of an enemy; but never have I stood by death with profounder emotion than when I looked down that mournful morning on the corpse of the last heir of a splendid name.

After many delays the day at length came when, as our little army camped on the White Umfaloosi, there lay on the bosom of the wide plain over against us the great circular kraal of Ulundi, King Cetewayo's capital. After two days' futile delay, on the third morning the force crossed the river and moved forward across the plain, preserving on its march the formation of a great square, until a suitable spot was reached whereon to halt and accept the assault of the Zulu hordes

that were showing in dense black masses all around. This point attained, the whole force then halted. Already there had been ringing out around the moving square the rattle of the musketry fire of Buller's horsemen as they faced and stung the ingathering impis.

The time had come. Buller's men, having done their work, galloped back into the shelter of the square till their time should come again. And lo! as they cleared the front, a living, concentric wave of Zulus was disclosed. On the slope toward Nodwengo the shells were crashing into the black masses that were rushing forward to the encounter. Into the hordes in front the Gatlings, with their measured volleys, were raining pitiless showers of death. Le Grice and Harness were pouring shell into the thickets of black forms showing on the left and rear. But those Zulus could die—ay, they could dare and die with a valor and devotion unsurpassed by the soldiery of any age and of any nationality. They went down in numbers, but numbers stood up and sped swiftly and steadily on. The sharper din of the musketry fire filled the intervals between the hoarse roar of the cannon and the scream of the speeding shells. Still the Zulus would not stay the whirlwind of their converging attack. They fired and rushed on, halting to fire, and then rushing on again. There were those who had feared lest the sudden confront with the fierce Zulu rush should try the nerves of our beardless lads; but the British soldier was true to his manly traditions when he found himself in the open, and saw his enemy face to face in the daylight. For half an hour the square stood grim and purposeful, doggedly pouring the sleet of death from every face. There was scarce any sound of human speech, save the quiet injunctions of the officers—"Fire low, men; get your aim; no wildness!" The Zulus could not get to close quarters simply because of the sheer weight of our fire. The canister tore through them like a harrow through weeds; the rockets ravaged their zigzag path through the masses. One rush came within a few yards, but it was their last effort. Their noble ardor could not endure in the face of the appliances of civilized warfare. They began to waver. The time for the cavalry had at length come. Lord Chelmsford caught the mo-

ment. Drury Lowe was sitting on his charger watching with ears and eyes intent for the word. It came tersely, "Off with you!" The infantrymen made a gap for the Lancers, and gave them, too, a cheer as they galloped out into the open—knees well into saddles, right hands with a firm grip of the lances down at the "engage." Drury Lowe collected his chestnut into a canter, and, glancing over his shoulder, gave the commands—"At a gallop; front form troops!" and then, "Front form line!" You may swear there was no dallying over those evolutions; just one pull to make good the cohesion, and then, with an eager quiver in the voice, "Now for it, my lads! Charge!" The Zulus strove to gain the rough ground, but the Lancers were upon them and among them before they could clear the long grass of the plain. It did one good to see the glorious old "white weapon" reassert once again its pristine prestige.

Lord Chelmsford on the evening of the battle announced that he did not intend to despatch a courier until the following morning with the intelligence of that victory, which was conclusive and virtually terminated the war. So I hardened my heart and determined to go myself, and that at once. The distance to Landsmann's Drift, where was the nearest telegraph office, was about 100 miles, and the route lay through a hostile region, with no road save that made on the grass by our wagon wheels as the column had marched up. It was necessary to skirt the sites of recently burned Zulu kraals, the dwellers in which were likely to have returned. The dispersal of the Zulu army by the defeat of the morning made it all but certain that stragglers would be prowling in the bush through which lay the first part of my ride. Young Lysons offered to b.t me even that I would not get through, and, when I accepted, genially insisted that I should put the money down, since he did not expect to see me alive again. It was dreadfully gruesome work, that first long stretch through the sullen gloom of the early night, as I groped my way through the rugged bush trying to keep the trail of the wagon-wheels. I could see the dark figures of Zulus up

against the blaze of the fires in the destroyed kraals to right and left of my track, and their shouts came to me on the still night air. At length I altogether lost my way, and there was no resource but to halt till the moon should rise and show me my whereabouts. The longest twenty minutes I ever spent in my life was while sitting on my trembling horse in a little open glade of the bush, my hand on the butt of my revolver, waiting for the moon's rays to flash down into the hollow. At length they came. I discerned the right direction, and in half an hour more I was inside the reserve camp of Etongneni, and telling the news to a circle of eager listeners. The great danger was past; it was a comparatively remote chance that I should meet with molestation during the rest of the journey, although Lieutenant Scott-Elliott and Corporal Cotter were cut up on the same road the same night. The exertion was prolonged and arduous, but the recompense was adequate. I had the good fortune to be thanked for the tidings I brought by the General Commanding-in-Chief and by the Governor of South Africa; and it was something for a correspondent to be proud of that it was his narrative of the combat and of the victory which Her Majesty's Ministers read to both Houses of Parliament as the only intelligence that had been received up to date.

It may perhaps have occurred to some among those who have done me the honor to read this and a previous article under the same heading that the profession of war correspondent is a somewhat wearing one, calculated to make a man old before his time, and not to be pursued with any satisfaction or credit by any one who is not in the full heyday of physical and mental vigor. My personal experience is that ten years of toil, exposure, hardship, anxiety, and brain-strain, such as the electric fashion of war correspondence now exacts, suffices to impair the toughest organization. But given health and strength, it used to be an avocation of singular fascination. I do not know whether this attribute in its fulness remains with it under the limitations on freedom of action which now are in force.—*Nineteenth Century.*

DIAMOND-DIGGING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KNOLLYS, R.A.

"COME, Mr. Joseph, do let us settle this little matter. Write us a check for £26,400 for this parcel of diamonds, and let us have done with it." But the diamond-broker retorts that the sum demanded is a trifle of £400 above its fair price; that he has recently been losing money by his "parcels;" and when I departed he was still carrying on, with the agent of the De Beers Company, the sarcastic bickering which is the very salt of that deteriorating avocation, material buying and selling. The subject in dispute consisted of about thirty little heaps of insignificant-looking white stones, rather more dull than dirty bits of bottle-glass, practically of no intrinsic utility, but possessing the attribute of exciting human vanity to such a pitch, that in order to grub for them a host of able business men have exchanged English civilization for South African privation; have embarked enormous sums, erected wondrous machinery, and taken into employment several thousands of human beings.* I purpose describing in detail the various stages of digging for, sifting, sorting, selling—and I may add, stealing—these stones, as illustrated by the "De Beers," the principal mine in Kimberley.

Although there is no secret whatever in any part of the operations, it is obvious that the most stringent precautions are necessary to prevent the easy theft of such *multum in parvo* treasures as precious stones; and therefore it is reasonably required that all visitors shall be provided with a permit to inspect the works. The diamondiferous area is enclosed and screened by means of high barbed wire-fencing and lofty corrugated-iron hoarding, as skilfully disposed as one of Vauban's fortresses; and is further safeguarded externally at night by numerous armed patrols, and by powerful electric lights casting a glare on every spot otherwise favorable to intending marauders. After having been somewhat carefully scrutinized, I am admitted through a narrow gateway, and find myself confronted with

a gigantic, apparently almost bottomless pit, compared with which the crater of Vesuvius would be puny, and which marks the earlier scenes of open ground labor. In course of time huge masses of earth began to slip down from the sides, entailing such peril, and—far more important to the eager owners—such a clogging of work, that the original process was abandoned in favor of sinking shafts and subterraneous mining. Equipped in miner's slops, supplied with a bare candle, and chaperoned by one of the superintendents, I am shot down an ordinary incline to a depth of 700 feet below the surface, whence we further descend another 90 feet by means of slippery perpendicular ladders, leading down piercings just large enough to admit the body. Here we reach a widened level at the very heart of the diamond-bearing earth, which is hot, stifling, and intensely dark. Long low tunnels radiate through a scene of which the principal features are rushing trucks, flickering lights, and shouting workmen, common to all large mining operations, and calling for no special description. Only by degrees do I notice characteristics of detail so strange as to cause these mines to differ from all others. Hundreds of Kaffirs are plying pick and shovel, wheeling barrows, and tilting trucks, with a might-and-main earnestness rare among natives. Although they differ greatly in size and shades of darkness, owing to the variety of tribes gathered together from far-apart districts of South Africa, they are, on the whole, of fine physical development, with smooth lustrous skins and tense brawny muscles, and sweltering profusely under their tremendous exertions. Scantiness of clothing was to be anticipated; but in no part of the world, not even in Japan, have I seen a multitude of human beings so perfectly nude, and at the same time so perfectly unabashed as to be suggestive of the unconsciousness of the very beasts of the field. They work in shifts of twelve hours' duration, Sunday being a general rest day, and each native receives about 5s. a-day—an enormous sum for these aborigines, which gives rise to a keen competition for employ-

* The Kimberley mines find work for 1500 white men and 12,000 natives.

ment. Large gangs are supervised by single Europeans, who strongly exemplify the moral influence of race. Instant, cheerful, unquestioning obedience is the rule: occasionally a rough hustle, or a smack with the palm of the hand, is bestowed on the laggard or the careless; but when justly administered, this is never resented, and a careful observation of the demeanor and friendly verbal intercourse between superintendents and laborers failed to reveal to me any signs of habitual bodily tyranny. Without doubt, outbursts of the white man's brutality occasionally occur. During my stay at Kimberley a European was tried for having caused by violence the death of a native, and after a fair trial was acquitted. Yet, on the whole, there is no reason to believe that our rule is characterized by cruelty, and an air of happy contentment was generally prevalent.

Quitting the enlarged level at the bottom of the shaft, I grope through one of the low radiating tunnels, which twist about in a fashion reminding me of the catacombs of Rome. Diamond-mines are free from most of the dangers associated with other subterranean workings. There is no rush of fire-damp, and no wire-gauze is needed for the unprotected candles; no deadly emanations of gas, no sudden overwhelming of water, and no falling in of roofs—shoring-up being only needed to a very limited extent. Almost the only fatal accident of magnitude recorded in the annals of these mines occurred three years ago, when some timber caught fire, and over three hundred imprisoned natives were choked to death. The ruling passion for gain then proved strong up to the last: many bodies were found in attitudes which showed that their dying gasps had been expended in efforts to plunder their comrades of the little leather purses which most of them wear suspended round the waist. An explorer of the labyrinth must be all eyes and ears. The intense darkness seems to be augmented by the alternate glimmer of our spluttering naked candles, and the fierce glare of an occasional electric light: at one time I stumble ankle-deep into a churned-up slough of despond; at another I have to exercise the utmost activity to avoid being annihilated by the trucks, which rush, with deafening reverberations and at railway speed, along the

narrow inclined tramways, each conveying a load of earth and conducted by a Kaffir shouting out warnings. In a short time I am streaming with perspiration, soaking with roof-drippings, splashed from head to foot with grease and mud, and in my bedraggled miner's costume present an aspect compared with which that of a Whitechapel dog-fancier would be refined and respectable. But at Kimberley, both above and below ground, Englishmen are wont to put their hand to the plough, wisely resolved to perform their work thoroughly, and regardless of the externals of their normal social status; and here I find many a better man than myself similarly transformed. I speak a word or two to some Europeans who are heads of gangs, and whose appearance would justify attributing to them the minds and manners of bargees: they respond with the timbre of voice and the diction of highly educated gentlemen. I tentatively lead up to their antecedents, and I discover that many of the speakers are members of well-known English county families, and had been formerly residents of well-known English country homes, but that through stress of circumstances and the temptation of the De Beers payment of a guinea a-day, they are now bravely working as weekly laborers. One of the head officials told me of a tallyman who was occupying the intervals of counting trucks by reading, and to whom he remarked in a friendly manner, "A novel makes a pleasant change down here." "Yes; but this is not a novel," said the reader, holding out for inspection an elaborate treatise on conic sections. Then he explained that he had been a university man, had taken his degree, and had subsequently adopted the profession of civil engineer, but that owing to family misfortunes and poverty, he was now glad to accept the remunerative employment of tallyman in a Kimberley mine.

At the extremity of one of the tunnels was an enlarged chamber where receptacles were being drilled for explosive charges destined to break through some unusually obdurate rock, and here I was enabled to take leisurely note of further details concerning the Kaffir workmen. My questions were translated into native "pidgin" Kaffir, a jargon compounded of the numerous dialects of the various tribes. The men seemed cheerful and bright after

a fashion, but their replies lacked intelligence, and betrayed a low order of intellect. I must however, in justice, premise that this particular group was composed of the most inferior specimens of natives. For instance, I found that 9 or 10 comprised their highest familiar notation; 15 and upward puzzled them; higher figures could only be expressed by a clumsy periphrasis; while 200 or 300 was quite beyond their realization, and was vaguely conceived as "a very great number." "How old are you?" I inquired of one; but the overseer explained that none of them have the least idea of their own ages: their sole landmarks are certain important events which befell their tribes, such as some particular war, a great famine, a general drought or cattle-sickness. "Only last week," he added, "a Kaffir being asked a similar question, and replying in total ignorance, a European interposed—'Let me look at your teeth. I will soon tell you. Why, you must be 100 at least.' The native immediately assembled his fellows around him, and told them that the Baas (master) had pronounced him 100 years old, in an ecstasy of pride at the attainment of an age which he considered added so much to his dignity." One Kaffir rejoiced in a snake-skin charm round his neck; another wore a string—his sole article of vesture—tied to his thigh, whence depended a small leather pocket containing five or six shillings—a large sum for a wild native—and his working ticket. The only drinks allowed are tea, coffee, or water; and I was struck with the simple and clever device for a constantly cool supply of the last, by means of common bags of coarse canvas, which, when soaked, became sufficiently impermeable to retain the bulk of the fluid, but sufficiently porous to admit of a continual oozing and icy evaporation.

While we were casually conversing, I was startled by a terrific roar, followed by a reverberation and quivering of the walls and arches as though convulsed by an earthquake, and by a violent rush of wind which instantly extinguished every light in the vicinity. "Doubtless a hideous catastrophe," I reflected: "some portion of the mine has fallen in; we are imprisoned like rats in a trap, and shall feed on each other's carcasses until released by a lingering death." Profound silence in the pitch-darkness, only broken

by the heavy breathing of the native workmen, and after a few seconds by the scraping of lucifer-matches for relighting our candles. Nobody seemed in the least discomposed, and the answer to my awe-stricken inquiry was, "Oh, nothing at all; only dynamite blasting in an adjacent chamber." I afterward found that these explosions were of frequent occurrence; but on each occasion, to resist the impulse of a startled jump taxed the strongest nerves.

Let us turn our attention from the personal to the material for which thousands of human beings in this district are toiling day and night about 800 feet below ground. The diamondiferous earth, locally termed the "blue," is reached at a varying depth, and is found in a hardened but friable condition. It is detached with comparative ease, and the process of filling trucks, each of which holds 1600 lb., is carried on unceasingly, on a very large scale, and with the utmost rapidity. The contents are hauled to the top by powerful steam machinery; and if we follow their further destination, the scene changes in sudden and wondrous contrast from dark stifling tunnels to bright sunshiny farms, where the soil is turned up, and watered and harrowed, and vivified by the action of wind and sun, and where the resulting crop is—diamonds. On reaching the surface the "blue" is tilted into railway wagons, and by means of divergent lines of rails and wire-ropes, is hauled in vast masses into the adjacent open country, where it is distributed over the flat to a depth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The extensive area so occupied is protected by barbed-wire fencing 10 feet high, and is guarded by patrols both by day and by night. The effects of the weather cause the friable lumps to disintegrate still further, the process is aided by alternate harrowing and watering, and in about six months all but the most obdurate fragments, which are left for further treatment varying from three months to a year, are reduced to a size which admits of their being subjected to the washing-machines. Trains of carts convey the harvest to machinery sheds, where it is subjected to processes which in corn would be analogous to threshing, winnowing, and sifting. Roughly described, an endless chain supporting large pans carries the diamond-earth up to a platform, and thence pitches

it, automatically, into cisterns of water; revolving metal arms stir and break up the mass; the muddy liquid flows away, and the solid residue passes over a succession of large vibrating sieves with different-sized meshes, thus effecting a separation into four sizes. The largest is composed of pebbles somewhat smaller than walnuts, is turned over by searchers on the chance that it may contain some unusually large diamonds, and is then carted away as rubbish. I may remark that the amount of *débris* from various sources is so considerable that its disposal is somewhat of a puzzle, and is the origin of gigantic earth-mounds in various parts of the country, and that the superficial crater of one of the mines, the "Kimberley," is marked by the spontaneous, never-ending combustion of waste shale. The other three sizes are subjected to a process devised at Kimberley, and absolutely charming through its efficiency, simplicity, and ingenuity. Without illustrations, a complete description of this "pulsator," as it is called, would be impracticable, but the following statement may serve to explain its general principle:*

[Be it remembered that the diamondiferous mass is made up of substances of different specific gravity, whereof the greater part, which consists of natural soil, mica, and other components, is the lightest; while the small residue, consisting of garnets, "olivine," iron pyrites, and diamonds, are much heavier. We must also bear in mind that the property of a fluid is to transmit a pressure applied to it in every direction, irrespective of distance, area, bulk, etc. Now imagine a No. 1 pan half filled with water, and just above the fluid a fixed zinc perforated plate. The plate is covered with a layer of buckshot, and above the buckshot is some of the sifted earth in which the diamonds are lurking. The apparatus is completed by an adjacent open No. 2 pan of water, which communicates with No. 1 by a broad tube. Set the machinery at work. A large flap of wood bestows a smart box on the ear—speaking in hyperbolic language—on the water-surface of No. 2 pan; the fluid quivers with indignation, transmits its quivering downward, then through the broad connecting-tube,

and so on to the water in No. 1 pan. Here, too, the water vexedly throbs up, squirts through the perforated plate, hustles the layer of buckshot, and thereby stirs up the superincumbent diamondiferous layer. But the irritated fluid rapidly regains its composure, is followed by the buckshot in a great hurry, then by the heavier particles among which are the diamonds, while on the top of all leisurely reposes the lightest useless residue which has been successfully eliminated. I estimated the number of these pulsations at 110 per minute. Now stop the machine; let all the water drain off the zinc plate; remove the thick top layer, which is worthless, and then gather together the deposit spread over the buckshot, and to which all the diamonds have fled.]

The name "pulsator" is very appropriately bestowed on this clever piece of mechanism. Gently placing my hand on the top of the mass being treated, I am startled by a sensation of lifelike throbbing throughout the whole of the substance—precisely such as one might suppose the throbbing of the femoral artery of an elephant in a raging fever. For the sake of simplicity I have omitted two or three ingenious little details. For instance, the size of the stirabout buckshot varies in proportion to that of the component particles of the stuff to be "pulsated," but each machine acts with such unerring fidelity that never by any chance is a diamond allowed to loiter in the top rubbish-layer. "Here," said my guide, picking out a tiny white pebble, "is a 1½-carat stone, worth about £2 in its present condition," and he flicked it away as carelessly as though shooting a pea into a pig-tub. "I congratulate your Company on its affluence," I remarked with would-be irony, "since it can afford thus to throw £2 into the dirt." "You are mistaken," was the rejoinder; "that diamond will inevitably be brought to light again. To test the accuracy of our working, we are wont constantly to throw marked diamonds into the pulsating-pan, and we never fail to recover them."

On the assumption—which is generally received as approximately accurate—that the previous processes of elimination have reduced the original bulk contained in a truck to its one-hundredth part, the proverbial difficulty of finding a needle in a bottle of hay is applicable here, and hence-

* The reader who hates explanations can skip the part between the brackets.

forth the diamond-charged residue is scrutinized almost particle by particle. The seeking or "sorting" house consists of a long hut, with tables so disposed as to be searchingly illuminated by the rays of the sun. Here are assembled, in comparatively noiseless activity, a multitude of black convicts, with a sprinkling of white sorters. A Kaffir half fills a common hand-sieve with the precious material, pours some water over it, swirls it about with a peculiar jerk which tends to send the heavier diamonds down to the bottom, and then with a bump empties the sieve upside down in front of a European. Most of the diamonds present appear on the reversed surface of the topsy-turved heap; but numerous stragglers are also found by turning over *seriatim*, with a bricklayer's small trowel, the bright pretty pile of olivine (a species of jade), garnets (false), non-magnetic iron, and diamonds, which, slightly dripping to aid selection, glitters in the sun like a child's box of beads. Each searcher is supplied with a common little tin box, into which he drops his findings. I peer into one of them taken haphazard: it contains about a dozen small stones, representing the results of one man's searching for three or four hours, and is approximately equivalent to the value of £1600. The monotony of investigation naturally brings about a tendency to become careless; and in order to keep attention on the full stretch, variety is afforded by frequently changing the sorters to different-sized siftings; so that at one spell the prizes to be discovered consist of stones no larger than peppercorns, while at another they are as big as hazel-nuts. The facilities for theft by European workers are obvious, inasmuch as searching of their persons—as in the case of natives, to be hereafter described—is out of the question; and there is no doubt that the Company is consequently subjected to heavy losses, which some experts estimate as being as high as 10 per cent—i.e., £10 worth is stolen out of every £100 worth discovered. Numerous placards forbid visitors to handle the gravel. "How do you know," I inquire, "that I, a perfect stranger to you, have not already secreted two or three diamonds under my tongue or up my sleeve?" "No fear," is the smiling reply; "unknown to yourself, you are being carefully and incessantly watched." And this startling

discovery that I am shadowed prompts me to be less ready to trickle handfuls of diamonds through my fingers, and to tuck up my cuffs ostentatiously, to disarm suspicion that I may be exercising a little legerdemain.

After the English sorters have secured the greater part of the contained treasure—have, as it were, picked the plums out of the pudding—the *débris* is passed on to the native convicts for the discovery of the casually remaining currants. They turn the stuff over twice, and their findings are dropped into boxes with padlocked covers. One which I examined contained nine or ten seed-stones, as the result of five or six hours' work; but their total value was reckoned at about £50. The prisoners receive a special money reward in proportion to their success, amounting, as far as I remember, to 1½d. per carat. It is manifest that without some such inducement they would scamp their investigation.

For diamond labor the Company hires from Government sixty-five Kaffir convicts, of whose maintenance it bears the entire expense, and whose condition in the prison, which I subsequently inspected, might almost be called enviable. They are grouped together by tribes; the separate and silent system is ignored; they are well and warmly housed; an occasional whack from the warders habitually constitutes their punishments; and their food comprises, together with other allowances, the enormous daily meat-ration of 1½ lb., plus a large supply of bread. The traditional rollicking "life on the ocean wave" dwindles into dulness compared with a "life in a convict-yard" at Kimberley. They are every night searched to the very skin to prevent them pilfering diamonds.

Thus we have followed the stages of mining, farming, washing, sifting, searching, and finding, during which diamonds have been discovered in small numbers, but generally of exceptional size, in the mine, a few more in the "blue" exposed in the open fields, but by far the greater number in the sorting-houses. Next, the scene reverts to the rooms in the De Beers office, where all the stones are sent for sale. Considering the vast treasure it contains, the building is of a flimsy nature, with little provision against fire or thieves beyond one or two safes, and a

few loaded revolvers on the table, ready to be snatched up for instant use. Mr. Joseph, we may assume, is still arguing the question of £26,000 or £26,400 before one parcel; but on another adjacent table are spread out other diamonds worth about £60,000 in their rough state. These are arranged in about eight rows, each containing seven or eight little heaps, and, moreover, so disposed as to be graduated both according to color, from white to darkish yellow—and to size, from pin's heads to nutmegs. A large proportion are characterized by a curious mathematical regularity of shape—perfect octahedrons being the most frequent, with occasional dodecahedrons; but it is out of the question to muster up any admiration for them in their present condition. They have been cleaned by immersion in a solution of boiling water and acid; yet they still resemble bits of common dull glass, and can only be rendered interesting by a peremptory demand on prophetic imagination. Even a 400-carat diamond, found the previous day, marking an era in the De Beers discoveries, and which is now produced out of an old tin box easily to be prized open by a schoolboy with his knife, cannot produce a vestige of enthusiasm among the Company, although it makes a stir among the outside public. It is a perfect octahedron of a distinctly yellow color, about the size of a partridge's egg, and even when cut will be of a weight far in excess of the Koh-i-noor. Though of very high value, it can never become of world-wide repute, inasmuch as it is not of the first water. Indeed there is reason to surmise that only a minority of the Kimberley findings are brilliants, and that all such are absorbed into the Brazilian diamonds which constitute family jewelry handed down as heirlooms of great value. "How can you distinguish true from false diamonds?" I ask. "By common-sense," is the contemptuous reply of experts so trained by long experience that they jump at accurate conclusions without being able to trace the process thereof. It was pointed out, besides, that by crackling large stones together in the hand the noise produced is of a peculiar sharp grating sound. Admirable! only unfortunately few of us possess enough large diamonds to enable us to carry out the experiment. The expense of cutting and polishing is estimated as

high as 60 per cent of their value, and the loss of weight incurred thereby frequently amounts to two-thirds of their original carats. Among the curiosities of the collection are fancy stones of queer shapes and colors—deep yellow, dark purple, and prismatic shades. But all diamonds—good, bad, and indifferent—are transmitted to Europe at the present rate of 40,000 or 50,000 carats weekly, and ultimately find their way into the hands of the Amsterdam cutters.*

By degrees the De Beers Company has bought up the four principal mines in the district, which are included in the limited space of four square miles, and comprise the Kimberley, area 31 acres; Du Toits, 35 acres; Bultfontein, 27 acres; while the De Beers proper, the most valuable of all, spreads over 18½ acres. In addition, it has a large proprietorship in Brazilian mines. The directors therefore strenuously insist, with every appearance of sound reasoning, that the purchase of their shares should not be regarded as a speculation like gold-mine property, but as a safe and permanent investment. They claim that, being the chief diamond-producers in the world, they can so regulate the issues of stones to the market that they can maintain a steadily uniform price, and that their unworked "blue," even at the present level, will suffice for many years' harvest on the existing scale. But as yet the bottom has not been plumbed, and the deeper the shaft the richer the produce. I may mention the theory, which, however crude, is not entirely without verisimilitude, that the diamondiferous material has been thrust up by igneous agency from immense profundity through a superincumbent mass; that the same agent had long ago crystallized the diamonds; and that if we could dig down to that crust we should find the precious stones sticking to the roof like pieces of suet in a pudding. Nor is it argued—can there be the smallest doubt?—after such long and extensive experience, as to the uniform average richness of the earth. For instance, the accepted estimate that one De Beers truck-load will produce 1½ carat is useful and true in theory only, but that a thousand loads will

* The value of the diamonds produced from the four principal Kimberley mines in 1887 was £4,033,332.

bring to light 1500 carats is perfectly accurate in practice.

One morning when I was inspecting the works, the 400-carat stone to which I have already alluded was discovered, and great was the curiosity and interest excited throughout Kimberley generally. But the mining managers were supremely indifferent: the find would merely help to balance the average, and its direct influence on the gross receipts would be quite inappreciable. Should there be any temporary surfeit of stones in England, the demand in America, and especially in the States, is steadily increasing, and there is an encouraging prospect of a fresh field for sale in the vast and populous Chinese empire. On the other hand, the counter-arguments must be conceded, that it is quite within the bounds of possibility the demand for diamonds may simultaneously diminish throughout the world; and there exists the still more serious contingency of the discovery of fresh and extensive surface-washings, so inexpensive in working as to lessen materially the value of the Kimberley mines with their costly machinery.

With some sensation of relief I turn from poring over these—shall I say stupid?—stones, to the remarkable system of native labor organized for their collection. I have already alluded to the extreme facilities for pilfering them; and to counteract this as effectually as possible, a large native compound—an enclosure within the mining enclosure—has been established, comprising an area of $1\frac{1}{2}$ acre, surrounded by corrugated-iron sheeting, about 10 feet high and very difficult to climb. Incessant watch and ward, iron portals, bolts and bars, are safeguards against the escape of insiders; and all outsiders are subjected, like ourselves, to a scrutiny of our appearance and an examination of our passes, ere admitted within the precincts of that anomaly—a prison for free men. One working shift is being actually employed in the mines; but the remainder, 1400 or 1500 in number, constitute a strange collection of numerous tribes, collected from every quarter of South Africa, which would engross the interest of an enthusiastic ethnologist. Nor is the sight altogether displeasing: laughing and talking, basking and sleeping, eating, smoking, and playing, are in full swing; but the concourse of so many

perfectly nude blacks represents a type of life so strangely removed from civilization, that we need all the dictates of humanity and religion to prevent our constantly forgetting "after whose image" all these men are made. An English superintendent conducts me through the establishment, and by degrees the impression of noisy chaos is changed into an appreciation of the system and order maintained. In one corner are quarters reserved for the European warders; elsewhere is a large butchery, where good mutton is sold at 4d. and beef at 3d. a pound. The superior tribes—that is to say, the most industrious, intelligent, reliable, and stalwart, such as the Zulus—are flesh-eating, and habitually consume as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. daily; the inferior—as, for example, the Korannas and Bushmen—subsist entirely on mealies and other vegetable diet. Here is a canteen on an extensive and comprehensive scale, furnishing the natives with every article of daily life they have learned to require by association with Europeans, and with every description of grocery for which they have a fancy. Beer, spirits, or alcohol in any form whatsoever, are, however, rigidly excluded; and although Kaffirs are prone to excessive intemperance, and here have plenty of money at their disposal, they readily accept the restriction—one more instance of the advantageous practicability of suddenly depriving habitual inebriates of their poison. The receipt of high wages powerfully develops the craze for gambling, as innate in blacks as in whites. A group is collected in a shady corner absorbed in a game of childish simplicity with cards, which a Kaffir deals with the neatness and rapidity of a professed prestidigitator. The stakes are 5d. per deal—as ruinously high as unlimited loo would be to Englishmen—and the winners clutch at their gains with a frenzy quite at variance with the ideal impassiveness of the savage. Elsewhere, in the open, cooks are preparing food in large caldrons for their respective tribes. A hasty inspection of some of the nauseous seething messes conveys to me the impression that the chief constituents are heads and entrails. Tribes are kept apart in separate huts; for were there an indiscriminate mixture, one half would quickly be at the throats of the other half. The interiors of the dwellings mark curiously

the gradations of savagedom. In some—for example, among the Zulus—comparative neatness, order, and cleanliness prevail; their blankets and rugs are brightly striped, their rags are brilliant, their sleeping-places have some semblance of being human resorts, and even faint traces of attempted decoration can be detected. In others, notably among the Baralongs and Batlapins, the interiors are like nothing else than the lairs of grovelling beasts of the field. One habit, however, seems common to all. Whatever the heat of the weather or warmth of the spot, the sleeping savage is careful to envelop completely in his blanket not only his body but his head, leaving not the smallest chink for breathing, so that it is marvelous he is not asphyxiated. The higher tribes of Kaffirs are, however, clean in their habits, and delight in wallowing in the large compound tank provided for them, and are remarkably free from *bouquet de native*; whereas a single whiff of a Chinaman is sickening, and proximity even to a bath-loving Japanese elicits an involuntary “pew.”

My conductor assures me that although the number of Europeans is a mere fraction of the total of black residents, not the slightest difficulty is experienced in maintaining order. This is due partly to the multiplicity of tribes, each one of which regards with distrust the others, and declines to combine; partly to the constant influx of fresh arrivals and departure of old hands; partly to the entire absence of women and children; and finally, to the fact that all are healthy adults, whose time is pretty well taken up in working, eating, and sleeping. Moreover, a certain number of tribal princelets, who receive wages but never do a stroke of work, materially contribute to suppress quarrels. My guide appeared to be on excellent terms with his charges, rousing numerous sleepers whom I wished to question, by gently pulling their ears, and eliciting from them willing if not intelligent replies. Among the representatives of races, taking them roughly in order of superiority, were Zulus, Basutos, Delagoa Bay men, Fingoes, Hottentots, Baralongs, Batlapins, Korannas, and Bushmen. These latter give rise to a sombre repugnance, almost amounting to a shuddering aversion, in that they are examples of the lowest depths of a degraded humanity. A char-

acteristic distinction between monkey and man is the power possessed by the latter of opposability between the forefinger and thumb. This power is lacking in the Bushmen. “Pinch my finger,” I said to one of them; “pinch much harder.” In vain; the pressure would scarcely have injured a fly. Now, an anthropoidal ape possesses many human characteristics, but is essentially a monkey; a Bushman possesses many apish characteristics, but is essentially a man. A miserable, dwarfed, decrepit, repulsive man. One whom I measured was only four feet three inches in height, with a skinny feeble body to correspond, a screwed-up chest, drumstick legs and arms, very small cerebellum, prognathous jaws, high cheek-bones, acute facial angle, and lack-lustre eyes. His features were totally devoid of expression; his demeanor, when examined and handled, was more stolid than that of a sheep; his language could barely be called coherent; and in fact, it was difficult and painful to realize that this poor brutish animal must be classified in a genus which comprises a Newton, a Milton, and a Shakespeare. The only instance I witnessed of Bushman intelligence was in a tiny infant in Kimberley hospital. The creature was about the size of a puppy, and equally bright and vivacious, illustrating the theory that in a race of low intellect intelligence is in an inverse ratio to age.

To supply the incarcerated Kaffirs with any means of intellectual occupation—to give them books, paper, writing materials, etc.—would be like presenting ruffles to a man wanting a shirt. I inspected the small nominal school; it was a mere farce. I espied two or three Methodist hymn-books in possession of so-called converts; but alas! here, as elsewhere in South Africa, the expression “native convert” is, in cases which are sadly numerous, synonymous with “outward show and inward deceit.” To put the matter crudely, yet I believe not inaccurately, between Christianity and the Kaffir faith intervenes a wide and debased gap. It is not difficult for missionaries to drag the savage down from the elevation, however slight, of his own creed; but instead of endeavoring forthwith to raise him to the pinnacle indicated by Christ’s teaching, they are too frequently content to acquiesce in a small measure of individual success, and

to leave him wallowing in the aforesaid gap. I refer the reader to Mr. Bodley's admirable "Ride in Kaffir Land" * for the further consideration of South African missionary undertakings, so imperatively required of us as a duty, so noble in their conception, and, alas! sometimes so feeble in their execution.

The compound hospital is admirable; the percentage of sick among sturdy laborers in the prime of life, and leading a model healthy existence, is naturally small. Every comfort and every essential requirement of modern medical science is here forthcoming; and albeit the Kaffirs are somewhat puzzled at a gratuitous compassion for suffering, they rejoice and believe in their English doctors.

Almost every traveller has encountered certain marvellous experiences which, if he be prudent, he will forbear detailing, under the penalty of being considered a bold-faced liar; and I only venture to allude to the following circumstance because it can be corroborated by many independent witnesses. The Kimberley Kaffirs are extremely fond of cigars, but they smoke with the lighted end in their mouths. When this peculiarity was first mentioned to me, I supposed that my informant was cracking a somewhat vacuous joke; but to my amazement I saw numerous instances of the reality in the compound. The native first lighted his cigar by the ordinary method, then turning it round, he deftly arranged the hotly glowing end in his mouth, and tucking away his tongue in his cheek, proceeded to inspire and expire the fumes, very gradually consuming the whole of the cigar. The smokers assured me that the process was warm, comforting, delicious, and far superior to the usual mode. On subsequent trial I found that the knack is less difficult to acquire than might be supposed.

The Kaffirs, when hired, enter into agreements for minimum periods of three months, and during these terms they are never suffered to quit the mining enclosure on any pretext whatever. They do not appear to find this restraint irksome; some, indeed, voluntarily thus pass three or four years in unbroken captivity, while others at the end of their contract sally forth for a week's swinish orgies, and then return to renew their engagements.

During their incarceration they are at all times liable, and are sometimes subjected, to sudden search, but the thorough and crucial investigation is carried out during their last seven days' residence. On reaching this margin they are separated from the mass of their fellows, closely confined in a large hut set aside for the purpose, and watched day and night like felons under sentence of death. Admitted within its precincts, I see about forty naked fellows either lying on the ground comfortably dozing or squatting, in the contented vacuity of do-nothingness so charming to all torpid intellects. Each Kaffir wears a pair of thick leather gloves, padlocked round the wrist and never for a moment removed. Being fingerless and resembling boxing-gloves without padding, they render the hands almost useless for purposes of hiding or picking and stealing. Their sole custodian is one sturdy Englishman, the picture of boredom, and who unassisted is perfectly competent to maintain order, stop squabbling, and to some extent baffle schemes for thieving. At my request he gives me an example of the way in which his captives are searched before being set free—in addition to certain other effectual measures. Awakening a sleeper by a friendly pull of the ear, "Jigger" is his first injunction, and forthwith the naked savage gravely begins to hop, skip, and jump, as though executing a horn-pipe. These movements would cause stones ensconced about the person to fall on the ground. Next the custodian minutely searches the hair, ears, toes, and every part of his charge's body; then he thrusts his fingers into the native's mouth and rummages about the teeth and inside the cheeks; and finally, the suspect is required to waggle his tongue in case any stone shall have been secreted about the root. Were "The History of a Diamond" written, like that of its cousin carbon, "The History of a Lump of Coal," it might furnish us with two scenes in such strange contrast as to leave us the alternative of a smile or a sneer.

Scene 1.—A squalid African hut; a white overseer is compelling a naked Kaffir prisoner to go through grotesquely degrading antics; a dirty little white stone, only useful to be strung like an ornamental bead, drops from the poor black carcass; overseer triumphantly pounces on the discovery.

* Blackwood's Magazine, February 1891.

Scene 2.—Six thousand miles distant ; a London ball-room with all accessories of civilized splendor ; the stone reappears cut, and in the shape of a brilliant enhancing the charms of some young loveliness, and prompting the instinct which bids us worship and honor her beauty, as though it were something divine.

Notwithstanding all the precautions I have indicated, the blacks occasionally succeed in besting the whites. Some have the knack of stowing a diamond for a few minutes a short distance down the throat, and when the search is over, working it back into the mouth by a muscular movement. I am shown several tin boxes used by the natives for holding the rag or two they may possess, and wherein stones have been most ingeniously concealed behind the metal lining plate or the handle. On one occasion a liberated Kaffir was passing the last outside sentry, swinging a small open flimsy basket, such as children use in England when gathering cowslips. "Let me look at it," said the warder, without any real suspicion, and in the mere vacuity of idleness. The wicker handle was a little loose ; it was lightly tacked on to a small slip of wood at the brim, and when pulled aside it was discovered that a neatly concealed cavity had been scooped out, and a valuable diamond deposited therein. Equally ingenious means have been devised for baffling the outside detectives, and for smuggling stones from Kimberley to a remote and safe locality. A diamond is wrapped in a piece of meat and given to a dog, which is conveyed out of the district and slaughtered, when the stone is removed from the intestines. Sometimes carrier-pigeons are utilized ; and for a long time the parcel-post was rendered an accomplice, by means of an ordinary book with a hollow cut out of the central pages, wherein the booty was ensconced. The detective department is elaborately and effectually organized, and breaches of the diamond laws are very properly punished with extreme severity, five years' penal servitude on the Government works being a not infrequent sentence. A convict digging at one of the Cape Town forts hid a very valuable diamond, which had escaped discovery when he was apprehended, in a corner of the parapet, as the surest place of concealment. He was unexpectedly transferred temporarily to another work,

and on his return found that a large mass of earth had been carted over his *cache*. The diamond has remained unrecovered up to the present day, and the 4-gun battery is invested with a halo in consequence of its latent treasure, quite irrespective of its value for annihilating an enemy's ships. Again, no one is allowed to deal in the rough stones without a special license ; only cut jewels—which exist in very small numbers in Kimberley—are open to free traffic. Were a casual wayfarer to pick up a chance diamond on a waste piece of land, the retention of it or any attempt to sell it would be penal. Yet, as I have already mentioned, the "I.D.B.," as it is called—illicit diamond-buying—is carried on to a serious extent, and I could quote one of the most prominently prosperous individuals in South Africa, who, as is generally admitted, amassed, in former days, a considerable sum by the nefarious traffic, and who is now flourishing in several public capacities, though, according to the rules of justice, he should be behind the bars of a jail. Some years back detectives lighted on a very hotbed of "I.D.B.," but were unable to obtain legal proof. At dead of night some disguised members of the force betook themselves to the thieves' den, and offered for sale a certain number of the precious stones. Only a woman was forthcoming, who handled them, admitted that they were genuine, but professing herself unable to do any business, restored them to the fictitious sellers. The detectives withdrew baffled, but were considerably more baffled the next morning on discovering that the intended victim had so cleverly exercised her sleight of hand as to have substituted her own imitation diamonds for the valuable stones originally tendered.

Thus far I have endeavored to explain the working of a diamond-mine in its perfected organization, with all the appliances of modern mechanical science ; but without following the sarcastic exhortation "*Commençons au déluge*," I must admit the expediency of describing the nature of its infancy some twenty-one years ago, when the entire district was a drear, scarcely inhabited wilderness. By a fortunate coincidence, at the very date I paid my visit to Kimberley, a new adjacent diamond-field, the Wesselton, had just been discovered—an event which may not occur once in a decade ; and I was a wit-

ness of the feverish excitement, the rush to, and the initiatory working of, a fresh mine. In company with the Government inspector, Captain Erskine, I drove four and a half miles, through a country resembling Aldershot Heath in 1855, to the site in the open slightly undulating veldt. Radiating from a central area where the ground was being actually turned up, were innumerable "claims," 30 feet square, each marked out by four pegs bearing the name of the claimant. They had been stuck in in a manifestly hasty higgledy-piggledy manner, one plot frequently overlapping another, and some day will constitute a useful accumulation for firewood, since there seems little doubt that the ground is already vested property. The crazy rushers, however, who a few days ago were streaming across the veldt like files of ants, apparently consider that "*le propriété c'est le vol*," and in its turn should be "*volé'd*" accordingly, and have petitioned the Government that the field should be handed over to public digging, with about the same right which would justify the deprivation of a house proprietor's kitchen-garden for the benefit of street scavengers. The rushers had returned to their usual avocations in Kimberley, but in attempted substantiation of their claims, had left a guard of Europeans, who profitably employed their time snoozing in an adjacent tent, with a daily pay of seven shillings each for doing nothing. That part, however, which I may call the nucleus spot, was being worked by the lawful owners, and was the scene of feverish activity. Digging, washing, sifting, and searching were carried on in an amusingly primitive fashion, with the help of a few small wheezy engines, with mules and donkeys turning windlasses, and with Kaffirs working with wheelbarrows, shovels, and watering-pots. I estimated the total number of blacks and whites present at 300; and the requirements of this wild rabble of delvers for wealth were represented by some rickety tin structures, a few rags of tents, and an accumulation of liquor-barrels and bottles. "Blue" had as yet been barely reached, and efforts were restricted to washing the yellow soil; but already the cuttings and piercings were in a condition imminently perilous to the workmen, and until the mine had been proclaimed, the Government inspector had no authority to enforce

measures for safety. Up comes one of the foremen with a couple of largish diamonds, unquestionably genuine, and of the approximate value of £70, which he alleges have just been found in the washings, and which, in language worthy of Billingsgate, he declares are the mere harbingers of other priceless findings. "Look at those black villains eyeing me," he adds, indicating the repulsively covetous glances of some native bystanders who had heard his story—"I must be off to stop their thieving;" and away he rushes in an apparent frenzy of excitement, to continue his quest of "delved stones, the wailer's heap."

Before dismissing the mines, justice demands I should allude to the Beaconsfield Institute three miles distant, and to which access will shortly be provided by cheap conveyances, established for the benefit of the numerous Europeans who have taken up their abode in these wild regions. The extensive grounds have been planted with an immense number of ornamental trees, and laid out in a manner which in two or three years' time will result in delightful gardens. The handsome, large, red brick buildings are divided into dwellings for families, and into a club and boarding-house for both married and single. Here every provision has been made for supplying meals, for washing, and for reading, writing, and recreation, on a complete scale of civilized comfort. Granted that the Institute more than pays its own expenses, its establishment reflects high credit on those who designed and carried out the scheme, and notably on one of the chief mining shareholders, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the present Premier of Cape Colony.

Another admirable adjunct of Kimberley is its town hospital. I speak advisedly in declaring my opinion that in no other part of the world have I seen a similar institution so attractive to a non-professional visitor, from its kindly administration, its graceful comforts, and its pitying efforts to relieve all sufferers—so that it has undoubtedly won the confidence and affection of all classes, both inside and beyond the district. The expense of its maintenance is high; but Kimberley is the headquarters of numerous speculators and financial magnates, and probably a generous superstition prompts many a large contribution in tacit recognition of fortu-

nate *coups*. Some of the wards are entirely self-supporting, and are made up of private rooms for patients who are willing to pay a higher price—an indescribable blessing for those who have endured the bitter evil of illness in a strange country, far separated from relations. Some wards are partly self-supporting, and still more are entirely free. A careful classification of races is naturally most essential; and as I pass through the corridors, I observe that the inmates comprise all classes and all ages, from the infant to the old man, and from the wealthy European gentleman to the semi-animal Bushman; while the variety of the diseases ranges from the rickety Koranna baby to the appalling leper adult.* Probably some of the cases would prove of interest to the greatest scientists of the leading London hospitals. A Bushman boy of fourteen, walking about with a conspicuous cicatrice in his throat, is pointed out as the subject of successful tracheotomy for malignant growth. I am assured that the extraordinary number of 80 per cent of these fearful operations are successful in this "Carnarvon Hospital." The chief medical officer, Dr. Smith, to whom a large share of credit for the efficiency of the hospital must be awarded, stated that the natives possess a recuperative power, when subjected to corporeal wounds, which is characteristic of animals rather than of human beings; and he instanced the recent case of a native suffering from an incised wound in the abdomen, seven inches long, and so deep that the viscera were exposed though not injured. No means were available for antiseptic or any special treatment; cold water and common bandages were the sole expedients; but the wound healed by first intention, and in seven days the patient was walking about as sound as though he had never received a pin-prick in his life. The nurses, who possess advantages beyond the common of attractive appearance and ladylike demeanor, undergo a strictly orthodox, prac-

tical hospital training; and so high is their repute, that their services are not infrequently telegraphed for from fever-stricken, drain soaked Cape Town, 600 miles distant. That scrupulous cleanliness and order should prevail throughout was a matter of course; but I was not prepared for the aspect of decorative comfort, of luxurious brightness, of the almost smiling spirits of the adults, and of the ecstasies of merriment among the children. To those who have contributed to infuse such happiness in the midst of wonted pain and sorrow, I venture to think we may fitly apply that quotation whereof the first words are, "Inasmuch as ye have done it . . ."

In truth, Englishmen have every reason to be proud of this South African town as worthily representing our nation. Free from much of the rowdiness and sharp practice of many gold-mining districts, from the surly loutishness and savage treatment of natives which render odious certain Boer settlements, and from the bar-and-billiard propensities of a very considerable section of torpid Cape Town manhood, the law-abiding characteristics of Kimberley are unimpeachable, its energy and enterprise are incontestable, and the gentleman-like highly educated tone of its society is unsurpassed throughout this part of the world. If I must needs qualify by some cynical detraction a description which otherwise might appear a mere eulogistic rhapsody, I can only refer to the prime motive power of all Kimberley's expenditure of toil, money, and ingenuity—the collection of small shining white stones, almost valueless except for the capricious adornment of youthful beauty which requires no such adventitious aids, or for the illustration of the ugliness of aged hags. The irony of the consideration can scarcely be exceeded by the matchless sarcasm of Captain Lemuel Gulliver when he parodies our craze for alphabetical titular distinctions, by representing the best and wisest of the Lilliputians as crouching and crawling, hopping, bounding, and grovelling, for the award of a piece of blue thread.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

* In the veldt districts leprosy is by no means uncommon among the natives.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK.

HOME LIFE ON AN OSTRICH FARM. By Annie Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is pleasant to find a book so fresh and attractive in its presentation of a bit of out-of-the-way life as the volume before us. We have been made so wearisomely familiar with nearly everything which could be written about to advantage in America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, and the hunger of the travelling person for seeing himself in print is so great, that the book of travel or description almost assures itself in advance, unless the name of the author gives a fillip to anticipation, as "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." One who is obliged to read much approaches such a production with reluctance, yet is sometimes refreshed with a shock of surprise and pleasure. Such a stimulating douche the *blasé* reader finds in Mrs. Martin's sketches of life on an African ostrich farm. The cattle ranch of the American West is full of interest in the wild and strange conditions of the experiences incident to it. But in ostrich farming, as set forth in our present author's breezy and piquant fashion, there is still greater fascination, at least to one who is to know it vicariously.

The story of the habits of the ostrich, the most stupid, ungainly, and vicious of birds, and the difficulties of managing a herd of them (for it seems as reasonable to apply such a term to these huge birds as to cattle), is set against a background of life and scenery so strange that all of it seems like a romance in spite of the homely realism which is the substance of it. The ostrich is the most timid and the fiercest of creatures, unintelligent and yet capricious; and the herdsman or visitor is compelled, however well the birds may be accustomed to his presence, to be on the alert against attack. Though the leg of the bird is so brittle that in running it frequently snaps it like glass, it can yet fracture the skull by a single blow of the formidable weapon, this being the favorite mode of attack. Yet the aggressor is easily baffled. Every one approaching an ostrich yard carries a "tackey," a branch of mimosa left with the untrimmed thorns. This the bearer thrusts into the face of the charging ostrich and instantly brings the brute to a standstill. The defence is very simple but certain. Those who neglect to

carry a "tackey," however, find themselves sometimes in a dilemma. Mrs. Martin tells us of a new-comer who scoffed at being afraid of a bird, and strolled away by himself to a camp, where the ostriches were specially ugly. His continued absence for many hours caused alarm, and on being traced, he was found on the top of a huge ironstone boulder, with an enraged ostrich walking "sentry go" around it. Here the poor fellow had squatted for half a day on a seat as hot as a griddle, with the rays of a torrid African sun beating down on his head, afraid to descend. The finest male ostriches are also the most fierce and intractable, and they often have to be killed, to the great loss of the farmer. Sometimes, too, a valuable bird, on being suddenly alarmed, will dash away in an aimless race so swiftly as to distance the fleetest horse, and run till it falls dead or breaks its legs. These are little difficulties which the ostrich raiser must be prepared for. In fact, the bird is so capricious that its action can never be anticipated. Though a remarkably long lived bird, it is singular that it will mope and refuse food if it receives any injury till it dies, apparently with a deliberate purpose of committing suicide. In an ostrich camp there are certain invisible lines separating the families, there being often two hens to one cock. They never encroach on each other's domains, and the intruder has to deal with only one at a time. But instantly he crosses the line he finds a fresh assailant to meet with his "tackey." The comical stupidity of these creatures is as amusing as it is dangerous. No amount of familiarity will disarm their treacherous ferocity. However savage a male ostrich may be, let the object of its attack get between the bird and its nest, and its pugnacity gives way to the greatest alarm and humility, the former attitude being promptly resumed when the creature no longer fears for its mate and nestlings. There was a time when a fine cock would fetch £500, but now one may be had for a fiftieth of the sum; yet the price of ostrich feathers seems not to have seriously declined. The beauty of the feathers will probably continue to make them in the future as in the past an indispensable help to the feminine toilet; and the increasing demand keeps pace with the growing supply. The feathers are always cut before the quills are fully ripe. If the latter are plucked too soon the succeeding feathers seem

to deteriorate. The process occurs once a year ; and this period of plucking, preparing, sorting, and packing for the market is the busiest time of the ostrich farmer. The owner of ostriches expects to lose fully ten per cent of his birds each year through their own incorrigible pugnacity and stupidity. Yet, on the whole, it is a very profitable branch of farming, and there seems to be no good reason why the business could not be acclimatized in the United States—perhaps in southwestern Texas and Arizona and southern California. It might be an experiment worth the trying, if indeed it has not already been tried in the latter named section. There is much in Mrs. Martin's book besides that which relates to ostriches : vivid sketches of South African life and scenery ; of the characteristic pleasures and hardships of the region, and of its various birds and animals. The author is enthusiastic about the value of the climate as a consumption cure, and does much to awaken a keen interest in a region the conditions of which vary so widely from our own.

A NEW NOVEL.

A MERCIFUL DIVORCE. A Story of Society. Town and Country Library. By F. W. Maude. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

The Appleton series of novels entitled the "Town and Country Library" sustains its standard of excellence. The latest issue, "A Merciful Divorce," offers a bright and sharp picture of English life, with mingled currents of noble aspiration and sordid materialism running side by side. The burden of the author's criticism of society, standing out clearly from the body of the story, though it is not precisely protruded as a moral, is the growing plutocracy and Philistinism of life ; the hard, selfish devotion to money and what money brings ; the disposition to measure everything by a financial test. This necessarily carries in its train the whole vile crew of sensual passions and vices, for money can only buy gratification of these—never one single boon of pure happiness, except so far as it can relieve the possessor from those sordid cares and worries which are only less degrading than excessive indulgence. The writer, in a strain bitterly just, says in the opening chapter : "You give life service to the beautiful Christian code of ethics ; you profess yourself scandalized that those who do not acquiesce in the dogmas of your religion should be allowed to legislate for you ; and yet if he be rich enough,

and knows how to spend his wealth for the gratification of your senses, a man may break the Christian decalogue—ay, and even the eleventh commandment, 'Thou shalt not be found out,' and command your company and approval. The fault is not in the code of morality you profess. That is austere beautiful enough in all conscience. The fault is not even in your own lives. Many of you are better in a dual conduct than you profess to be. The fact is, that you will not enforce against the rich and fashionable even the lowest of moral codes ; that you fathers will introduce your sons to men whom you know to be dishonest and immoral ; that you mothers throw your daughters into the society of women as shameless and mercenary (and with less excuse) as the wretched outcasts who earn a precarious livelihood on the streets of our great towns. And yet you wonder at the cynical, pessimistic sentiments which fall from the lips of your son, who not long since was a frank, enthusiastic schoolboy ; and your daughter, who till she came out was as pure-minded and optimistic as a young girl should be." All this is anent the career of a vile, crawling Hebrew, who had risen by unsavory practices to great wealth, and was received and caressed by people of the "smart set," because he lavished his ill-won guineas in catering to their needs and their pleasures. Why is it, by the way, that the novelist always selects a Jew to represent persons of this type ? There are disreputable parvenues who are not descendants of Jacob. This is a question not to be discussed now, however, for it sounds the key-note of a very intricate problem, with a Rothschild at one end of it and the filthy outcast of Russian tyranny at the other.

The novel before us deals with the fates of Sir Arthur Gerrardine and Lady Edith Carthage. The two had loved each other with devoted tenderness ; but Edith sacrifices her love to marry a rich and kind nonentity, that she might save her wretched father from the consequences of his own criminal folly ; and Arthur in turn weds a frivolous and heartless woman, who finally betrays him. How the old love springs into powerful flame after these ill-assorted marriages have made both their victims wretchedly unhappy, and how nearly they are betrayed into gratifying this irresistible feeling, at the expense of honor and duty, are narrated in the story with a freshness and grace of treatment which redeem a very threadbare motive. The host of subordinate people in this social drama are sketched with

a skilful touch, and the pictures of contemporaneous English society are excellent. Altogether it is an English novel of the better class and a clever though by no means a great book. It fills one of the necessary conditions of a good modern novel. The characters seem to be drawn naturally and truthfully from life; and the impression is that of a genuine picture, without being hampered with the unnecessary details of the so-called realistic fiction.

A GOOD BOY'S BOOK.

FOUR AND FIVE. *A Story of a Lend-a-Hand Club.* By Edward E. Hale, author of "Ten Times One is Ten," "Mrs. Merriam's Scholars," "How to Do It," "In His Name," and other stories. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Hale's new story is a charming contribution to the pleasures of boys, and is of a piece with those which have already made him so well known to the young people of America. The lessons taught are of the most bracing and stimulating sort—lessons of courage, helpfulness, self-reliance, and self forgetfulness, but all set in a narrative of much interest, told with great raciness. A club of four boys, who had spent a summer camping in the Catskills, are joined by four others the next summer, and they elect a quaint and delightful old Indian half-breed woman, living in the mountains, the ninth member. Gradually, as the lads return year after year to the camp for their summer vacation, they bring others, till at last the club numbers forty. It is the doings and sayings of these lads, ranging from those almost men to little boys, which, treated in Dr. Hale's delightful manner, constitute the interest of the book. They hunt, fish, build bridges, reservoirs, and irrigating canals, tell stories, and do all sorts of things dear to the hearts of healthy and hearty youngsters. It is thoroughly a boy's book, charmingly written, and stimulating to all that is best in boy's nature. Such books as these make a refreshing contrast to the goody-goody artificialities which were the current pabulum of lads a quarter of a century since. Dr. Hale's genius shines not less brightly in books of this kind than in the more pretentious works bearing his name.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE unexpected death of Mr. Raikes lends a melancholy interest to the account of the celebration of the jubilee of uniform inland penny postage, which has just been published

by the Jubilee Celebration Committee, in whose proceedings the late Postmaster-General took so active and kindly an interest. Amid much that is merely formal and ephemeral, the volume contains not a little matter of permanent interest in connection with the recent history of the Post-Office and its present organization, and these sources of interest are enhanced by the portraits and sketches with which it is illustrated.

DR. FURNIVALL is spending his holidays at Norwich and copying the earliest English wills, those of the Consistory Court, for a volume in the Early English Text Society. He hoped to find many instances of dialect and local trade and custom, but very few occur. As against the earliest English will at Somerset House, 1397, Norwich can show only a short English proviso, in a Latin will of 1427, shifting the testator's estate from one nephew to another, in case the first is not "of good gouernaunce and lyely persone to the word, and marie hym self bi the avys of the feoffees, the executors the forn seyde." The first complete English will was made in 1429, that of Sir Andrew Botiller, knight, and after this others came slowly till 1464. The first two registers have no English wills. "Surfete," the third register (1427-35), has the proviso mentioned above, and five English wills; "Doke," the fourth register (1436-42), thirteen such wills; "Wylbey," the fifth register (1444-48), only one English will; "Aleyne," the sixth register (1448-55), only four, though a Latin will of Robert Martham recites word for word a marriage settlement of 22 Henry VI., made by the testator on the wedding of one of his two daughters. The seventh register, "Brosiard" (1454-64), contains eight English wills, some of Norwich citizens, and among them one of John Goos, no doubt the ancestor of A. Goose, the publisher lately retired who issued Mr. Walter Rye's "Book of Nonsense." A pretty "qwethe-word" for "devise or bequest" occurs in 1457; "be ingate and outgate into y^e gardine" in 1458. In 1452 John Bulston bequeathed to the Church of Hempstede "j pyxte, to putte owre lord god in;" and there are several gifts of altarcloths, vestments, etc. For "shall" or "should," "xal" and "xulde" occasionally occur; "qweeh" is sometimes found for "which," and *wh* for *qu*: "y^e wech xul be seld to a-whyllt (acquit, pay) my dettis" (1437). A few words seem special to the Eastern counties: "iij cadys of heryng, and xx. orgeys"

(1437), "fyve Rasers barly" (1434). Gifts of a combe of barly, etc., to the "plowlot" (1435) were probably to the "plowlight." "A farindell of elys" (1435), "xij last of trufys, ij Sahures and a dydale" (1438) are puzzles at present. When enough material is got together for a volume, it will be edited by Mr. Walter Rye and Dr. Furnivall.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS has, we are glad to learn, so far recovered her health as to be enabled to return to England after her lengthened sojourn in Italy. Her new volume, entitled "Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers," will be published in this country by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., and in America by Messrs. Harper Brothers early in November.

THE *Dumfries Standard* describes a manuscript volume, purchased at an auction sale, which contains some unpublished poems by Burns. It is said to comprise "a very remarkable and most valuable collection." The effusions are mostly of a satirical character, some of them being couched in coarse language. The then Duke of Queensberry is somewhat severely handled in some of the poems.

THE expected edition of a "Patrologia Syriaca," under the direction of the Abbé R. Graffin, of the Catholic Institute, Paris, seems likely to become a reality. The first and second volumes of Aphrates's works will soon leave the press. They will contain the homilies, according to the lamented Dr. W. Wright's edition, but collated with all the known mss. which furnish good variations. A Latin translation will be added by Dom J. Parisot, of Solesmes. The size of the Syriac collection will be the same as that of Migne's "Patrology," and each volume will contain a vocabulary of special words used by the different authors.

A FESTIVE gathering has been held at Melbourne of the Melbourne Booksellers and Stationers' Association, at which the trades were largely represented, the chair being occupied by Mr. L. Hutchinson, the president of the association. Among the toasts given were "Success to Literature" and "Australian Authors."

THE museum of postage-stamps which has recently been opened at Vienna comprises more than 100,000 examples, arranged in three large rooms, and includes among its greatest rarities the stamps made for and used in the balloon and pigeon despatches of the Franco-German war of 1870-71.

WE learn from German sources that the publication of a new Latin dictionary, at the expense of the Prussian state, is in contemplation. The work, which is designed to surpass in magnitude and completeness all Latin lexicons hitherto published, is to be carried out under the direction of that distinguished classical scholar Professor Martin Hertz, of Breslau, with the assistance of a host of philologists, and will comprise not only classical, but also low and late Latin. The Academy of Sciences of Berlin is said to have approved of the plan, the execution of which will occupy full eighteen years and cost between 500,000 and 1,000,000 marks.

THE death is announced of M. J. Nerudo, the Czech journalist and poet, at the age of fifty-three.

WITH regard to the investigations contemplated by the India Office authorities among the archives at Lisbon for documents and records throwing light on the period of the Portuguese ascendancy in India, "A Portuguese" points out in a letter to *The Times* that a very complete and interesting collection of official documents has been published for some years at Lisbon, which embraces from the period of the conquest of India by the Portuguese in 1498 until the end of the eighteenth century, under the title "Collecção de Tratados e Concertos de pazes que o Estado da Índia Portuguesa fez com os Reis e Senhores com quem teve relações nas partes da Ásia e África Oriental," por J. F. Judice Biker, Lisbon.

MESSRS. HENRY & Co. have in preparation a new series, entitled "The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen," which will be written and illustrated exclusively by gentlewomen. The Queen has ordered two copies of each volume for the royal library, and the Princess of Wales is also a subscriber. The first volume of the series, which will be ready in September, will be by Lady Violet Greville on "The Gentlewoman in Society," and she will be followed by Dr. Kate Mitchell, who will write on "Hygiene for Gentlewomen." The claims of fiction will not be disregarded, arrangements having been made for new novels by, among others, Mrs. E. Lynn-Linton, Mrs. Alexander, Miss M. Betham-Edwards, Miss Iza Duffus-Hardy, and the author of the "Anglo-Maniacs." Besides writing the first volume, Lady Greville will also edit two volumes devoted to "Gentlewomen's Sports," the contributors to which will comprise, among

others, the Marchioness of Bredalbane, Lady Colin Campbell, and Miss Leale. Other volumes include "The Home," by Mrs. Talbot Coke, "Culture for Gentlewomen," by Miss Emily Faithfull, also works on painting, music, gardening, etc.

THE monument to Christopher Marlowe, the first of the great dramatic line of English poets in priority of time, and only second in genius to Shakespeare, which was executed by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., was unveiled at Canterbury, on September 16th, by Mr. Henry Irving.

By arrangement with the American publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will issue in the course of the autumn an edition of Mr. Lowell's poems complete in one volume, uniform with their one-volume editions of Tennyson, Wordsworth and Shelley. Mr. Thomas Hughes will contribute an introduction to the volume, which should be welcome to many admirers of the poet who have not cared to provide themselves with the recently completed library edition of his works.

ONE of our English contemporaries, remarking upon the growing difficulty in finding new subjects of interest for the exhibitions that are becoming an annual institution among us—now that fishermen, inventors, health conservators and restorers, Colonials, Americans, Spaniards, French, Italians, Daues, and Germans, together with our own army and navy, have all had their innings—urges the claims of literature to have an exhibition in its turn. It is pointed out, no doubt with considerable truth, that the vast stores of the British Museum are practically closed to the casual sight seer, "Nor," it is naïvely added, "would our national storehouses stand any chance of rivalry with a vastly inferior show that was accompanied by the more sensuous delights of the exhibition *à la mode*." Of course such a scheme would include graphic illustrations of the entire process of book and newspaper production, the details of typography, the entire processes of printing and binding, the manufacture of paper, with other kindred and subsidiary industries. The writer of the article will, no doubt, have the publisher and printer on his side; if he can show any benefit likely to result to the author, he may perhaps secure Mr. Walter Besant, and other literary champions, for his scheme.

THE *Athenæum* prints the following communication: "I have found the following

sonnet in a note-book of S. T. Coleridge kindly lent to me by its present possessor, his grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. The verses are in the poet's handwriting, and the composition is certainly his, for the ms. has many corrections; indeed, I have had no little difficulty in piecing out the text as finally settled. The style, however, is so unlike that of any original composition known to be Coleridge's that I am much disposed to believe this sonnet to be a translation, probably from the Italian or Spanish. If you will be good enough to print it, some reader of the *Athenæum* may recognize the original."

J. D. C.

Lady, to Death we're doom'd, our crime the same!

Thou, that in me thou kindled'st such fierce Heat;

I, that my Heart did of a Sun so sweet

The Rays centre to so hot a flame.

I, fascinated by an Adder's Eye—

Deaf as an Adder thou to all my Pain;

Thou obstinate in Scorn, in passion I—

I lov'd too much, too much didst thou disdain.

Hear then our doom in Hell as just as stern,

Our sentence equal as our crimes conspire—

Who living bask'd at Beauty's earthly Fire,

In living flames eternal there must burn—

Hell for us both fit places too supplies—

In my Heart Thou wilt burn, I roast before thine eyes.

MISCELLANY.

MODERN WAR.—If, in their general character, the nature of battles and the circumstances under which battles have to be fought change very materially, that in itself involves a further change in the combinations which are open for manœuvres in the field of which the ultimate object is to lead up to battle. The size of the armies which will enter into the next great campaign in Europe will be so vastly different from those which fought out the great wars of the past, that their manœuvring in campaigns must necessarily be very different from anything that Napoleon undertook. Now, even during the later wars of Napoleon, Jomini was obliged to admit that many of the experiences of the past must be materially modified as armies increased in size. One of the most familiar forms in which Napoleon exercised his strategic skill lay in defeating with his own entire army a fraction of the forces opposed to him, before it could be reinforced by the remainder of the enemy. Thus the element of time essentially entered into the question. Even during the great

campaign of 1813, when Napoleon, holding a central position on the Elbe, endeavored to strike from thence against the masses of allies formed in a great circle around him at Berlin, in Silesia, and in Bohemia, experience showed that it was by no means easy to crush with sufficient rapidity armies of 120,000 men so as to prevent them from being supported in time by others. As the allies gradually closed in on him, and the distances between their different forces diminished, this became continually more and more apparent. In fact, it became clear, if it had been doubtful beforehand, that the question was altogether a matter of proportion between time, distance, and the resisting-power of the several armies concerned. On the other hand, in 1814, when the nature of the country invaded caused a reduction in the size of the armies moving forward separately, Napoleon was able as of old to strike his blows right and left with telling effect. Now, if it were possible for an army of our day, supplied with all the implements with which modern science has provided it, to meet any army of equal numbers equipped as Napoleon's armies were equipped, the difference in power of the modern army would be such that it would almost be able to deal with its enemy as civilized armies provided with fire-arms were at first able to deal with savages possessed only of bows and arrows. The artillery of the days of Napoleon would not be able to act at all, for our modern infantry can fire with effect at a distance greater than could Napoleon's big guns. Our artillery would be able to destroy Napoleon's army before either his artillery or infantry could act against us. Thus an army of 50,000 men of our own time must be reckoned as possessing, at least, the resisting power of 100,000 of the days of Napoleon. It is obvious, therefore, that the relationship between time, distance, and the resisting power of armies has been greatly affected by the change in the character of weapons, and that calculations as to what a superior army can do in a given time to break up the force of an army opposing it, and to be free to deal with another army, are greatly modified.

In modern war the effort of the general is directed to maintaining in its full efficiency "the vast and complicated machine" which he handles, and to breaking up and destroying the efficiency of that to which he is opposed. This is the central fact to be kept in mind. Generals and soldiers, long accustomed to look at war from this point of view,

frequently embody their whole conception of strategy in a phrase which to a reader, taking it in its simple form, is apt to seem like a mere truism—that the great principle of strategy is to concentrate the largest possible force at the right moment at the decisive point. So stated, strategy may seem to have nothing exceptional in its nature, and to involve no study of the nature of the great organizations of men with which it is concerned. But, in fact, this study and this knowledge are presupposed by those who thus explain their art. It is because armies are not mere gatherings of armed men, but have a vitality of their own, that some very heavy blows may be struck against them without affecting a vital point, while a more skilfully directed stroke may destroy their whole future power of action. An army then, as it stands in the field, is of this character, that while the fighting force directly opposed to the enemy is an organism which depends for its vitality upon the trained spirit of order, discipline, and enthusiasm or devotion which holds it together, and on the trained capacity for mutual and effective fighting co-operation which makes it act like one man, it has also, reaching far behind it, a long and weak tail, on the safety of which its very existence depends.—*From "War," by Colonel Maurice.*

TOBACCO FERMENTATION.—A very essential process is brought about by firmly packing ripe tobacco in large quantities. It had been generally supposed that the fermentation is of purely chemical nature, but Herr Suchsland, of the German Botanical Society, finds that a fungus is concerned in it. In all the tobaccos he examined, he found large quantities of fungi, though of only two or three species. Bacteriaceæ were predominant, but Coccaceæ also occurred. When they were taken and increased by pure cultivation, and added to other kinds of tobacco, they produced changes of taste and smell which recalled those of their original nutritive base. In cultivation of tobacco in Germany it has been sought to get a good quality, chiefly by ground cultivation, and introduction of the best kinds of tobacco. But it is pointed out that failure of the best success may be due to the fact that the more active fermenting fungi of the original country are not brought with the seeds, and the ferments here cannot give such good results. Experiments made with a view to improvement on the lines suggested have apparently proved successful.—*Nature.*

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN 1890.—The general report to the Board of Trade upon the accidents that have occurred on the railways of the United Kingdom during the year 1890, drawn up by Mr. Courtenay Boyle, of the Railway Department, was recently published. It shows that the number of persons returned to the Board as having been killed in the working of the railways during the year was 1076, and the number of injured 4721. Of these 118 persons killed and 1361 injured were passengers, but of this number only 18 were killed and 496 injured in consequence of accidents to or collisions between trains. Of the remainder, 499 killed and 3122 injured were officers or servants of the railway companies or of contractors, and these figures imply a further increase. Of suicides there were 77; of trespassers 252 were killed and 123 injured; of persons passing over the railway at level crossings 83 were killed and 35 injured; and from miscellaneous causes 47 persons were killed and 80 injured. The total number of passenger journeys, exclusive of journeys by season ticket-holders, was 817,744,046 for the year 1890, or 42,560,973 more than in the previous year. Calculated on these figures the proportions of passengers killed and injured during the year 1890 from all causes were one in 6,930,034 killed and one in 600,840 injured. In 1889 the proportions were one in 4,236,000 killed and one in 423,280 injured. But the comparative safety of railway travel is indicated still more clearly by the proportion of passengers killed and injured from causes beyond their own control. The total under this head for the year is 18 killed and 496 injured, and the proportion to the number of journeys is one in 45,430,224 killed and one in 1,648,677 injured. This result shows an improvement on every year since 1874. The total number of accidents inquired into was 53, the lowest previous record from the year 1875 being 58 in 1887. Of these, as in previous years, the most common cause was collisions within fixed signals at stations or sidings, 24, or nearly half the total, falling under this single classification. The report proceeds to deal with the accidents *seriatim*, showing how each occurred and where the blame lay. Among the various companies the London and South-Western with six accidents, the North British with five, and the Great Eastern with four head the list. The work of interlocking signals and points and of extending the absolute block telegraph sys-

tem is progressing, and in England at least little more remains to be done in this direction; but when the orders made upon the railway companies under the Regulation of Railways Act, 1889, come into full force the absolute block and interlocking systems will have to be generally adopted. Generally speaking, the year 1890, favorable as it is, would have shown a still better record, and that in spite of abnormal fogs, but for the serious collision at Norton Fitzwarren station, on the Great Western Railway on November 11th, by which ten passengers were killed and nine others severely injured.

MEASURING STRAINS IN BRIDGES.—A new method for accurately measuring the strains in iron and steel bridges has been invented by a prominent French engineer, and is described as follows: Two brackets are attached to the beam to be tested at some distance apart, on one of which is placed a water chamber, closing by a flexible diaphragm, and connected with an open tube, which serves to register by the height of the tube any pressure that may be made on this diaphragm. One end of a pointed rod is connected with this metal covering to the water chamber, while the other is joined to the other bracket. The most important item of the invention is that any motion of the beam, it will be readily seen, will set the diaphragm in motion, and cause the water in the fine tube to fall. This is a first-rate apparatus, as we are all familiar with the great numbers of railroad accidents that are constantly occurring, and in many cases originate from an unsafe, shaky bridge. —*English Mechanic.*

NATURAL GLASS.—A mineral discovery of unusual value is reported from Kamouraska, in Lower Canada. It is stated that an entire mountain, composed of silicates, otherwise known as vitrifiable stone, of a purity certified by the provincial engineer to average 98 per cent, [has been found. This material is used for the manufacture of the finest glass, and it is believed to exist nowhere else on the American continent in such purity. The provincial Government has been asked by a deputation to guarantee 4 per cent interest for ten years on £20,000, if a local company subscribes that amount, to develop the new industry, and has promised to consider the request if the principal municipality concerned is prepared to take a fair share of the risk.—*Iron.*